Naval Battles of The World

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Great Battles of History, Vol. IV: Naval Battles of the World

NELSON, THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR.—(*W. H. Overend*).

GREAT BATTLES OF HISTORY

Vol. IV

7945

Naval Battles of the World

From the GREEK and PERSIAN Conflicts at SALAMIS, in Rowboats, to the GREAT MODERN SEA-FIGHTS of THE JAPAN-RUSSIA WAR

ILLUSTRATED

By EDWARD SHIPPEN
of the United States Navy

P. W. ZIEGLER CO.
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PREFACE.

Naval warfare has contributed a vast quota of the genuinely memorable events of history. The navies of all times and of all lands have contributed generously to the heroes whose names go down from generation, models for the young, inspiration for men of every age. The attempt in this volume has been to collect from all the vast bulk of old world's naval history, an orderly array of the great battles which have left their impress upon the scroll of time. The result is a series of wonderfully impressive descriptions, characterized by historical accuracy, and covering a period from the Battle of Salamis, B. C. 480, to the great naval struggles between Japan and Russia in the Orient which have swept the fleets of the latter country from the seas. How twenty-five centuries have revolutionized the art of war is strikingly shown when the heroes of Salamis are described winning deathless renown in their oar-propelled vessels, and the Japanese to-day, reach the same altitude of fame in vast floating fortresses of steel.

As the narrative unfolds, sooner or later the patriotic pride of all races of men is aroused by descriptions of historical episodes under the flag of their Fatherland.

The blood of brave men of all time has quickened at the telling of tales of valor. The author has laid bare a veritable Golconda from the world's naval annals worthy the wide perusal it is sure to have. Howe and Nelson, alone have been themes for scores of volumes. As a fitting prelude to the great struggle between Russia and Japan which has carried the annals of warfare into the opening years of the Twentieth Century, the story of the Chinese-Japanese war is brought within reach of the average reader, ready to know the facts but unwilling to seek far afield to know of events so remote.

A decade separated that struggle from the great war which began in the Orient in February, 1904. Off Port Arthur splendid additions to the total of valorous battling at sea have been made. In detail the events are described which ultimately led to the destruction of Russia's powerful fleet that was thought to hold beyond question, mastery of Oriental seas.

The volume in generously illustrated with scenes, themselves highly educational in portraying the evolution of ships of war, of weapons and armaments in general. For the older battles the masterpieces of world-famed artists have been reproduced. For the more recent struggles both the pencil and brush of the artist and the sharp eye of the camera have been requisitioned. The result is a feature of graphic interest and of incalculable value in aiding the imagination as the battles are described. The volume in every sense is believed to be a valuable addition to the literature of naval warfare.

More than that, it is designed to bring this vast bulk of information, truly educational in many of its details, within the ready grasp of the busy man and woman whose hours for reading are necessarily few in number. The author has truly presented the "essence of history".

THE PUBLISHERS.

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NAVAL BATTLES,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

INTRODUCTION.

The Ancients were full of horror of the mysterious Great Sea, which they deified; believing that man no longer belonged to himself when once embarked, but was liable to be sacrificed at any time to the anger of the Great Sea god; in which case no exertions of his own could be of any avail.

This belief was not calculated to make seamen of ability. Even Homer, who certainly was a great traveler, or voyager, and who had experience of many peoples, gives us but a poor idea of the progress of navigation, especially in the blind gropings and shipwrecks of Ulysses, which he appears to have thought the most natural things to occur.

A recent writer says, "Men had been slow to establish completely their dominion over the sea. They learned very early to build ships. They availed themselves very early of the surprising power which the helm exerts over the movements of a ship; but, during many ages, they found no surer guidance than that which the position of the sun and of the stars afforded. When clouds intervened to deprive them of this uncertain direction, they were helpless. They were thus obliged to keep the land in view, and content themselves with creeping timidly along the coasts. But at length there was discovered a stone which the wise Creator had endowed with strange properties. It was observed that a needle which had

been brought in contact with that stone ever afterwards pointed steadfastly to the north. Men saw that with a needle thus influenced they could guide themselves at sea as surely as on land. The Mariner's compass loosed the bond which held sailors to the coast, and gave them liberty to push out into the sea."

As regards early attempts at navigation, we must go back, for certain information, to the Egyptians. The expedition of the Argonauts, if not a fable, was an attempt at navigation by simple boatmen, who, in the infancy of the art, drew their little craft safely on shore every night of their coasting voyages. We learn from the Greek writers themselves, that that nation was in ignorance of navigation compared with the Phenicians, and the latter certainly acquired the art from the Egyptians.

We know that naval battles, that is, battles between bodies of men in ships, took place thousands of years before the Christian era. On the walls of very ancient Egyptian tombs are depicted such events, apparently accompanied with much slaughter.

History positively mentions prisoners, under the name of *Tokhari*, who were vanquished by the Egyptians in a naval battle fought by Rameses III, in the fifteenth century before our era. These *Tokhari* were thought to be Kelts, and to come from the West. According to some they were navigators who had inherited their skill from their ancestors of the lost Continent, Atlantis.

The Phenicians have often been popularly held to have been the first navigators upon the high seas; but the Carians, who preceded the Pelasgi in the Greek islands, undoubtedly antedated the Phenicians in the control of the sea and extended voyages. It is true that when the Phenicians did begin, they far exceeded their predecessors. Sidon dates from 1837 before Christ, and soon

LINE OF BATTLE.

HOSTILE FRIGATES GRAPPLING.

NAVAL BATTLE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

after this date she had an extensive commerce, and made long voyages, some even beyond the Mediterranean.

To return to the Egyptians. Sesostris had immense fleets 1437 years before Christ, and navigated not only the Mediterranean, but the Red Sea. The Egyptians had invaded, by means of veritable fleets, the country of the Pelasgi. Some of these ancient Egyptian ships were very large. Diodorus mentions one of cedar, built by Sesostris, which was 280 cubits (420 to 478 feet) long.

One built by Ptolemy was 478 feet long, and carried 400 sailors, 4000 rowers, and 3000 soldiers. Many other huge vessels are mentioned. A bas-relief at Thebes represents a naval victory gained by the Egyptians over some Indian nation, in the Red Sea, or the Persian Gulf, probably 1400 years before Christ.

The Egyptian fleet is in a crescent, and seems to be endeavoring to surround the Indian fleet, which, with oars boarded and sails furled, is calmly awaiting the approach of its antagonist. A lion's head, of some metal, at the prow of each Egyptian galley, shows that ramming was then resorted to. These Egyptian men-of-war were manned by soldiers in helmets, and armed as those of the land forces.

The length of these vessels is conjectured to have been about 120 feet, and the breadth 16 feet. They had high raised poops and forecastles, filled with archers and slingers, while the rest of the fighting men were armed with pikes, javelins, and pole-axes, of most murderous appearance, to be used in boarding. Wooden bulwarks, rising considerably above the main-deck, protected the rowers. Some of the combatants had bronze coats of mail, in addition to helmets of the same, and some carried huge shields, covered, apparently, with tough bull's hide.

These vessels had masts, with a large yard, and a huge square sail. They are said to have been built of acacia, so durable a wood that vessels built of it have lasted a century or more. They appear to have had but one rank of oars; although two or three tiers soon became common. None of the ancient Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek or Roman monuments represent galleys with more than two tiers of oars, except one Roman painting that gives one with three. Yet quinqueremes are spoken of as very common. It is not probable that more than three tiers were used; as seamen have never been able to explain how the greater number of tiers could have been worked; and they have come to the conclusion that scholars have been mistaken, and that the term *quinquereme*, or five ranks of oars, as translated, meant the arrangement of the oars, or of the men at them, and not the ranks, one above another, as usually understood.

Much learning and controversy has been expended upon this subject, and many essays written, and models and diagrams made, to clear up the matter, without satisfying practical seamen.

The Roman galleys with three rows of oars had the row ports in tiers. These ports were either round or oval, and were called *columbaria*, from their resemblance to the arrangement of a dove-cote. The lower oars could be taken in, in bad weather, and the ports closed.

The "long ships" or galleys of the ancient Mediterranean maritime nations—which were so called in opposition to the short, high and bulky merchant ships—carried square or triangular sails, often colored. The "long ships" themselves were painted in gay colors, carried flags and banners at different points, and images upon their prows, which were sacred to the tutelary divinities of their country. The "long ships" could make

with their oars, judging from descriptions of their voyages, perhaps a hundred miles in a day of twelve hours. In an emergency they could go much faster, for a short time. It is reliably stated that it took a single-decked galley, 130 feet long, with 52 oars, a fourth of an hour to describe a full circle in turning.

Carthage was founded by the Phenicians, 1137 years before our era; and not very long after the Carthaginians colonized Marseilles. Hanno accomplished his *periplus*, or great voyage round Africa, 800 years B. C., showing immense advance in nautical ability, in which the Greeks were again left far behind. Still later, the Carthaginians discovered the route to the British Islands, and traded there—especially in Cornish tin—while 330 years B. C. *Ultima Thule*, or Iceland, was discovered by the Marseillais Pitheas. Thus Carthage and her colonies not only freely navigated the Atlantic, but some have thought that they actually reached northern America.

Four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era the Grecian fleet defeated that of the Persians, at Salamis; and the next year another naval battle, that of Mycale (which was fought on the same day as that of Platæa on land), completely discomfited the Persian invaders, and the Greeks then became the aggressors.

Herodotus, who wrote about 450 years B. C., gives accounts of many naval actions, and even describes several different kinds of fighting vessels. He mentions the prophecy of the oracle at Delphi, when "wooden walls" were declared to be the great defence against Xerxes' huge force—meaning the fleet—just as the "wooden walls of England" were spoken of, up to the time of ironclads. Herodotus says the Greek fleet at the battle of Artemisium, which was fought at the same time as Thermopylæ, consisted of 271 ships, which, by their very

skillful handling, defeated the much larger Persian armament, which latter, from its very numbers, was unwieldy.

At Artemisium, the Greeks "brought the sterns of their ships together in a small compass, and turned their prows towards the enemy." And, although largely outnumbered, fought through the day, and captured thirty of the enemy's ships. This manner of manœuvring was possible, from the use of oars; and they never fought except in calm weather.

After this, the Greeks, under Alexander, renewed their energies, and his fleet, under the command of Nearchus, explored the coast of India and the Persian Gulf. His fleets principally moved by the oar, although sails were sometimes used by them.

Among other well authenticated naval events of early times, was the defeat of the Carthaginian fleet, by Regulus, in the first Punic war, 335 years B. C. This victory, gained at sea, was the more creditable to the Romans, as they were not naturally a sea-going race, as the nations to the south and east of the Mediterranean were.

When they had rendered these nations tributary, they availed themselves of their nautical knowledge; just as the Austrians of to-day avail themselves of their nautical population upon the Adriatic coast, or the Turks of their Greek subjects, who are sailors.

Of naval battles which exercised any marked influence upon public events, or changed dynasties, or the fate of nations, the first of which we have a full and definite description is the battle of Actium. But before proceeding to describe that most important and memorable engagement, we may look at two or three earlier sea fights which had great results, some details of which have come down to us.

RETURN OF THE VICTORS AFTER THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.—(*F. Cormon*).

NAVAL BATTLES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

SALAMIS. B. C. 480.

THIS great sea fight took place at the above date, between the fleet of Xerxes and that of the allied Greeks.

Salamis is an island in the Gulf of Ægina, ten miles west of Athens. Its modern name is Kolouri. It is of about thirty square miles surface; mountainous, wooded, and very irregular in shape.

It was in the channel between it and the main land that the great battle was fought.

Xerxes, in the flush of youth, wielding immense power, and having boundless resources in men and money, determined to revenge upon the Greeks the defeat of the Persians, so many of whom had fallen, ten years before, at Marathon. After years of preparation, using all his resources and enlisting tributary powers, he marched northward, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, and laid a bridge of boats at the Hellespont, over which it took seven days for his army to pass. His fleet consisted of over 1200 fighting vessels and transports, and carried 240,000 men.

Previous to the naval battle of which we are about to

speak, he lost four hundred of his galleys in a violent storm; but still his fleet was immensely superior in number to that of the Greeks, who had strained every nerve to get together the navies of their independent States. Such leaders as Aristides and Themistocles formed a host in themselves, while the independent Greeks were, man for man and ship for ship, superior to the Persians and their allies. Of the Greek fleet the Athenians composed the right wing; the Spartans the left, opposed respectively to the Phenicians and the Ionians; while the Æginetans and Corinthians, with others, formed the Greek reserve.

The day of the battle was a remarkably fair one, and we are told that, as the sun rose, the Persians, with one accord (both on sea and land, for there was a famous land battle as well on that day), prostrated themselves in worship of the orb of day. This was one of the oldest and greatest forms of worship ever known to man, and it still exists among the Parsees. It must have been a grand sight; for 240,000 men, in a thousand ships, and an immense force on the neighboring land, bowed down at once, in adoration.

The Greeks, with the "canniness" which distinguished them in their dealings with both gods and men, sacrificed to all the gods, and especially to Zeus, or Jupiter, and to Poseidon, or Neptune.

Everything was ready for the contest on both sides. Arms, offensive and defensive, were prepared. They were much the same as had been used for ages, by the Egyptians and others. Grappling irons were placed ready to fasten contending ships together; gangways or planks were arranged to afford sure footing to the boarders, while heavy weights were ready, triced up to the long yards, to be dropped upon the enemy's deck,

crushing his rowers, and perhaps sinking the vessel. Catapults and balistæ (the first throwing large darts and javelins, the second immense rocks) were placed in order, like great guns of modern times. Archers and slingers occupied the poops and forecastles; while, as additional means of offence, the Rhodians carried long spars, fixed obliquely to the prows of their galleys, and reaching beyond their beaks, from which were suspended, by chains, large kettles, filled with live coals and combustibles. A chain at the bottom capsized these on the decks of the enemy, often setting them on fire. Greek fire, inextinguishable by water, is supposed, by many, to have been used thus early; while fire ships were certainly often employed.

Just as the Greeks had concluded their religious ceremonies, one of their triremes, which had been sent in advance to reconnoitre the Persian fleet, was seen returning, hotly pursued by the enemy.

An Athenian trireme, commanded by Ameinas, the brother of the poet Æschylus, dashed forward to her assistance. Upon this Eurybiades, the Greek admiral, seeing that everything was ready, gave the signal for general attack, which was the display of a brightly burnished brazen shield above his vessel. (This, and many other details may be found in Herodotus, but space prevents their insertion here.)

As soon as the shield was displayed the Grecian trumpets sounded the advance, which was made amid great enthusiasm, the mixed fleets, or contingents, from every state and city, vying with each other as to who should be first to strike the enemy. The right wing dashed forward, followed by the whole line, all sweeping down upon the Persians, or Barbarians, as the Greeks called them.

On this occasion the Greeks had a good cause, and were fighting to save their country and its liberties. Undaunted by the numbers of the opposing fleet, they bent to their long oars and came down in fine style. The Athenians became engaged first, then the Æginetans, and then the battle became general. The Greeks had the advantage of being in rapid motion when they struck the Persian fleet, most of which had not, at that critical moment, gathered way. The great effect of a mass in motion is exemplified in the act of a river steamboat running at speed into a wharf; the sharp, frail vessel is seldom much damaged, while cutting deep into a mass of timber, iron and stone. Many of the Persian vessels were sunk at once, and a great gap thereby made in their line. This was filled from their immense reserve, but not until after great panic and confusion, which contributed to the success of the Greeks. The Persian Admiral commanding the left wing, seeing that it was necessary to act promptly in order to effectually succor his people, bore down at full speed upon the flagship of Themistocles, intending to board her. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and the vessel of Themistocles was soon in a terrible strait; but many Athenian galleys hastened to his rescue, and the large and magnificent Persian galley was sunk by repeated blows from the sharp beaks of the Greeks, while Ariamenes, the Admiral, was previously slain and thrown overboard. At this same moment the son of the great Darius, revered by all the Asiatics, fell, pierced by a javelin, at which sight the Persians set up a melancholy wailing cry, which the Greeks responded to with shouts of triumph and derision.

Still, the Persians, strong in numbers, renewed and maintained the battle with great fury; but the Athenian fleet cut through the Phenician line, and then, pulling

strong with starboard and backing port oars, turned short round and fell upon the Persian left flank and rear.

A universal panic now seized the Asiatics; and in spite of numbers, they broke and fled in disorder—all, that is, except the Dorians, who, led by their brave queen in person, fought for their new ally with desperate valor, in the vain hope of restoring order where all order was lost. The Dorian queen, Artemisia, at last forced to the conviction that the fugitives were not to be rallied, and seeing the waters covered with wreck, and strewn with the floating corpses of her friends and allies, reluctantly gave the signal for retreat.

She was making off in her own galley, when she found herself closely pursued by a Greek vessel, and, to divert his pursuit, as well as to punish one who had behaved badly, she ran her galley full speed into that of a Lycian commander, who had behaved in a cowardly manner during the engagement. The Lycian sank instantly, and the Greek, upon seeing this action, supposed that Artemisia's galley was a friend, and at once relinquished pursuit; so that this brave woman and able naval commander succeeded in making her escape.

Ten thousand drachmas had been offered for her capture, and this, of course, was lost. Ameinas, who had pursued her, was afterwards named, by general suffrage, one of the "three valiants" who had most distinguished themselves in the hard fought battle against such odds. Polycritus and Eumenes were the two others.

The victory being complete at sea, Aristides, at the head of a large body of Athenians, landed at a point where many of the Persians were. The latter were divided from the main body of Xerxes' army by a sheet of water, and were slain, almost to a man, by the Greeks, under the

very eyes of the Persian monarch and his main army, who could not reach them to afford assistance.

The discomfiture of his fleet rendered Xerxes powerless for the time; and, recognizing the extent of the misfortune which had befallen him, the mighty lord of so many nations, so many tributaries, and so many slaves, rent his robes, and burst into a flood of tears.

Thus ended the great battle of Salamis, which decided the fate of Greece.

The forces of the several independent Greek States returned to their homes, where their arrival was celebrated with great rejoicing, and sacrifices to the gods.

Xerxes, as soon as he realized the extent of the disaster which had befallen him, resolved at once to return with all possible expedition into Asia. His chief counsellor in vain advised him not to be downcast by the defeat of his fleet: "that he had come to fight against the Greeks, not with rafts of wood, but with soldiers and horses." In spite of this, Xerxes sent the remnant of his fleet to the harbors of Asia Minor, and after a march of forty-five days, amidst great hardship and privation, arrived at the Hellespont with his army. Famine, pestilence and battle had reduced his army from a million or more to about 300,000.

The victory at Salamis terminated the second act of the great Persian expedition. The third, in the following year, was the conclusive land battle of Platæa, and subsequent operations. These secured not only the freedom of Greece and of adjoining European States, but the freedom and independence of the Asiatic Greeks, and their undisturbed possession of the Asiatic coast—an inestimable prize to the victors.

NAVAL BATTLE AT SYRACUSE. B. C. 415

THIS battle was not only remarkable for its desperate fighting and bloody character, but for the fact that the complete and overwhelming defeat of the Athenians was the termination of their existence as a naval power.

An Athenian fleet had been despatched to the assistance of the small Greek Republic of Ægesta, near the western end of Sicily, then threatened by Syracuse.

The Athenian fleet numbered one hundred and thirty-four triremes, 25,000 seamen and soldiers, beside transports with 6000 spearmen and a proportionate force of archers and slingers. This considerable armament was designed to coöperate not only in the reduction of Syracuse, the implacable enemy of the Ægestans, but also to endeavor to subdue the whole of the large, rich and beautiful island of Sicily, at that time the granary and vineyard of the Mediterranean.

The Greek fleet drew near its destination in fine order, and approached and entered Syracuse with trumpets sounding and flags displayed, while the soldiers and sailors, accustomed to a long succession of victories, and regarding defeat as impossible, rent the air with glad shouts.

Syracuse is a large and perfect harbor; completely

landlocked, and with a narrow entrance. The Sicilians, entirely unprepared to meet the veteran host thus suddenly precipitated upon them, looked upon these demonstrations with gloomy forebodings. Fortunately for their independence, they had wise and brave leaders, while the commander of the great Athenian fleet was wanting in decision of character and in the ability to combine his forces and move quickly; a necessity in such an enterprise as his. It therefore happened that the tables were turned, and the proud invaders were eventually blockaded in the harbor of Syracuse, the people obstructing the narrow entrance so as to prevent escape, while the country swarmed with the levies raised to resist the invaders by land, and to cut them off from all supplies.

In the meantime the Greeks had seized a spot on the shores of the harbor, built a dock yard, and constructed a fortified camp.

Such being the state of affairs, a prompt and energetic movement on the part of the Athenians became necessary to save them from starvation. Nikias, their commander-in-chief, entrusted the fleet to Demosthenes, Menander, and Euthydemus, and prepared to fight a decisive battle.

Taught by recent partial encounters that the beaks of the Syracusan triremes were more powerful and destructive than those of his own vessels, he instructed his captains to avoid ramming as much as possible, and to attack by boarding. His ships were provided with plenty of grappling irons, so that the Sicilians could be secured as soon as they rammed the Greek vessels, when a mass of veteran Greeks was to be thrown on board, and the islanders overcome in a hand-to-hand fight.

When all was ready the fleet of the Athenian triremes, reduced to one hundred and ten in number, but fully manned, moved in three grand divisions. Demosthenes

commanded the van division, and made directly for the mouth of the harbor, toward which the Syracusan fleet, only seventy-five in number, was also promptly converging.

The Athenians were cutting away and removing the obstructions at the narrow entrance, when their enemy came down rapidly, and forced them to desist from their labors, and form line of battle. This they did hurriedly, and as well as the narrow limits would permit. They were soon furiously attacked, on both wings at once, by Licanus and Agatharcus, who had moved down close to the shore, the one on the right and the other on the left hand of the harbor. The Syracusans, by this manœuvre, outflanked the Greeks, who, their flanks being turned, were necessarily driven in upon their centre, which point was at this critical moment vigorously attacked by the Corinthians, the faithful allies of the Syracusans. The Corinthian squadron, led by Python, had dashed down the middle of the harbor, and attacked, with loud shouts, as if assured of victory. Great confusion now ensued among the Athenian vessels, caught at a great disadvantage, and in each other's way. Many of their triremes were at once stove and sunk, and those which remained afloat were so hemmed in by enemies that they could not use their oars. The strong point of the Athenian fleet had consisted in its ability to manœuvre, and they were here deprived of that advantage.

Hundreds of their drowning comrades were calling for assistance, while their countrymen on shore, belonging to the army, witnessed their position with despair, being unable to come to the rescue. Still, the Athenians fought as became their old renown. They often beat off the enemy by sheer force of arms, but without avail. The Syracusans had covered their forecastles with raw bulls'

hides, so that the grappling irons would not hold for boarding; but the Greeks watched for the moment of contact, and before they could recoil, leaped boldly on board the enemy's triremes, sword in hand. They succeeded thus in capturing some Sicilian vessels; but their own loss was frightful, and, after some hours of most sanguinary contest, Demosthenes, seeing that a continuance of it would annihilate his force, took advantage of a temporary break in the enemy's line to give the signal for retreat. This was at once begun; at first in good order, but the Syracusans pressing vigorously upon the Athenian rear, soon converted it into a disorderly flight, each trying to secure his own safety.

In this condition the Greeks reached the fortified docks, which they had built during their long stay, the entrance to which was securely guarded by merchant ships, which had huge rocks triced up, called "dolphins," of sufficient size to sink any vessel upon which they might be dropped. Here the pursuit ended, and the defeated and harassed Athenians hastened to their fortified camp, where their land forces, with loud lamentations, deplored the event of the naval battle, which they had fondly hoped would have set them all at liberty.

The urgent question now was as to the preservation of both forces—and that alone.

That same night Demosthenes proposed that they should man their remaining triremes, reduced to sixty in number, and try again to force a way out of the harbor; alleging that they were still stronger than the enemy, who had also lost a number of ships. Nikias gave consent; but when the sailors were ordered to embark once more, they mutinied and flatly refused to do so; saying that their numbers were too much reduced by battle, sickness, and bad food, and that there were no seamen of experi-

ence left to take the helm, or rowers in sufficient numbers for the benches. They also declared that the last had been a soldiers' battle, and that such were better fought on land. They then set fire to the dock-yard and the fleet, and the Syracusan forces appearing, in the midst of this mutiny, captured both men and ships. Her fleet being thus totally destroyed, Athens never recovered from the disaster, and ceased from that day to be a naval power.

The subsequent events in this connection, though interesting and instructive, do not belong to naval history.

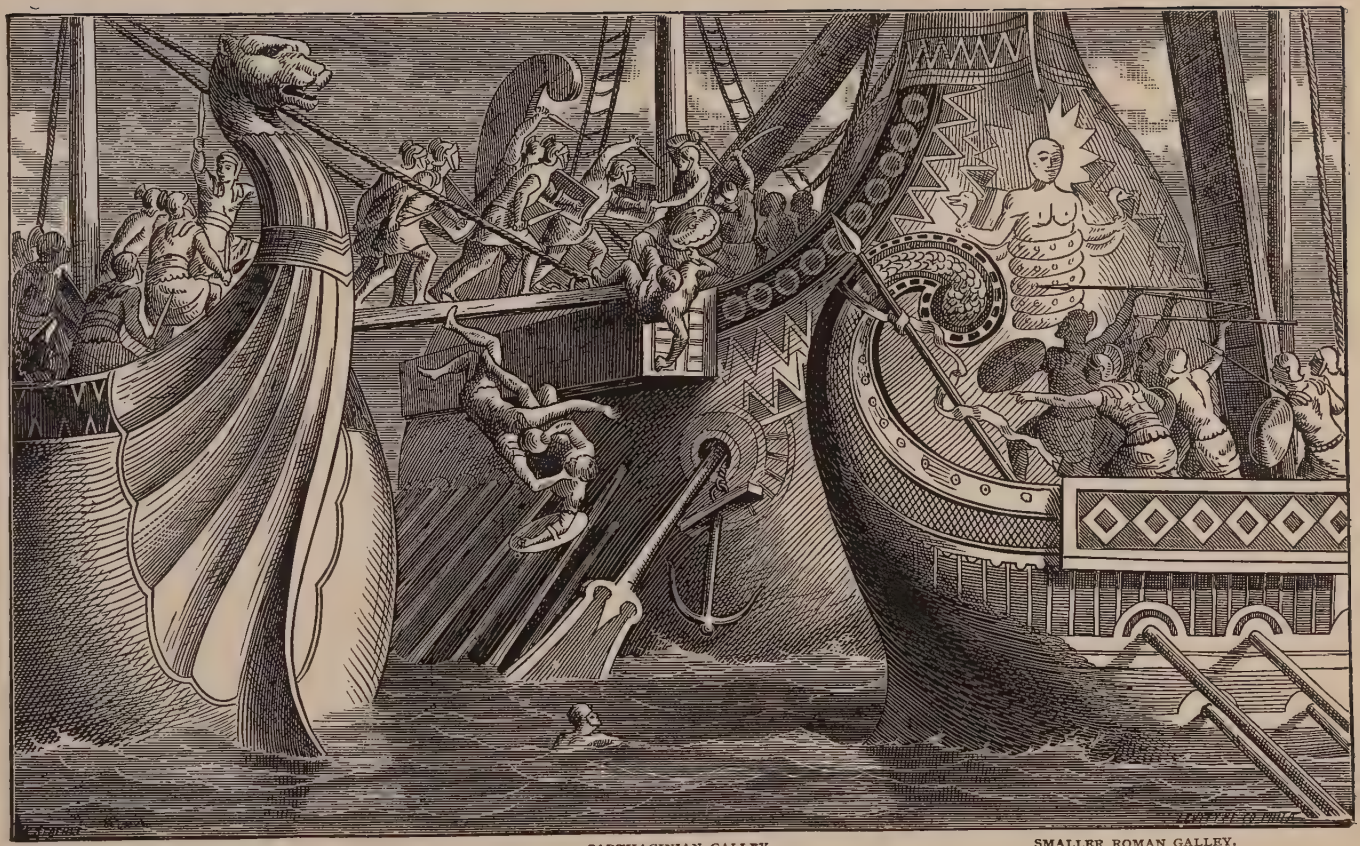
A NORSE GALLEY.

ROMANS AND CARTHAGINIANS.

CARTHAGE, the Phenician colony in Africa, which became so famous and powerful, was very near the site of the modern city of Tunis. It has been a point of interest for twenty centuries. Long after the Phenician sway had passed away, and the Arab and Saracen had become lords of the soil, Louis XI, of France, in the Crusade of 1270, took possession of the site of the ancient city, only to give up his last breath there, and add another to the many legends of the spot. The Spaniards afterwards conquered Tunis and held it for a time; and, in our own day, the French have again repossessed themselves of the country, and may retain it long after the events of our time have passed into history.

As soon as Rome rose to assured power, and began her course of conquest, trouble with the powerful State of Carthage ensued. Their clashing interests soon involved them in war, and Sicily and the Sicilian waters, being necessary to both, soon became their battle ground.

The Carthaginians had obtained a footing in Sicily, by assisting Roman renegades and freebooters of all nations who had taken refuge there. The Romans therefore passed a decree directing the Consul, Appius Claudius, to cross over to Messina and expel the Carthaginians who, from that strong point, controlled the passage of the great thor-



ROMAN GALLEY AND DRAW-BRIDGE. CARTHAGINIAN GALLEY. SMALLER ROMAN GALLEY.

CAPTURE OF THE CARTHAGINIAN FLEET BY THE ROMANS.

oughfare, the strait of the same name. Thus commenced the first Punic war. The Romans were almost uniformly successful upon land, but the Carthaginians, deriving nautical skill from their Phenician ancestors, overawed, with their fleet, the whole coast of Sicily, and even made frequent and destructive descents upon the Italian shores themselves.

The Romans at this time had no ships of war; but they began the construction of a fleet, to cope with their enemy, then the undisputed mistress of the seas.

Just at this time a Carthaginian ship of large size was stranded upon the Italian shores, and served as a model for the Romans, who, with characteristic energy, in a short time put afloat a hundred quinqueremes and twenty triremes. No particular description of these vessels is necessary, as they were the same in general plan as those already spoken of as in use among the Egyptians, Phenicians, and Greeks, for centuries. Able seamen were obtained from neighboring tributary maritime States, and bodies of landsmen were put in training, being exercised at the oar on shore; learning to begin and cease rowing at the signal. For this purpose platforms were erected, and benches placed, as in a galley.

It will here be necessary to give a short account of the Roman naval system, which was now rapidly becoming developed and established. As has been said, they had paid no attention, before this period, to naval affairs; and were only stirred up to do so by the necessity of meeting the Carthaginians upon their own element.

It is true that some authorities say that the first Roman ships of war were built upon the model of those of Antium, after the capture of that city, A. U. C. 417; but the Romans certainly made no figure at sea until the time of the first Punic war.

The Roman ships of war were much longer than their merchant vessels, and were principally driven by oars, while the merchant ships relied almost entirely upon sails.

It is a more difficult problem than one would at first sight suppose, to explain exactly how the oars were arranged in the quadriremes and quinqueremes of which we read. The Roman ships were substantial and heavy, and consequently slow in evolutions, however formidable in line. Augustus, at a much later period, was indebted to a number of fast, light vessels from the Dalmatian coast, for his victory over Antony's heavy ships.

The ship of the commander of a Roman fleet was distinguished by a red flag, and also carried a light at night. These ships of war had prows armed with a sharp beak, of brass, usually divided into three teeth, or points. They also carried towers of timber, which were erected before an engagement, and whence missiles were discharged. They employed both freemen and slaves as rowers and sailors. The citizens and the allies of the State were obliged to furnish a certain quota of these; and sometimes to provide them with pay and provisions; but the wages of the men were usually provided by the State.

The regular soldiers of the Legions at first fought at sea as well as on land; but when Rome came to maintain a permanent fleet, there was a separate class of soldiers raised for the sea service, like the marines of modern navies. But this service was considered less honorable than that of the Legions, and was often performed by manumitted slaves. The rowers, a still lower class, were occasionally armed and aided in attack and defence, when boarding; but this was not usual.

Before a Roman fleet went to sea it was formally reviewed, like the land army. Prayers were offered to the gods, and victims sacrificed. The auspices were

consulted, and if any unlucky omen occurred (such as a person sneezing on the left of the Augur, or swallows alighting on the ships), the voyage was suspended.

Fleets about to engage were arranged in a manner similar to armies on land, with centre, right and left wings, and reserve. Sometimes they were arranged in the form of a wedge, or forceps, but most frequently in a half moon. The admiral sailed round the fleet, in a light galley, and exhorted the men, while invocations and sacrifices were again offered. They almost always fought in calm or mild weather, and with furled sails. The red flag was the signal to engage, which they did with trumpets sounding and the crews shouting. The combatants endeavored to disable the enemy by striking off the banks of oars on one side, or by striking the opposing hulls with the beak. They also employed fire-ships, and threw pots of combustibles on board the enemy. Many of Antony's ships were destroyed by this means. When they returned from a successful engagement the prows of the victors were decorated with laurel wreaths; and it was their custom to tow the captured vessels stern foremost, to signify their utter confusion and helplessness. The admiral was honored with a triumph, after a signal victory, like a General or Consul who had won a decisive land battle; and columns were erected in their honor, which were called Rostral, from being decorated with the beaks of ships.

And now, to return to the imposing fleet which the Romans had equipped against the Carthaginians:—

When all was ready the Romans put to sea; at first clinging to their own shores, and practicing in fleet tactics. They found their vessels dull and unwieldy, and therefore resolved to board the enemy at the first opportunity, and avoid as much as possible all manœuvring.

They therefore carried plenty of grappling-irons, and had stages, or gangways, ingeniously arranged upon hinges, which fell on board of the enemy, and afforded secure bridges for boarding. By this means many victories were secured over a people who were much better seamen.

After various partial engagements with the Carthaginian fleet, productive of no definite results, Duilius assumed command of the Roman fleet, and steered for Mylœ, where the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, were lying at anchor.

The latter expected an easy victory, despising the pretensions of the Romans to seamanship, and they accordingly left their anchorage in a straggling way, not even thinking it worth while to form line of battle to engage landsmen.

Their one hundred and thirty quinqueremes approached in detachments, according to their speed, and Hannibal, with about thirty of the fastest, came in contact with the Roman line, while the rest of his fleet was far astern. Attacked on all sides, he soon began to repent of his rashness, and turned to fly—but the "corvi" fell, and the Roman soldiers, advancing over the gangways, put their enemies to the sword. The whole of the Carthaginian van division fell into the Roman hands, without a single ship being lost on the part of the latter. Hannibal had fortunately made his escape in time, in a small boat, and at once proceeded to form the rest of his fleet to resist the Roman shock. He then passed from vessel to vessel, exhorting his men to stand firm; but the novel mode of attack, and its great success, had demoralized the Carthaginians, and they fled before the Roman advance; fifty more of Hannibal's fleet being captured.

So ended the first great naval engagement between Rome and Carthage; bringing to the former joy and

hope of future successes, and to the latter grief and despondency.

Duilius, the Consul, had a rostral column of marble erected in his honor, in the Roman forum, with his statue upon the top.

Hannibal was soon afterward crucified by his own seamen, in their rage and mortification at their shameful defeat.

Slight skirmishes and collisions continued to occur, and both nations became convinced that ultimate success could only be obtained by the one which should obtain complete mastery of the Mediterranean Sea. Both, therefore, made every effort; and the dock-yards were kept busily at work, while provisions, arms, and naval stores were accumulated upon a large scale.

The Romans fitted out three hundred and thirty, the Carthaginians three hundred and fifty quinqueremes; and in the spring of the year 260 B. C., the rivals took the sea, to fight out their quarrel to the bitter end.

The Roman Consuls Manlius and Regulus had their fleet splendidly equipped, and marshaled in divisions, with the first and second Legions on board. Following was a rear division, with more soldiers, which served as a reserve, and as a guard to the rear of the right and left flanks.

Hamilcar, the admiral of the opposing fleet, saw that the Roman rear was hampered by the transports which they were towing, and resolved to try to separate the leading divisions from them; hoping to capture the transports, and then the other divisions in detail; with this intention he formed in four divisions. Three were in line, at right angles to the course the Romans were steering, and the fourth in the order called "forceps."

The last division was a little in the rear and well to the left of the main body.

Having made his dispositions, Hamilcar passed down the fleet in his barge, and reminded his countrymen of their ancestral renown at sea, and assured them that their former defeat was due, not to the nautical ability of the Romans, but to the rash valor of the Carthaginians against a warlike people not ever to be despised. "Avoid the prows of the Roman galleys," he continued, "and strike them amidships, or on the quarter. Sink them, or disable their oars, and endeavor to render their military machines, on which they greatly rely, wholly inoperative." Loud and continuous acclamations proclaimed the good disposition of his men, and Hamilcar forthwith ordered the advance to be sounded, signaling the vessels of the first division—which would be the first to engage—to retreat in apparent disorder when they came down close to the enemy. The Carthaginians obeyed his order to the letter, and, as if terrified by the Roman array, turned in well simulated flight, and were instantly pursued by both columns, which, as Hamilcar had foreseen, drew rapidly away from the rest of the fleet. When they were so far separated as to preclude the possibility of support, the Carthaginians, at a given signal, put about, and attacked with great ardor and resolution, making a desperate effort to force together the two sides of the "forceps" in which the Romans were formed. But these facing outward, and always presenting their prows to the Carthaginians, remained immovable and unbroken. If the Carthaginians succeeded in ramming one, those on each side of the attacked vessel came to her assistance, and thus outnumbered, the Carthaginians did not dare to board.

While the battle was thus progressing in the centre—without decided results—Hanno, who commanded the

Carthaginian right wing, instead of engaging the left Roman column in flank, stretched far out to sea, and bore down upon the Roman reserve, which carried the soldiers of the Triarii. The Carthaginian reserve, instead of attacking the Roman right column, as they evidently should have done, also bore down upon the Roman reserve. Thus three distinct and separate engagements were going on at once—all fought most valiantly. Just as the Roman reserve was overpowered, and about to yield, they saw that the Carthaginian centre was in full retreat, chased by the Roman van, while the Roman second division was hastening to the assistance of their sorely pressed reserve. This sight inspired the latter with new courage, and, although they had had many vessels sunk, and a few captured, they continued the fight until the arrival of their friends caused their assailant, Hanno, to hoist the signal for retreat. The Roman third division, embarrassed by its convoy, had been driven back until quite close to the land, and while sharp-pointed, surf-beaten rocks appeared under their sterns, it was attacked on both sides and in front, by the nimble Carthaginians. Vessel by vessel it was falling into the enemy's hands, when Manlius, seeing its critical condition, relinquished his own pursuit, and hastened to its relief. His presence converted defeat into victory, and insured the complete triumph of the Roman arms; so that, while the Carthaginians scattered in flight, the Romans, towing their prizes stern foremost, as was their custom in victory, entered the harbor of Heraclea.

In this sanguinary and decisive battle thirty of the Carthaginian and twenty-four of the Roman quinqueremes were sent to the bottom, with all on board. Not a single Roman vessel was carried off by the enemy; while the Romans captured sixty-four ships and their crews.

Commodore Parker, of the U. S. Navy, in commenting upon this important naval action, says, "Had Hanno and the commander of the Carthaginian reserve done their duty faithfully and intelligently upon this occasion, the Roman van and centre must have been doubled up and defeated, almost instantly; after which it would have been an easy matter to get possession of the others, with the transports. Thus the Carthaginians would have gained a decisive victory, the effect of which would have been, perhaps, to deter the Romans from again making their appearance in force upon the sea; and then, with such leaders as Hamilcar, Hasdrubal and Hannibal to shape her policy and conduct her armaments, Carthage, instead of Rome, might have been the mistress of the world. Such are the great issues sometimes impending over contending armies and fleets."

As soon as the Consuls had repaired damages they set sail from Heraclea for Africa, where they disembarked an army under Regulus; and most of the naval force, with the prisoners, then returned home. Regulus, however, soon suffered a defeat, and the Roman fleet had to be despatched to Africa again, in hot haste, to take off the scant remnant of his army. Before taking on board the defeated Legions the fleet had another great naval battle, and captured a Carthaginian fleet of one hundred and fourteen vessels. With the soldiers on board, and their prizes in tow, Marcus Emilius and Servius Fulvius, the Consuls then in command, determined to return to Rome by the south shore of Sicily. This was against the earnest remonstrances of the pilots, or sailing masters, "who wisely argued that, at the dangerous season when, the constellation of Orion being not quite past, and the Dog Star just ready to appear, it were far safer to go North about."

The Consuls, who had no idea of being advised by mere sailors, were unfortunately not to be shaken in their determination; and so, when Sicily was sighted, a course was shaped from Lylybeum to the promontory of Pachymus. The fleet had accomplished about two-thirds of this distance, and was just opposite a coast where there were no ports, and where the shore was high and rocky, when, with the going down of the sun, the north wind, which had been blowing steadily for several days, suddenly died away, and as the Romans were engaged in furling their flapping sails they observed that they were heavy and wet with the falling dew, the sure precursor of the terrible "Scirocco." Then the pilots urged the Consuls to pull directly to the southward, that they might have sea room sufficient to prevent them from being driven on shore when the storm should burst upon them. But this, with the dread of the sea natural to men unaccustomed to contend with it, they refused to do; not comprehending that, although their quinqueremes were illy adapted to buffet the waves, anything was better than a lee shore, with no harbor of refuge.

The north wind sprang up again after a little, cheering the hearts of the inexperienced, blew in fitful gusts for an hour or more, then died nearly away, again sprang up, and finally faded out as before. The seamen knew what this portended. "Next came a flash of lightning in the southern sky; then a line of foam upon the southern sea; the roaring of Heaven's artillery in the air above, and of the breakers on the beach below—and the tempest was upon them!" From this time all order was lost, and the counsels and admonitions of the pilots unheeded. The Roman fleet was completely at the mercy of the hurricane, and the veterans who had borne themselves bravely in many a hard fought battle with their fellow man, now,

completely demoralized in the presence of this new danger, behaved more like maniacs than reasonable beings. Some advised one thing, some another; but nothing sensible was done—and when the gale broke, out of four hundred and sixty-four quinqueremes (an immense fleet) three hundred and eighty had been dashed upon the rocks and lost.

The whole coast was covered with fragments of wreck and dead bodies; and that which Rome had been so many years in acquiring, at the cost of so much blood, labor, and treasure, she lost in a few hours, through the want of experienced seamen in command.

During the succeeding Punic wars Rome and Carthage had many another well contested naval engagement.

Adherbal captured ninety-four Roman vessels off Drepanum, but the dogged courage of the Roman was usually successful.

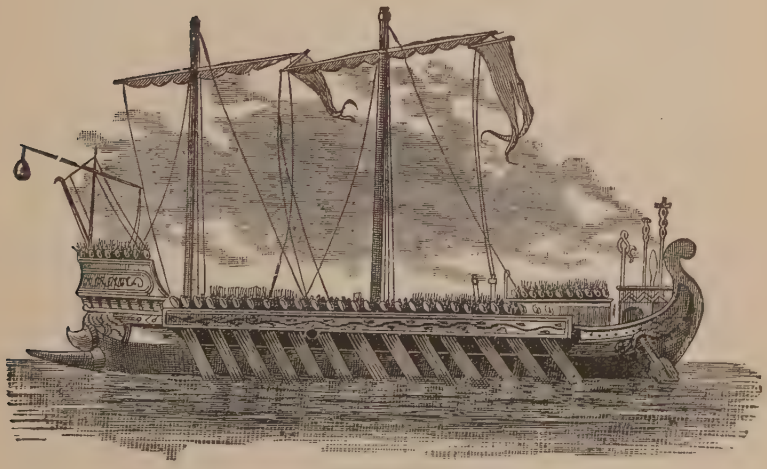
We have few details of these engagements. What the Romans gained in battle was often lost by them in shipwreck; so that, at the end of the first Punic war, which lasted twenty-four years, they had lost seven hundred quinqueremes, and the vanquished Carthaginians only five hundred.

At the time spoken of, when the Romans were fighting the Carthaginians, the former were a free, virtuous and patriotic people. No reverses cast them down; no loss of life discouraged them.

After a lapse of two hundred years, Marcus Brutus and Cassius being dead, and public virtue scoffed at and fast expiring, an arbitrary government was in process of erection upon the ruins of the Republic.

The triumvirate had been dissolved, and Octavius and Antony, at the head of vast armies and fleets, were pre-

paring, on opposite sides of the Gulf of Ambracia, to submit their old quarrel to the arbitrament of the sword. In this emergency Antony's old officers and soldiers, whom he had so often led to victory, naturally hoped that, assuming the offensive, he would draw out his legions, and, by his ability and superior strategy, force his adversary from the field. But, bewitched by a woman, the greatest captain of the age—now that Cæsar and Pompey were gone—had consented to abandon a faithful and devoted army, and to rely solely upon his fleet; which, equal to that of Octavius in numbers, was far inferior in discipline and drill, and in experience of actual combat.



ROMAN GALLEY.

ACTIUM. B. C. 31.

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's Camp.*

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And taken in Toryne? you have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Canid. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Enob. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Canid. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers
Which serve not for his vantage he shakes off;
And so should you.

Enob. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingrossed by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy; no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Enob. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of Actium,
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

SHAKESPEARE—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

PHILIPPI, the decisive battle between Octavius and Brutus and Cassius, took place B. C. 42. Octavius, who afterward assumed the name of Augustus, is very differently described by historians. It is said that he did not fight at Philippi; and he is called a coward by some writers, who declare that he was always sick on critical days. Be that as it may, it seems certain that Antony fought that battle, although Octavius got the credit of success with the Roman public, which soon endowed him with every quality which goes to make the title of "August," which title he was the first to bear; being the favorite of the citizens, much more by reason of his ancestry, and by the judicious bestowal of offices and of money, than by feats of arms.

After their victory at Philippi, Antony and Octavius divided the empire of the world between them. But the two were devoured by an equal ambition; and, although a common danger had for a time lulled their mutual suspicion and dislike, and forced them to act in unison, har-

mony between them could not long continue. Neither of them wished to share empire, and each was determined that the other, sooner or later, should be forced to renounce power, if not life itself. The repudiation of Octavia the sister of Octavius, by Antony, added increased fuel to the fires of hatred, and we learn from contemporary writers that clear-sighted persons not only foresaw that a death struggle between the two great leaders was only a question of time, but they predicted the result, as Antony, in the midst of feasts and other dissipation, was fast losing that activity of mind and body which had brought him his successes, and had, in former days, gained him the esteem and confidence of Cæsar.

While Antony was placing his laurels and his renown under the feet of an Egyptian queen, the cool and astute Octavius, never losing sight of the end he had in view, turned to his own aggrandizement and elevation, in the estimation of the Roman people, Antony's disgraceful conduct.

The future Augustus, with the full consent of the Senate, raised fresh legions in Italy, equipped a fleet, and made every preparation for an enterprise upon which was to depend the control of the whole civilized world.

As if Antony had taken pains to furnish his already too powerful rival with the pretexts which should serve as a mask to his ambitious views, the former caused general disgust and indignation at Rome by dismembering the Empire—so to speak—in the interests of Cleopatra, whom he proclaimed Queen of Cyprus, Cilicia, Cœlesyria, Arabia and Judea; while he gave to the two sons whom he had had by her the title of "King of Kings." This insane defiance of the susceptibility and pride of the Republic was one of the principal causes of Antony's destruction. People ceased to fear him when they learned

that he had become habitually intemperate; and they no longer saw in him a redoubtable and successful Roman general, but an Eastern Satrap, plunged in pleasure and debauchery.

Octavius, affecting rather contempt than anger at Antony's proceedings, declared war against Cleopatra only, and seemed to regard Antony as already deprived of the power and majesty which he had sullied in committing them to the hands of the Egyptian queen.

Octavius could only raise on the Italian peninsula, then exhausted by civil war, 80,000 legionaries, with 12,000 cavalry, and two hundred and fifty ships—a small force to oppose to the five hundred ships and 120,000 men of Antony, without counting the allied troops which his rival was able to bring against him. But, more active and daring than Antony, he had, with astonishing celerity, collected his forces, and crossed the Ionian Sea, while Antony was lingering in Samos, and indulging in all sorts of debasing pleasures, with little thought devoted to preparation for the inevitable and momentous struggle.

At last the imminence of the danger awoke him to the realities surrounding him, and he brought forward his powerful fleet, anchoring it near the promontory of Actium, in Epirus, ready to oppose the advance of Octavius.

His ships were double in number those of the Romans, well armed and equipped, but heavy, and badly manned, so that their manœuvres did not compare in celerity with those of the western fleet.

Although Octavius had fewer ships and fewer men, those which he had were Romans; and he was fighting, ostensibly, to vindicate the wounded pride and honor of his country, which had been trampled under foot by Antony and a stranger queen.

The generals of Antony united in imploring him not to confide his destiny to the uncertainty of winds and waves, but to give battle on shore, where, they answered for it, victory would perch upon their banners. But Antony remained deaf to their supplications, and Cleopatra, who had joined him with seventy Egyptian ships, also preferred to fight a naval battle; it is said, in order that, if her lover was vanquished, she herself could more easily escape.

Boldly searching for Antony, the Roman fleet came in contact with his, near the promontory of Actium.

On opposite shores of the bay partly formed by that promontory lay the two armies, spectators of a conflict which was to decide their fate, but in which they were not to join.

The wind and weather were both favorable, but the two fleets remained for a long time opposite to each other, as if hesitating to begin the struggle, the issue of which was fraught with such momentous consequences.

Antony had confided the command of his left wing to Cœlius; the centre to Marcus Octavius and Marcus Inteius; while he himself, with Valerius Publicola, assumed command of the right wing.

The fleet of Octavius was commanded by Agrippa, to whom all the glory of the victory is due. Octavius and his admiral at first regarded with surprise and uneasiness the immobility of the enemy, who were ensconced in the arm of the sea, which sheet of water contained many shoals and reefs, and therefore, if the enemy remained there, deprived Octavius of the advantage to be derived from the rapidity of manœuvre of his vessels.

But Antony's officers, eager to show their prowess, proceeded to get their left wing under way, and moved to the attack of Octavius' right. The latter, taking advan-

BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

tage of this false move, made a retrograde movement, and endeavored to draw out the whole opposing force from their commanding position unto the high sea, where the Romans would have room to manœuvre, and thereby successfully assail Antony's heavier vessels.

At this moment the scene was grand. The flashing of arms, and glinting of the sun upon polished casques, the streaming flags, and thousands of oars simultaneously put in motion, gave life and animation; while the blare of the brazen trumpets and the shouts of the myriads of combatants were echoed from the shores by the cheers and cries of two large armies, each encouraging its own fleet, and inciting them to the greater exertion.

Cleopatra's large and magnificent galley hovered in the rear of the fleet, with the purple sails furled, and the poop occupied by herself and her ladies, surrounded by all the splendor of the Egyptian court.

Thinking, as we have said, that Octavius' fleet fled before them, Antony and his commanders abandoned their advantageous position, and followed Agrippa out to sea.

Once there, the Roman fleet quickly put about, in good order, and a terrible battle at once began—Roman disputing with Roman the empire of the world.

At last an able movement of Agrippa caused Antony's centre to give way; but despite the disorder which resulted, the action was steadily maintained, the losses on each side being about equal, and victory undecided.

The force of Agrippa made up by celerity of movement for the greater number of Antony's fleet, and the battle was at its height, when, suddenly, Cleopatra, panic-stricken by the noise and dreadful carnage, gave a signal for retreat, hoisted her purple sails, and, with the whole Egyptian contingent, retreated rapidly, leaving a great

gap in the line of battle. Some were sunk by the beaks of their pursuers, but the majority made their escape, and were soon far from the scene.

This shameful action should have opened Antony's eyes, and have stimulated him—being even yet superior in numbers—to repair by renewed exertions the defection of the beautiful queen. But his movements seemed to be controlled by her's, and, forgetting his own honor, his former glory, his empire, and his duty as commander, as a soldier and as a man, he abandoned the brave seamen and soldiers who were fighting for him, and took a fast, light vessel, and followed the woman who had been his ruin, and at whose shrine he was about to offer as a sacrifice the dishonor of Cæsar's greatest lieutenant.

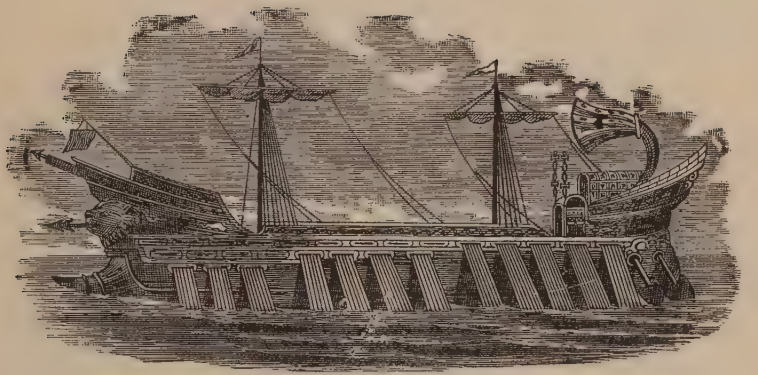
It is said that for some time he sat upon the deck, his head bowed between his hands, and wrapped in his own thoughts. But he only regained sufficient command of himself to resolve to protect the cause of his ruin. He therefore continued his flight to the promontory of Tenaros; and then soon after learned of the entire defeat of his fleet.

Even after being thus shamefully abandoned by their commander, his troops and sailors had for a long time maintained the combat; but bad weather coming on they at last surrendered, after a loss of five thousand killed, and having three hundred ships captured, with their crews.

For a long time the land forces of Antony could not believe in his defection, and looked for him to reappear, and, at their head, redeem the fortunes of the sea fight. Indeed, for many days after the victory they declined the overtures of Octavius. But at last, despairing of Antony's return, their general, with his principal officers and the troops, passed under the banners of Octavius. This event left him the undisputed master of the world.

Upon his return to Rome he was decreed a three days' triumph, and he now assumed in public the imperial powers which he had long virtually possessed.

The shocking death of both Antony and Cleopatra, by suicide, hardly belongs to the account of Actium, although the direct consequence of the overwhelming defeat there sustained.



THE PTOLEMY PHILOPATER—405 B. C.
(Constructed by Ptolemy Philopater, of Egypt, after a Greek Model.)

LEPANTO. A. D. 1571.

SIXTEEN hundred years after Actium another great naval battle took place upon the coast of Greece. It was of momentous importance, as it is not too much to say that it decided the future fate and sovereignty of at least the eastern part of Europe.

Before we speak of Lepanto, however, it may be well to glance at naval events for two or three centuries previous to the eventful year 1571.

After the Republic of Venice had become strong, their first great sea fight was with the Saracens, then a terror to all the Christian nations of the Mediterranean. The Venetians, at the solicitation of the Emperor Theodosius, coöperated with the Greeks against their implacable enemy. The hostile fleets met at Crotona, in the Gulf of Taranto, where the Greeks fled at the first onset of the Saracens, leaving their Venetian allies to fight against vastly superior numbers. In spite of their courage and constancy, which maintained the unequal fight for many hours, the Venetians were defeated, and lost nearly every one of the sixty ships which they took into the fight.

Twenty-five years afterwards the Venetian fleet met the Saracens again, almost in the very spot of their former discomfiture, and obtained a splendid victory; and their naval fights continued, almost without intermission,

and with varying fortunes; the Venetians, on the whole, holding their own.

On February 13th, 1353, there was a remarkable naval fight between the allied fleets of Venice, Aragon, and Constantinople, and the Genoese fleet, under the command of the redoubtable Paganino Doria. The Genoese were victorious.

In spite of the successful achievements of Doria, which should have brought him the respect and support of his contrymen, he was supplanted by his bitter foe, Antonio Grimaldi, who was put in command of the fleet. He was, not long after, defeated by the allied fleets of Spain and Venice, with tremendous loss. Grimaldi, thereupon, fell out of favor; and the next year the Genoese were obliged to again place Doria in command of their fleet, with which he gained a great victory over the Venetians at Porto Longo, capturing the whole of their fleet.

Peace between the two Republics was then made, and continued until 1378, when war was again declared. Victor Pisani, in command of the fleet of Venice, had a successful battle with the Genoese off Actium, the scene of the wonderful fight just before the commencement of the Christian era.

In 1379 Pisani was forced by the Venetian Senate, against his own judgment, to fight a far superior Genoese fleet, under Luciano Doria, off Pola, in the Adriatic. The Venetian fleet was almost annihilated, and Pisani, on his return, was loaded with chains, and thrown into a dungeon. The Genoese, after burning several Venetian towns upon the Adriatic, appeared off Venice, entered the lagoon, took Chioggia, and filled the Venetians with consternation and terror. The people flocked to the Piazza San Marco, in thousands, and demanded that Pisani be restored to the command of the fleet. The

authorities were at their wits' ends, and consented, while Pisani, with true patriotism, condoned his wrongs and ill treatment, and applied himself at once to the work of organization. After unheard of exertions he succeeded in discomfiting the enemy, and Venice was saved.

Pisani afterwards made a cruise in command of the fleet on the Asiatic coast, but, worn out by hard service and his former ill treatment, he died soon after his return, to the common sorrow and remorse of all Venetians.

The Turks took Constantinople in 1453, and the contests between them and the Venetians continued with even greater bitterness; and after the capture of Cyprus by the Moslems, and the fitting out by the Sultan Selim of an immense and powerful fleet, it became evident to the western world that some supreme effort should be put forth to curb the advance of the Turkish power.

Let us now glance at the state of affairs about the time of Lepanto.

The latter part of the 16th century was a stirring and eventful period in the world's history.

Charles V had resigned his empire to that sullen bigot, his son, Philip II.

About the same time Moscow was being burned by the Tartars; the Russians having been the abject subjects of the Tartars but a few years before.

Prussia, so powerful to-day, was then a small hereditary duchy, Lutheran in religion, and still a fief of Poland. The Poles were then a much more powerful nation than the Russians.

The States of the north, Sweden and Denmark, were very strong, and made their influence felt in all Europe. Tycho Brahe, the subject of the latter, was then a young man.

Portugal, from her brilliant maritime discoveries, had extended relations with Japan, China, India and Brazil; and had rendered Lisbon the market of the world, usurping the place of Antwerp. Her decline was, however, soon to follow.

Soon after Lepanto, Holland, driven to despairing effort by the tyranny of Philip, revolted, and William of Orange became Stadtholder. He was succeeded by Maurice, whose efforts to secure independence were so ably seconded by Elizabeth of England, as to draw down upon the latter nation the vengeance of Philip, shown later in the despatch of his grand Armada, but a very few years after the event of Lepanto.

The Church of England had been established, and Elizabeth was enjoying her splendid reign. Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, and other heroes of the sea were then young men.

Florence was about to enjoy her highest distinction as the home of learning and art, under Cosmo de Medici, and Pius V was Pope; one of the greatest that ever occupied the Papal throne.

Rodolph, of Hapsburg, had had his fierce struggle with the Turks, by land; but Austria then had no naval force.

In France the weak and bloody Charles IX was upon the throne, and the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was close at hand.

And now, to come to the great event of Lepanto, which decided the question of supremacy between Christianity and Islamism.

The Turks had captured Cyprus; possessed almost irresistible power, and everything looked very dark for Christendom.

But in spite of the connivance of Charles IX in their advance, who by this base conduct preluded the great

crime of his reign; in spite of the calculated inaction of England; the timidity of Austria; the exhaustion of Poland, after a long war with still barbarous Muscovy, the genius of Christianity took a fresh flight, and the star of the west once more rose in the ascendant.

The honor of being the head of the effort at resistance to the encroaching Turkish power, and of victorious reprisals, belongs especially to Pope Pius V, a simple monk who had been exalted to the Pontifical throne; a zealous and austere priest, of a disposition naturally violent, which had been subdued by experience, foresight, and real greatness of soul.

This Pontiff, upon the first menace of the Turks against Cyprus, bestirred himself to form a league of several Christian States.

A crusade was no longer possible, from the condition of Europe, which was divided by religious schism, and by the ambition of princes. But, if the Pope could no longer send the whole of Europe to a holy war, such as was condemned by Luther as unjust and inhuman, he could at least, as a temporal prince, take his part in active operations.

Not even the coolness and calculated slowness of Philip of Spain—the Monarch from whom he had a right to expect the most assistance—could arrest the zeal of the ardent and generous Pontiff, who saw that the time had come for Christendom to conquer or submit.

Philip II, who was without mercy for the Mahomedans still scattered throughout his dominions, nevertheless hesitated to enter upon a struggle with the Turks; and above all did he dislike to defend Venice against them—so much did he envy the latter her rich commerce.

The first power asked to join the league against Selim, he only finally consented upon being given by the Pope

the revenues of the church throughout his vast realm, for as long as the war should last. But even this gilded bait became the source of delay, the avaricious and cunning monarch deferring preparations, and multiplying obstacles to the undertaking, so as to profit as long as possible from the rich revenue derived from that source.

Thus it happened that, by his delay, in spite of the coalition, and of the allied fleet, equal in number and superior in condition and discipline to that of the Turks, the Island of Cyprus was captured, after stubborn sieges of its two capitals, Nicosia and Famagousta, without any assistance from the rest of Christendom.

Famagousta was captured after a very prolonged and obstinate defence, which had been conducted at the expense of fifty thousand lives to the Turks, who had made six general assaults. Finally the city was allowed to capitulate on honorable terms. Mustapha, the same fierce Moslem general who had conducted the siege of Malta, requested four of the principal Venetian leaders to meet him at his quarters. Here a short and angry conference ensued, when, in violation of the terms of the capitulation, Mustapha ordered three of them to instant execution. But he reserved Bragadino, who had held the supreme command during the siege, and ordered him to have his ears cut off, and to be set to work to carry earth to repair the works. After a few days of this humiliation Mustapha caused him to be flayed alive, in the public market place. This horrible sentence was not only carried into effect, but his skin was stuffed and suspended from the yard arm of Mustapha's galley; and, with this shocking trophy thus displayed, he returned to Constantinople. Here he was rewarded by Selim for the capture of Cyprus. These terrible events added fuel to the flame

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of revenge which the Venetians felt, and were, of course, additional incentives to their allies.

The capture of Cyprus, and the disgraceful events following it, aroused the indignation of all Europe. The iron yoke of the Turk, with his following hosts of Asiatic robbers and cut-throats, owing to the delay in relief, extended over the whole of the large, rich and populous island.

Pius V, in terrible grief at these events, and full of foreboding for the future, made himself heard throughout Europe; and with renewed ardor he insisted upon carrying out the treaty of alliance already made, the assembly of the allied fleet, and upon vengeance upon the Ottomans, since succor for Cyprus would arrive too late.

The greatest mark of his terrible earnestness was the assembling of a Pontifical fleet and army—a thing unheard of at that time. The Pope gave the command to a member of the very ancient Roman family of Colonna.

In the latter part of 1571, five months after the capture of Cyprus, the Christian armament appeared upon the Mediterranean, consisting of galleys to the number of two hundred, with galleasses, transports and other vessels, carrying fifty thousand soldiers. Then immediately followed the most important event of the sixteenth century.

The Christian fleet made rendezvous at Messina; whence Sebastian Veniero, the Venetian admiral, would have sailed at once, and have sought the enemy without delay, so much did he fear for the Venetian possessions in the Adriatic, from the rapid advance of the Ottomans.

But Don John, the supreme commander, with a pru-

dence worthy of an older and less fiery man, would not move until he was strengthened by every possible reinforcement, as he wished to use every means in his power to avoid a defeat which must be a final and crushing one to the side which should lose. He was certain that the great resources of the Ottoman empire would, on this supreme occasion, be strained to the utmost to equip their greatest armament. During this delay the Pope proclaimed a jubilee—granting indulgences to all engaged in the expedition—such as had formerly been given to the deliverers of the Holy Sepulchre.

On September 16th, the magnificent armanent, unrivaled since the days of imperial Rome, put to sea from Messina. They were baffled by rough seas and head winds on the Calabrian coast, and made slow progress. The commander had sent a small squadron in advance, for intelligence. They returned with the news that the Turks were still in the Adriatic, with a powerful fleet, and had committed fearful ravages upon the Venetian territories. The fleet then steered for Corfu, and reached there on September 26th, seeing for themselves traces of the enemy in smoking towns and farms, and deserted fields and vineyards. The islanders welcomed them, and furnished what they could of needed supplies.

Don John seems to have had his own plans: but he now called a council, because courtesy required that he should consult the commanders of the Allies—and because he had promised Philip to do so—the latter fearing his fiery and impetuous disposition.

The opinions were divided—as is always the case in councils of war. Those who had had personal experience of Turkish naval prowess appeared to shrink from encountering so formidable an armament, and would have confined the operations of the Christian fleet to besieging some

city belonging to the Moslems. Even Doria, the old sea-dog, whose life had been spent in fighting the infidel, thought it was not advisable to attack the enemy in his present position, surrounded as he was by friendly shores, whence he could obtain aid and reinforcement. He wished to attack Navarino, and thus draw the enemy from the gulf where he was anchored, and force him to give battle in the open sea. But, strange to say (for a proverb has it that councils of war never fight), the majority took a different view, and said that the object of the expedition was to destroy the Ottoman fleet, and that a better opportunity could not present itself than when they were shut in a gulf, from which, if defeated, they could not escape.

The most influential of the council held these views: among them the Marquis of Santa Cruz, Cardona, the commander of the Sicilian squadron, Barberigo, second in command of the Venetians, Grand Commander Requesens, Colonna, and young Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma—the nephew of Don John, who was seeing his first service now, but who was to become, in time, the greatest captain of his age.

Thus supported in his judgment, the young commander-in-chief resolved to give the Turks battle in the position they had chosen. But he was delayed by weather, and other causes, and the enemy were not actually met until October 7th.

The Ottoman fleet, two hundred strong, rowed by Christian slaves, and accompanied by numbers of transports, was moored in a gulf upon the Albanian coast, while the Christian fleet, seeking its enemy, came down from the north, led by the galleys of the Venetian contingent.

As the time of conflict approached, the commander-in-

chief, Don John, rose superior to the timid counsels of the generals of Philip II, who accompanied him, and who were, in a manner, charged with his safety.

Don John, of Austria, was the natural son of Charles V, but was fully recognized, not only by his father, but by Philip, his legitimate brother, who originally intended him for high ecclesiastical dignities. But Don John early showed great predilection for the profession of arms, and was conspicuous during the revolt of the Moors of Grenada. In 1570, when only twenty-six years old, he received the supreme command of the Spanish fleet; and his ability and success justified an appointment which was due to favoritism.

After Lepanto he conquered Tunis, and the idea was entertained of founding a Christian kingdom there, for him; but the jealousy of his arbitrary and suspicious brother prevented this. He then received the governorship of the Low Countries, succeeding the notorious and bloody Duke of Alva, and he there died, in his camp at Namur, in 1578, aged thirty-three. It is said that he was about to undertake an expedition to deliver Mary Stuart, at the time of his death, which was attributed by some to poison.

Don John was one of the remarkable soldiers of his time. Generous, frank, humane, he was beloved by both soldiers and citizens. He was a fine horseman, handsome, well made, and graceful.

Don John's principal force, in ships and fighting men, was Italian; for, besides the twelve galleys of the Pope, and those of Genoa, Savoy, and other Italian States and cities, many were contributed by rich and generous Italian private citizens. The greater number, however, were Venetian; this State contributing one hundred and six "royal galleys" and six galleasses. The galleasses were

large ships, rather dull as sailers, but carrying forty or fifty pieces of cannon.

Among the complement of the Venetians were many Greeks—either refugees from the Morea, or recruited in Candia, Corfu, and other islands, then subject to the Venetian power. In keeping with the jealous policy of Venice, none of these subjects had any maritime command or military rank; but they fought valiantly under the flag of St. Marc, which lost in the battle its chief admiral and fifteen captains.

The Spaniards had about eighty galleys; but had also a number of brigantines, and vessels of small size—and were better manned than the Venetians—so that Don John drafted several thousand men from the other Italian ships, and from those of Spain, to make good the Venetian complement. Veniero, the Venetian Admiral, took great offence at this, and much trouble arose from it, but the imminence of the conflict and the importance of the result to Venice prevented him from withdrawing his force, as he at first threatened to do.

The total number of men on board the allied fleet was eighty thousand. The galleys, impelled principally by oars, required a large number of rowers. Of the 29,000 soldiers embarked, 19,000 were sent by Spain. They were good troops, officered by men of reputation, and most of them illustrious, not only for family, but for military achievement. It was so also with the Venetian officers, as it should have been—for her very existence was at stake, unless the Turks were defeated.

Don John himself arranged the order of battle; and, standing erect in a fast pulling boat, clad in his armor, and bearing in his hand a crucifix, he pulled round the fleet, exhorting the Allies, by voice and gesture, to make a common cause, and without reference to the flags they

bore, to act as one nationality in the face of the common foe.

He then returned to his own galley, where a staff of young Castilian and Sardinian nobles awaited him, and unfurled the great banner of the League, presented by the Pope, and bearing the arms of Spain, Venice and the Pope, bound together by an endless chain.

The *Real*, or Admiral's galley of Don John, was of great size, and had been built in Barcelona, at that time famous for naval architecture. Her stern was highly decorated with emblems and historical devices, while her interior was furnished most luxuriously. But, most of all, she excelled in strength and speed, and right well did she do her part when exposed to the actual test of battle.

Lepanto was fought on Sunday. The weather was beautiful, and the sun shone in splendor upon the peculiarly clear blue water of those seas.

The sight on that morning must have been surpassingly grand. The beautiful galleys, with their numerous oars dashing the water into foam; gaudy pennons streaming from the picturesque lateen yards; gaily painted hulls, decorated with shields and armorial insignia; culverins mounted at the prows, with matches smoking; the decks filled with men in polished armor and gay plumes, and armed with sword and spear, matchlock and arquebus, cross-bow and petronel. Shouts of command and of enthusiam went up amid a brandishing of weapons, while an occasional hush occurred when the holy fathers of the church gave absolution to those who were about to meet the fierce infidel.

More than half the ships carried at their mast-heads the Lion of St. Marc, which waved over the sturdy sea-dogs of Venice, while other divisions showed the red and yellow of Spain, the white, with crossed keys and triple

mitre of the Pope, or the varied ensigns of the Italian cities.

On the other side were the Turks, with their numerous and powerful galleys, mostly pulled by Christian slaves, who were driven by cruel blows to put forth their utmost strength against their co-religionists; for in every galley, Turkish or Christian, where slaves worked the oars, there extended between the benches of the rowers, fore and aft, a raised walk, on which two or three boatswains, with long rods, walked back and forth, dealing heavy blows upon those who were not thought to be doing their utmost at the oars. The slaves were shackled to the benches when they rowed; and never left them, day or night. Their food and clothing were scanty, and the filth about them was seldom cleared away, except by the rain from heaven, or the seas, which sometimes washed on board. The fighting men of the galleys were mostly on the fore-deck, and on outside galleries, or platforms above the gunwales.

The Turks had the wild music which they love to encourage their fighting men, kettle-drums and pipes, cymbals and trumpets. The horse-tails of the Pashas streamed from the poops of their galleys, as with loud cries they appealed to Allah to deliver the Christian dogs once more into their hands. And there was every reason to suppose that their wish would be fulfilled, for they had the stronger force, and carried with them the prestige of former victories won over the best efforts of the Christians.

THE BATTLE.

On the morning of the memorable 7th of October the Christian fleet weighed anchor for Lepanto, at two hours before dawn. The wind was light, but adverse, and oars had to be used. At sunrise they came up with a group

BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

of rocky islets which form the northern cape of the Gulf of Lepanto. The rowers labored hard at the oars, while all others strained their eyes for the first glimpse of the great Moslem fleet. At length they were descried from the masthead of the *Real*, and almost at the same moment by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right.

Don John ordered his pennon to be displayed, unfurled the banner of the Christian League, and fired a gun, the preconcerted signal for battle.

This was answered by an exultant shout from all the ships.

The principal captains now came on board the *Real*, to receive their final orders; and a few, even then, doubted the propriety of fighting, but Don John sternly said, "Gentlemen, this is the time for battle, and not for counsel!" and the armada was at once deployed in fighting array, according to orders previously issued.

When ready for battle the Christian force had a front of three miles. On the extreme right was Doria, whose name was justly held in terror by the Moslem, with sixty-four galleys. In the centre, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was Don John, supported on one side by Colonna, and on the other by Veniero. In his rear was the Grand Commander Requesens, his former tutor in military matters. The left wing was commanded by Barberigo, a Venetian noble, who was to keep his vessels as near the Ætolian coast as the rocks and shoals would permit, to prevent his wing being turned by the enemy.

The reserve, of thirty-five galleys, was commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a man of known courage and conduct, who had orders to act in any quarter where he thought his aid most needed.

The smaller craft took little part in the battle, the action being fought almost entirely by the galleys.

Each commander was to take space enough for manœuvring, yet to keep so close as to prevent the enemy from piercing the line. Each was to single out his adversary, close with him, and board as soon as possible.

Don John had the beak of his galley cut away; so little did he rely upon an instrument once, and for so long, considered formidable.

By this time galleys mounted guns upon their prows, and beaks were beginning to fall out of use. It is said that many commanders of the allies followed Don John's example.

The Ottoman fleet weighed and came out to the battle. But they came on slowly, as the wind had suddenly shifted and was now against them, while, as the day advanced, the sun, which had been in the faces of the Allies, shone in those of the Moslem; and both these natural phenomena were hailed by the Christians as an evidence of divine interposition.

The Turkish armament proved to be even greater in number than had been anticipated by the Christians, consisting of nearly two hundred and fifty "royal galleys," most of them of the largest class; and a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, however, like the similar ones of the Allies, do not appear to have come much into action.

The number of the Turks, including rowers, is said to have been 120,000. As we have said, the rowers were principally Christian slaves, with some blacks and criminals.

As was usual with the Turks, their order of battle was crescentic, and, being more numerous than the Allies, they occupied a wider space than the straight alignment of the Christians.

As their formidable and magnificent array advanced, the moving sun shone upon gaudy paint and gilded prows,

thousands of pennons, polished cimeters and head pieces, and the jeweled turbans of the Pachas, and other chief men.

In the centre of their long line, and opposite to Don John, was a huge galley, bearing the Turkish commander, Ali Pasha.

His fleet was commanded on the right by the Viceroy of Egypt, a wary but courageous leader. His left was led by Uluch Ali, a Calabrian renegade and Dey of Algiers, noted as a successful corsair, who had made more Christian slaves than all the rest beside.

Ali was, like Don John, young and ambitious, and had refused to listen to any counsels looking toward declining battle on that day. Selim had sent him to fight, and he was determined to do so; although the prudent Viceroy of Egypt expressed some doubts of success.

Ali found the Christian fleet more numerous than he had supposed, and at first he did not perceive their left wing, which was hidden by the Ætolian shore.

When he saw the Christian line in its full extent, it is said that he faltered for a moment, but only for a moment, for he at once urged on the rowers to close with the enemy, and spoke of the prospects of the engagement, to those about him, in confident terms.

It is said that Ali was of humane disposition, and that he promised the Christian slaves that, if by their exertions he won the day, they should all have their freedom.

As he drew near the Allies, Ali changed his order of battle, separating his wings from the centre, to correspond to the Christian formation. He also fired a challenge gun, before he came within shot. This was answered by Don John, and a second one was promptly replied to from the Christian flag-ship.

The fleets now rapidly neared each other. Men held

their breath, and nerved themselves for the death grapple, and a perfect silence reigned, broken only by the plash of the huge oars, while the light breeze rippled the smiling blue waters.

Just about noon this beautiful scene, a perfect pageant, was broken in upon by the fierce yells of the Turks, the war cry with which they were accustomed to join battle.

At this moment, as if by contrast, every fighting man of the Christians fell upon his knee, as did Don John himself, and prayed the Almighty to be with his own that day. Absolution was then given by the priests, which were in each ship, and the men stood up, braced for the contest.

When the foremost Turkish vessels had come within cannon shot, they opened fire; and this ran along their line as they advanced, without cessation. The Christian kettle-drums and trumpets sounded in reply, with a general discharge of all the guns which would bear.

Don John had caused the galleasses, the large, high, unwieldy war ships, to be towed about half a mile ahead of his fleet, where they could intercept the advance of the Turks.

As the latter came abreast of them, the galleasses delivered their broadsides, with terrible effect. Ali caused his galleys to diverge, and pass these vessels, which were so high and formidable that the Turks did not attempt to board them.

Their heavy guns caused some damage and confusion in the Pacha's line of battle, but this appears to have been the only part they took in the engagement, as they were too unwieldly to be brought up again.

The real action began on the Allies' left wing, which the Viceroy of Egypt was very desirous of turning. But the Venetian admiral, to prevent that very thing, had

closed well in with the coast. The Viceroy, however, better acquainted with the soundings, saw that there was room for him to pass, and dashed by, thereby doubling up his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the Christian left fought at very great disadvantage. Many galleys were soon sunk, and several more were captured by the Turks.

Barberigo, dashing into the heat of the fight, was wounded in the eye, by an arrow, and was borne below. But his Venetians continued the fight with unabated courage and fury, fighting for revenge, as well as for glory.

On the extreme Christian right a similar movement was attempted by Uluch Ali. With superior numbers he attempted to turn that wing; but here he met that experienced and valiant seaman, Andrew Doria, who foresaw the movement of Uluch, and promptly defeated it. The two best seamen of the Mediterranean were here brought face to face. Doria, to prevent being surrounded, extended his line so far to the right that Don John was obliged to caution him not to expose the centre. Indeed, he seriously weakened his own line, and the experienced Uluch instantly detecting it, dashed down, sank several galleys, and captured the great "Capitana," of Malta. While the battle thus opened badly for the Allies, on both wings, Don John led his division forward; at first with indifferent success. His own chief object was to encounter Ali Pasha, and the Turkish commander was also intent upon meeting him.

Their respective galleys were easily distinguished, from their size and rich decoration, besides displaying, the one the great Ottoman standard, the other the holy banner of the League.

The Ottoman standard was held to be very sacred. It was emblazoned in gold, with texts from the Koran,

and had the name of Allah repeated 28,900 times. The Sultans had passed it from father to son, ever since the formation of the dynasty, and it was never seen unless the Grand Signior or his lieutenant was in the field.

Both commanders urged forward their galleys, which soon shot ahead of the lines, and the two closed with a fearful shock, so powerful that the Pacha's, which was the largest, was thrown upon that of his antagonist so far that the prow reached the fourth bench of Don John's rowers.

As soon as those on board the two vessels recovered from the shock, the carnage commenced.

Don John had three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, the flower of the infantry. Ali had three hundred picked janizaries, and was followed by a small vessel with two hundred more. He had also one hundred archers on board; the bow being still much in use among the Turks.

The Pasha opened a terrible fire, which was returned with even greater spirit by the Spaniards. The latter had bulwarks, which the Mussulmen had not; and so the crowded janizaries presented an easy mark. Still, they filled up the gaps from the reserve in the small vessel, and the Spaniards wasted away under their fire. For a long time it was doubtful to which side victory would incline.

This conflict was now complicated by the entrance of others. The bravest on each side came to the aid of the two commanders, and each leader at times found himself assailed by several enemies. They never lost sight of each other, however, and after beating off lesser assailants, returned to the single combat.

The fight was now general, and the movements of both fleets obscured by clouds of smoke. Separate detachments desperately engaged each other, without regard

to what was going on in other quarters; and there were few of the combinations and manœuvres of a great naval battle.

The galleys grappled each other, and soldiers, sailors and galley slaves fought, hand to hand, boarding and repelling boarders, in turn.

There was enormous loss of life; the decks being encumbered with the dead, and in some ships every man on board was either killed or wounded. The blood flowed in torrents out of the scuppers, and the waters of the gulf were stained for miles. Wrecks of vessels encumbered the sea, with hulls shattered, masts gone, and thousands of wounded and drowning clinging to spars, and crying vainly for help.

As we have already seen, Barberigo, with the Christian left wing, was early in sore distress; Barberigo himself being mortally wounded, his line turned, and several of his galleys being sunk or captured. But the Venetians, in sheer despair, increased their efforts, and succeeded in driving off their enemies. In turn they became the assailants, and boarded Turk after Turk, putting the crews to the sword. They were led to the assault by a Capuchin friar, crucifix in hand—as were many other crews.

In some cases the Christian galley slaves of the Turkish vessels broke their chains and joined their countrymen against their Moslem masters.

The galley of the Viceroy of Egypt was sunk, and he himself was killed by John Contarini, the Venetians having no mercy for even a drowning Turkish enemy. The death of their commander spread dismay among his followers, and that division fled before the Venetians. Those nearest the land ran on shore, escaping, and leaving their vessels to be captured, and many perished before they could gain the land. Barberigo lived to

hear the news, and giving thanks, expired in the moment of victory.

All this time the combat between the two commanders-in-chief had been going on, with an incessant blaze of great guns and musketry, making a cloud of smoke, riven by flame. Both parties fought with stubborn courage. Twice the Spaniards had boarded, and twice had been repulsed with severe loss. The enemy was continually reinforced, in spite of the loss inflicted by the steady fire of the Spanish arquebusiers. Occasionally interrupted, they always returned to each other; and both commanders exposed themselves as fully as any soldier, there being no honorable place of safety. Don John was slightly wounded in the foot, but would not have it dressed. A third time his trumpets summoned the boarders, and the Spaniards again boldly boarded the great Turkish galley. They were met by Ali, at the head of his janizaries; but the Ottoman leader was just then knocked senseless by a musket ball, and his chosen troops, though fighting well, missed his voice and presence. After a short but furious struggle they threw down their arms. Under a heap of slain the body of Ali was found. Life was not extinct, but he would at once have been dispatched had he not told the soldiers who discovered him where his money and jewels were to be found. In their haste to secure these, they left him lying upon the deck. Just then a galley slave, who had been liberated and armed, severed the head of Ali from his body, and carried it to Don John, on board his galley. Don John was shocked at the sight, and, after a glance of horror and pity, ordered it to be thrown into the sea. This was not done, however, but, in revenge for Bragadino, it was placed upon a pike, while the crescent banner was hauled down, and the cross run up in its place. The sight of the sacred banner

flying on board the captured flag-ship was welcomed by the Christian fleet with shouts of victory, which rose above the din of battle. The intelligence of the death of Ali was soon passed along the line, cheering the Allies, and disheartening the Turks, whose exertions diminished and whose fire slackened.

They were too far off to seek the shore, as their comrades on the right had done, and they had either to fight or surrender. Most of them preferred the latter, and their vessels were now carried by boarding, or sunk by the Allies; and in four hours the centre of the Moslem fleet, like their right wing, had been annihilated.

On the right of the Allies, however, Uluch Ali, the redoubted Algerine, had cut Doria's weakened line, and inflicted great damage and loss, and would have done more but for the arrival of the reserve, under the Marquis Santa Cruz. He had already assisted Don John, when assailed by overwhelming numbers, and had enabled him again to attack Ali.

Santa Cruz, seeing the critical condition of Doria, pushed forward to his relief, supported by the Sicilian squadron. Dashing into the midst of the mêlée, the two commanders fell like a thunder-bolt upon the Algerine galleys, few of which attempted to withstand the shock; and in their haste to avoid it, they were caught again by Doria and his Genoese.

Beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes and seek safety in flight. He cut adrift his great prize, the Maltese "Capitana," which he had attached by a hawser to the stern of his own vessel, and on board of which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence.

As tidings reached him of the defeat of the centre, and of the death of Ali Pasha, he felt that retreat alone was

left for him, with as many of his own ships as he could save from capture. His contingent comprised the best vessels in the Turkish fleet, with crews in perfect discipline and hardened to the sea, having always been corsairs, and accustomed to scour the Mediterranean at all seasons.

Making signal for retreat, the Algerine made off, under all the sail the battle had left him, and urged forward also by the exertions of his Christian galley slaves, smarting under the blows of his enraged *comites*.

Doria and Santa Cruz followed swiftly in his wake, but he managed to distance them, and to carry off with him many of his ships. Don John himself joined in the chase, having disposed of his own assailants, and they finally managed to drive a few of the Algerine vessels upon the rocks of a headland; but their crews in great part escaped. Uluch's escape was due to the fact that the rowers of the Christian fleet had taken part in the battle, and while many were killed or wounded, the remainder were much exhausted, while the Algerine galley slaves, chained to their benches, and passive during much of the fight, were comparatively fresh.

As already stated, the battle lasted more than four hours, and before it was over the sky showed signs of a coming storm. Don John reconnoitred the scene of action before seeking a shelter for himself and his numerous prizes. Several vessels were found to be too much damaged for further service, and as these were mostly prizes, he ordered everything of value to be removed from them and the hulls burned.

He then led his victorious fleet to the neighboring haven of Petala, which was accessible and secure. Before he reached there the storm had begun, while the late scene of battle was lighted up by the blazing wrecks, throwing up streams of fire and showers of sparks.

The young commander-in-chief was now congratulated upon his signal victory, by his companions in arms.

Officers and men recounted the various events of the day, and natural exultation was mingled with gloom as they gained certain tidings of the loss of friends who had bought this great success with their blood.

The loss of life had indeed been very great; greater by far than in any modern sea fight. It is supposed that the Turks suffered most heavily, but their loss was never known. It has been estimated at 25,000 killed and drowned, and 5000 prisoners. It was, indeed, a crushing blow to them.

To the victors great pleasure was given by the fact that at least 12,000 Christian slaves, who had been (some of them for many years) chained to the oars of the Turkish galleys, were made free. Many of them were hopelessly broken in health; but tears streamed down their haggard cheeks at the prospect of dying in their own land and among their own people.

The losses of the Allies, though very great, were as nothing compared to that of the Moslem. About one thousand Romans and two thousand Spaniards were killed, while the Venetians and Sicilians lost about five thousand. This disparity of loss has been attributed to the superiority of the Christians in the use of firearms. The Turks still clung to the bow, and a large proportion of their fighting men were thus armed. The Turks, moreover, were the vanquished party, and, as is generally the case, suffered terribly in the pursuit. Their great armada was almost annihilated, not more than forty of their galleys escaping. One hundred and thirty were actually taken, and divided among the conquerors; the remainder were either sunk or burned. The Allies had about fifteen galleys sunk, and had many much damaged;

but their vessels were much better constructed and stronger than those of the Turks, whom they also excelled in nautical evolutions.

An immense booty of gold, jewels and brocades was found on board the prizes; it being said that Ali Pasha's ship alone contained 170,000 gold sequins, or nearly $400,000, a very large sum for those days.

The number of persons of rank and consideration who embarked in the expedition was very great, both among the Christians and the Moslem, and many of these were slain. The second in command of the Venetian force, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish fleet, and the commander of his right wing, all fell in the battle. Many a high-born Christian cavalier closed at Lepanto a long career of honorable service. On the other hand many dated the commencement of their success in arms from that day. Among these was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, who became a great general, and whom we shall hear of again, in connection with the Spanish Armada. Although only a few years younger than his kinsman, Don John, he was making his first campaign as a private adventurer. During the battle the galley in which he was embarked was lying, yard arm and yard arm, alongside a Turkish galley, with which she was hotly engaged. In the midst of the fight Farnese sprang on board the enemy, hewing down with his Andrea Ferrara all who opposed him, thus opening a path for his comrades, who poured in, one after another, and after a bloody contest, captured the vessel. As Farnese's galley lay just astern of that of Don John, the latter witnessed, with great pride and delight, the gallant deed of his nephew. Another youth was at Lepanto, who, though then unknown, was destined to win greater laurels than those of the battle field. This was Miguel de Cervantes, then twenty

four years of age, and serving as a common soldier. He had been ill of a fever, but on the morning of the battle insisted on taking a very exposed post. Here he was wounded twice in the chest, and once in the left hand, from which he lost its use. The right hand served to write one of the most remarkable books ever known, Don Quixote; and Cervantes always said that, for all his wounds, he would not have missed the glory of being present on that memorable day.

A fierce storm raged for twenty-four hours after the battle of Lepanto, but the fleet rode in safety at Petala; and it remained there four days, during which Don John visited the different vessels, providing for their repairs and for the wounded, and distributing honors among those who had earned them. His kindly and generous disposition was not only shown to his own people, but to the Turkish prisoners. Among these were two young sons of Ali, the Moslem commander-in-chief. They had not been on board his galley, and to their affliction at his death was now added the doom of imprisonment.

Don John sent for them, and they prostrated themselves before him on the deck; but he raised and embraced them, and said all he could to console them, ordering them to be treated with the consideration due to their rank. He also assigned them quarters, and gave them rich apparel and a sumptuous table. A letter came from their sister, Fatima, soliciting the freedom of her brothers and appealing to Don John's well known humanity. He had already sent a courier to Constantinople, to convey the assurance of their safety. As was the custom then, Fatima had sent with her letter presents of enormous value.

In the division of the spoils and slaves, the young Turkish princes had been assigned to the Pope, but Don

John succeeded in procuring their liberation. Unfortunately, the elder, who was about seventeen, died at Naples; but the younger, who was only thirteen, was sent home with his attendants, and with him were sent the presents received from Fatima, on the ground that the young commander-in-chief only granted free favors.

Don John also made friends with the testy old Venetian admiral, Veniero, with whom he had had a serious difficulty before the battle.

Veniero afterwards became Doge—the third of his family to reach that eminence—which office he held until his death.

Before leaving Petala a council was held, to decide upon the next operation of the fleet. Some were for an immediate attack upon Constantinople; while others considered the fleet in no condition for such an enterprise, and recommended that it be disbanded, go into winter quarters, and renew operations in the spring.

Some agreed with Don John, that, before disbanding, they should do something more. An attack upon Santa Maura was determined on; but on reconnoitering, it was found to be too strong to be captured otherwise than by siege.

A division of spoils among the Allies then took place. One-half of the captured vessels, and of the artillery and small arms, was set apart for the King of Spain. The other half was divided between the Pope and the Republic of Venice; while the money and rich goods were distributed among the officers and crews.

The fleet then dispersed; and Don John proceeded to Messina, where great joy was felt, and immense fêtes awaited him; for he had been gone from them only six weeks, and had, in the meantime, won the greatest battle of modern times. The whole population flocked to the

water side to welcome the victorious fleet, which came back not without scars, but bearing the consecrated banner still proudly aloft. In their rear were the battered prizes, with their flags trailing ignominiously in the water. There were music, garlands of flowers, triumphal arches, salvos of artillery, a gorgeous canopy, and a *Te Deum* in the Cathedral. A grand banquet followed, when Don John was presented with 30,000 crowns by the city, which also voted him a colossal statue in bronze. Don John accepted the money, but only for the sick and wounded; and his own share of booty from Ali's galley he ordered to be distributed among his own crew.

The news of Lepanto caused a great sensation throughout Christendom, as the Turks had been considered invincible at sea. Upon the receipt of the intelligence the Sultan Selim covered his head with dust, and refused food for three days—while all Christendom was repeating, after the sovereign Pontiff, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

In Venice, which might be said to have gained a new lease of life from the results of the battle, there were ceremonial rejoicings, and, by public decree, the 7th of October was set apart forever as a national anniversary.

In Naples the joy was great, as their coasts had been so often desolated by Ottoman cruisers, and their people carried off as slaves. So, when Santa Cruz returned he was welcomed as a deliverer from bondage.

But even greater honors were paid to Colonna, in Rome. He was borne in stately procession, and trophies were carried after him, with the captives following, quite in the style of the old Roman triumphs.

Of course, the rejoicing in Spain did not fall short of that in the other countries concerned.

The great Ottoman standard, the greatest trophy of

the battle, was deposited in the Escorial, where it was afterwards destroyed by fire.

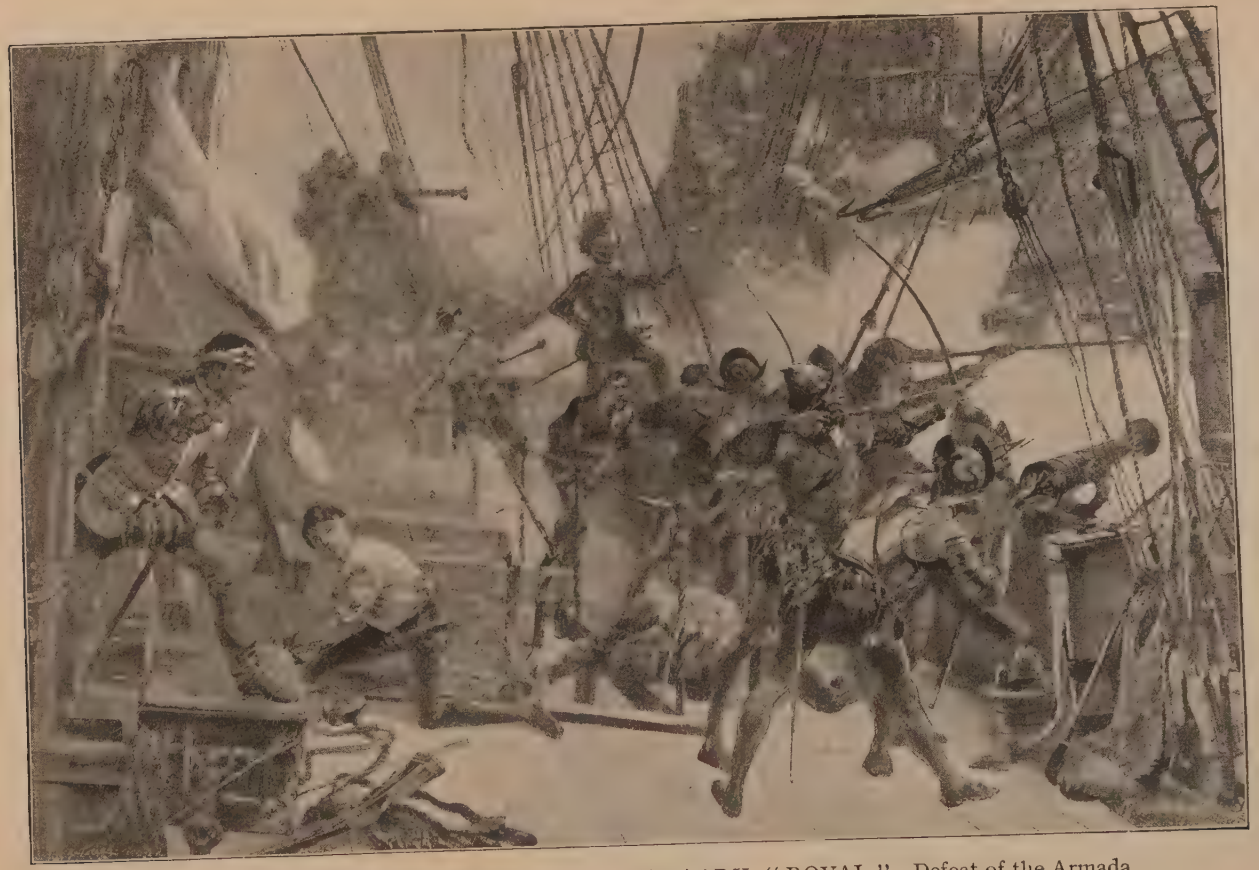
When the victory was announced to Philip he was at prayer, which he did not interrupt, and he pretended to receive the intelligence very coolly. But he ordered illuminations and masses; and commanded Titian, who was then in Madrid, and ninety years of age, to paint the "Victory of the League," still in the Museum of Madrid.

The Pope made every effort, by special ambassadors, to have the King press the war, and to extend the alliance against the Turks.

But Philip was lukewarm, even cold, and said that, for his part, he feared the Turks less than he did the Christian dissenters of Belgium, England, and the Low Countries.

It has been said that Charles V would have followed his victory to the gates of Constantinople, but the Duke of Alva thought that, Don John's force being a mixed one, he would not have succeeded unless supported by the united force of Christendom, so great was the Moslem power at that time.

The battle lost the Turks no territory, but broke the charm of invincibility which they had possessed. Venice gained confidence, and the Ottomans never again took the initiative against that State—while those who have most carefully studied the history of the Ottoman Empire date its decline from the battle of Lepanto.



LORD HOWARD EFFINGHAM ON BOARD THE ARK, "ROYAL."—Defeat of the Armada.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA. A. D. 1588

ARMADA signifies, in Spanish, a Sea Army; and Philip the Second named the great fleet which he sent forth in 1588 "invincible," because he thought that it must prevail against the forces of the heretic Hollanders and English, who excited his disgust and anger much more than the Moslem enemies with whom we have seen him last engaged.

Philip II, son of Charles V, was born at Valladolid, in 1527, and, by the abdication of his father, became King of Spain in 1556. His first wife was Maria, of Portugal, and his second was Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII.

Philip was the most powerful prince of his time. Spain, Naples, Sicily, the Milanais, Franche Comté, the Low Countries, Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verdes, Canaries, and a great part of the Americas owned his sway.

Always a fanatic, as he advanced in years the extermination of heretics became his one passion. He sent the pitiless Duke of Alva to the Low Countries, where, however, all his cruelties and persecutions could not prevent the spread of the Reformed religion. Fortunately for England, as we shall see, the Low Countries secured their independence in 1581.

In Spain, Philip was employing the Inquisition against Moors and heretics: and executions were depopulating

the Peninsula and ruining the country. It was only by serious insurrections that the Milanese resisted the establishment of the Inquisition there; but to make up for that, and for his loss of the Low Countries, Philip had made the conquest of Portugal, and had extended to that country the practices of Spain.

Elizabeth of England had not only established heretical practices in her realm, but had executed Mary Stuart, and also added to her offences, in his eyes, by sending sympathy and assistance to the persecuted Flemings.

Brooding over these things, in his secret, silent way, Philip determined to invade England, reëstablish Catholicism, and avenge the Queen of Scots.

To this end he devoted some years to the assembling of the most tremendous fleet which the world, up to that time, had seen.

The Spanish nobility were encouraged to join in this new crusade, and responded to the invitation in crowds. The ships, collectively, were to carry more than three thousand guns. A Vicar-General of the Inquisition was to accompany the fleet, and establish the Inquisition in England; and it has been affirmed that complete sets of instruments of torture were also taken.

The Duke of Parma, with a large army, was to join the Armada from Belgium, and insure the conquest. This, we shall see, was prevented by the noble and faithful conduct of Holland, which, in spite of legitimate cause of complaint against England, in the recent design of the Earl of Leicester, came nobly to the rescue, and blockaded Parma, so that he and his troops were rendered unavailable. But for this, and some mistakes of the naval commanders, in all probability English history would have been very different. Many reports of the expedition had reached England, but just about the time it was ready Elizabeth's

fears had been lulled by the prospect of successful negotiations, and many of her advisers thought the threatened expedition would never approach English shores.

Elizabeth, fortunately for England, had revived the navy, as well as the merchant service, which had been so greatly neglected between the death of her father and her own accession.

The wealthier nobles and citizens, encouraged by the queen, built many men-of-war, and the Royal navy was soon able to take the sea with 20,000 fighting men.

The prudence and foresight of the queen in these measures was rewarded by the success of her seamen in disposing of a force such as had hardly ever been arrayed against any country, by sea. Philip, "who from his closet in Madrid aspired to govern the world," and who hated Protestantism with so great a hatred that he declared "if his own son was a heretic he would carry wood to burn him," had good and devoted soldiers to carry out his views. The Duke of Alva was inconceivably cold-blooded and cruel, yet he was a man of great ability. No more perfect chevalier and enlightened soldier existed than the young Don John, whose career was so short; and the famous Duke of Parma, the greatest general of the day, was to command the army of invasion; while the Duke of Medina Sidonia, one of the highest grandees of Spain, was a most gallant soldier. He was no seaman, and was surrounded by a staff of soldiers, or else there might have been a different story to tell of Philip's Armada. But that does not detract from the Duke's personal devotion and gallantry; and the expedition was accompanied by hundreds of officers of like personal character.

In regard to the Armada and its destination, Philip at first preserved the secrecy which was so consonant with

his nature; but at last, when publicity could no longer be avoided, he had every dock-yard and arsenal in his dominions resounding with the hum and noise of a busy multitude, working day and night, to provide the means necessary to accomplish his purpose. New ships were built, and old ones repaired; while immense quantities of military stores were forwarded to the Netherlands, a convenient base of supplies for the invaders.

The New World was then pouring its treasures into Philip's coffers, the product of the enslavement of whole nations, and this immense wealth Philip poured out in turn, lavishly, to accomplish his darling ambition, which was the subjection of all that remained free in the Old World.

"Rendezvous for the shipment of seamen were opened in every seaport town; while throughout Philip's vast dominions there was not a hamlet so insignificant, or a cottage so lowly, but that the recruiting sergeant made his way to it, in his eagerness to raise troops for the grand army, which, blessed by the Pope, and led by the famous Duke of Parma, was destined, it was confidently believed, to march in triumph through the streets of London, and, by one sweeping *auto-da-fé*, extirpate heresy from that accursed land which every Spanish Catholic was taught to regard as the stronghold of the devil."

"Volunteers of every degree, and from every corner of Europe, hastened to enlist under the banner of Castile. Of these, many were religious bigots, impelled to the crusade against English heretics by fanatic zeal; a few men of exalted character, not unknown to fame; but by far the greater number, needy adventurers, seeking for spoil. At length, in April, 1588, after nearly three years of preparation, the army of invasion, 60,000 strong, was concentrated at Dunkirk and Nieuport, where large,

flat-bottomed transports were built, ready for its reception.

"But still the Armada, that was to convoy the transports, and cover the landing of the troops on their arrival in England, loitered in Lisbon, waiting for a favorable wind. Toward the end of May it moved out of the Tagus by detachments, and passing the dangerous shoals called the Cachopos in safety, took its departure from Cape Roca, the westernmost point of Portugal, and of the continent of Europe, on June 1st, sailing due north, with a light southwesterly breeze. The fleet consisted in all of one hundred and thirty-two vessels, carrying 3165 guns, 21,639 soldiers, 8745 seamen, and 2088 galley slaves; and its aggregate burden was not less than 65,000 tons."

The San Martin, a vessel of fifty guns, belonging to the contingent furnished by Portugal, carried the flag of the commander-in-chief, the Duke de Medina Sidonia, already mentioned.

This great Armada was very unwieldy, and contained many dull sailers, so that, making its way at the average rate of only about thirteen miles a day, it passed the Berlingas, crept by Figuera, Oporto and Vigo, and finally lay becalmed off Cape Finisterre. Up to this time the winds, if baffling, had been moderate, the weather pleasant, and the sea smooth as glass. But now the Spanish fleet was assailed by a tempest, which might be called fearful, even in the stormy Bay of Biscay.

Blowing at first fitfully, and in heavy squalls, it by nightfall settled into a steady gale from west-north-west, driving before it a tremendous sea, the surges of which broke with a roar distinctly heard above the fierce howling of the wind. Yet, though the sea ran high, it was not irregular, and the Armada, under snug canvas, was making good weather of it, when, a little after midnight,

the wind shifted very suddenly to northeast, blowing with the violence of a tornado, and taking every ship under square sail flat aback. Some of the vessels, gathering sternboard, lost their rudders, which were in that day very insecure; some, thrown on their beam-ends, were forced to cut away their masts and throw overboard their guns; while all lost sails and top-hamper, and not a few the upper deck cabins, at that time so lofty.

When day broke the spectacle was presented of a whole fleet helplessly adrift upon the ocean. Many of the largest and finest vessels were lying in the trough of the sea, which every now and then made a clean breach over them, each time carrying off some of the crews. Among the fleet was a huge Portuguese galley, the Diana, which had been knocked down by the shift of wind, lost her masts and oars, and was lying on her side, gradually filling with water, and fast settling by the stern. The rest of the vessels were powerless to assist her, and she soon sank before their eyes, carrying down every soul belonging to her, including, of course, the poor galley slaves chained to her oars.

Then, to add to the horrors of storm and shipwreck, a mutiny broke out among the rowers of the galley Vasana (a motley crew of Turkish and Moorish prisoners and Christian felons), who had been long watching for an opportunity to secure their freedom; and now, seeing their galley to windward of all the vessels of the Armada, with the exception of the Capitana galley, which was a mile away from them, they judged the occasion favorable for the accomplishment of their purpose. Led by a Welshman, named David Gwynne, the mutinous galley-slaves attacked the sailors and soldiers of the Vasana, and as they exceeded them in number, and the free men had no time to seize their arms, while the slaves were

armed with stilettoes made of all kinds of metal, and carefully concealed for such an occasion, they quite easily prevailed. The captain of the Capitana, seeing that something was wrong on board the Vasana, ran down as close to her as the heavy sea would permit, and, finding her already in possession of the Welshman and his fellow galley-slaves, poured a broadside into her, which cut her up terribly, and filled her decks with more killed and wounded men. At this critical moment, while engaged with an enemy without, the crew of the Capitana found themselves threatened with a greater danger from within. Their own slaves now rose, broke their chains, and took part in the engagement. It is not known whether they had any previous knowledge of an attempt on board the Vasana, or whether it was the effect of example. At any rate, they rushed upon their late masters and oppressors with such weapons as they had concealed, or could seize at the moment, and attacked them with desperate and irresistible fury and resolution. The struggle, in the midst of the gale, for the possession of the Capitana, was furious but brief. It ended in the triumph of the galley-slaves, who, like their fellows on board the Vasana, spared no rank nor age. The massacre was soon over, and the bodies thrown into the water; and the gale soon after abating, the galleys were run into Bayonne, where, Motley says, Gwynne was graciously received by Henry of Navarre. The crippled Armada, having lost three of its finest galleys, managed to creep into the different ports on the northern shore of Spain.

Once more they all made rendezvous at Corunna, and after a month spent in repairs, sailed again, on July 22d, for Calais Roads.

With fair winds and fine weather, the Spanish fleet struck soundings in the English channel on July 28th, and

the following day, in the afternoon, were in sight of the Lizard, whence they were seen and recognized, and soon, by bonfires, and other preconcerted signals, all England knew that the long threatened danger was close at hand; and, without faltering, one and all prepared to meet it.

The most of the English fleet was in Plymouth at the time. Many of the principal officers were on shore, playing at bowls, and otherwise amusing themselves, and the wind was blowing directly into the harbor, preventing the fleet from pulling to sea. But the commander-in-chief, Lord Howard of Effingham, was equal to the emergency; summoning all to instant exertion; and before daylight the following morning sixty-seven of his best ships had been, with extreme labor and difficulty, towed and kedged into deep water, and, commanded by such men as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, were off the Eddystone, keeping a sharp lookout for the Spaniards. Every hour additional vessels were joining the English fleet.

During the whole forenoon the wind was very light, and the weather thick; but towards evening a fine south-west wind set in, and the mist rising, the two fleets discovered each other.

The Armada, in a half-moon, and in complete battle array, was so compactly drawn up that its flanking vessels were distributed but seven miles from each other; and all were bearing steadily up channel. The Spanish guns were so numerous, and so much heavier in calibre than anything the English carried, that the Lord High Admiral saw at once that the force at his command could not successfully confront the enemy. He therefore permitted them to pass without firing a shot; but hung closely upon their rear, in hopes of cutting off any vessels which might chance to fall astern of the others. It was not until the next day, Sunday, July 31st, that an opportunity offered for

attacking to advantage. Then, "sending a pinnace, called the Defiance, before him, to denounce war against the enemy, by the discharge of all her guns," Howard at once opened fire from his own ship, the Royal Oak, upon a large galleon, commanded by Don Alphonso de Leyva, which he took to be the flag-ship of the Spanish commander-in-chief.

In the meantime, the combined squadrons of Drake, Frobisher and Hawkins opened furiously upon the fleet of Biscay, or of northern Spain, which, consisting of fourteen vessels, and carrying 302 guns, was commanded by Vice-admiral Recalde, an officer of great experience. This squadron had been formed into a rear guard, in expectation of just such an attack.

Recalde maintained the unequal fight for some hours, and with great obstinacy; all the while endeavoring to get within small-arm range of the English, which he knew would be fatal to them, as he had a large force of arquebusiers embarked in his division.

But his wary antagonists, whose vessels, "light, weatherly and nimble, sailed six feet to the Spaniards' two, and tacked twice to their once," evaded every effort to close, and keeping at long range, inflicted much damage upon their enemy without receiving any themselves.

At length, seeing how matters stood, the Duke Medina Sidonia signaled to Recalde to join the main body of the fleet; and, hoisting the Royal standard of Spain at his main, drew out his whole force in order of battle, and endeavored to bring on a general engagement. This Howard prudently avoided, and so the Spaniards had to keep on their course again, up channel, and "maintain a running fight of it;" the English now, as before, hanging on their rear, and receiving constant reinforcements from their seaport towns, in full view of which, as the

Armada hugged the English shore, Howard, with his gallant ships and men, was passing.

In these days London alone sent forth fifty armed ships.

The night which followed was one fraught with disaster to the Spaniards. The gunner of the Santa Anna, a Fleming by birth, who had been reprimanded by his captain for some neglect of duty, in revenge laid a train to the magazine, and blew up all the after part of the vessel, with more than half her officers and crew.

The vessel nearest the Santa Anna hurried to her assistance, and was engaged in rescuing the survivors, when, in the darkness and confusion, two galleys fell foul of the flagship of the Andalusian squadron, and carried away her foremast close to the deck, so that she dropped astern of the Armada, and, the night being very dark, was soon lost sight of by her friends, and assailed by her vigilant foes.

Being well manned, and carrying fifty guns, she maintained her defence until daylight, when, finding the English hemming her in on all sides, Don Pedro de Valdez, the Admiral, struck his flag to Drake, in the Revenge, much to the chagrin of Frobisher and Hawkins, who had hoped to make prize of her themselves.

Don Pedro, who was courteously received by Drake, remained on board the Revenge until the 10th of August; so that he was an eye witness of all the subsequent events, and of the final discomfiture of his countrymen.

Drake sent the captain of the Santa Anna, "a prisoner, to Dartmouth, and left the money on board the prize, to be plundered by his men."

All the following day was spent by the Duke in rearranging his fleet; and after the vessels were in the stations assigned them, each captain had written orders not to leave that station, under penalty of death.

In this new order the rear guard was increased to forty-three vessels, and placed under the command of Don Alphonso de Leyva, who had orders to avoid skirmishing as much as possible, but to lose no opportunity of bringing on a general engagement, or decisive battle.

On the 2d of August, at daylight, the wind shifted to the northeast, whereupon the Spanish, being to windward, bore down upon the English under full sail. But the latter also squared away, and having the advantage of greater speed, refused, as before, to allow their enemy to close with them; so the engagement was without result, there being little loss on the part of the Spaniards, while the only Englishman killed was a Mr. Cock, who was bravely fighting the enemy in a small vessel of his own.

Towards evening the wind backed to the west again, and the Armada once more continued its course toward Calais.

On the 3d of August there was a suspension of hostilities, and the Lord High Admiral received a supply of powder and ball, and a reinforcement of ships, and intended to attack the enemy in the middle of the night, but was prevented by a calm

On the 4th, however, a straggler from the Spanish fleet was made prize of by the English.

This brought on a sharp engagement between the Spanish rear guard and the English advance, under Frobisher, which would have resulted in Frobisher's capture had not Howard himself gone to the rescue, in the "Ark-Royal, followed by the Lion, the Bear, the Bull, the Elizabeth, and a great number of smaller vessels." The fighting was for some time severe, but as soon as Frobisher was relieved, Howard, observing that the Duke was approaching, with the main body of the Spanish fleet, prudently gave the order to retire. It was, indeed,

high time, for the Ark-Royal was so badly crippled that she had to be towed out of action.

The Lord High Admiral afterwards knighted Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, Hawkins and Frobisher, for their gallantry on this occasion; but a convincing proof that the English had the worst of it in the encounter is the determination of a council of war "not to make any further attempt upon the enemy until they should be arrived in the Straits of Dover, where the Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter were lying in wait for them."

So the Armada kept on its way, unmolested, and with a fair wind, past Hastings and Dungeness, until it got to the north of the Varne, an extensive shoal in the Channel.

Then it left the English coast, and hauled up for Calais Road, where it anchored on the afternoon of Saturday, August 6th, close in to shore, with the Castle bearing from the centre of the fleet due east.

The English followed, and anchored two miles outside. Strengthened by the accession of Seymour's and Winter's squadron, they now numbered one hundred and forty sail—many of them large ships, but the majority small.

Every day since he had been in the Channel the Spanish commander-in-chief had despatched a messenger to the French coast, to proceed by land, and warn the Duke of Parma of the approach of the Armada, and to impress upon him the necessity of his being ready to make his descent upon England the moment the fleet reached Calais; and especially he desired Parma to send him, at once, pilots for the French and Flemish coasts, which those in the fleet had no knowledge of. To his bitter disappointment, on reaching Calais he found no preparation of any kind, and none of his requests com-

plied with. All that night, and all day of August 7th, the vast Armada lay idly at anchor, vainly watching for the coming of Parma's army, and not knowing that its egress from Nieuport and Dunkirk was a simple impossibility, since the fleets of Holland and Zealand were in full possession of all the narrow channels between Nieuport and Hils Banks and the Flemish shore; and Parma had not a single vessel of war to oppose to them.

On the evening of the 7th the appearance of the weather caused great anxiety to the seamen of the Armada, the sun setting in a dense bank of clouds, and they realized, much more fully than the soldiers on board, the insecurity of their anchorage; as a northwest gale, likely to rise at any moment, would drive them upon the treacherous quicksands of the French coast.

While this apprehension was troubling the seamen of the Armada, the English were fearful least Parma's transports, eluding the vigilance of the Dutch cruisers, should suddenly heave in sight. But, as the evening drew on, and they observed the threatening sky, and heard the increasing surf upon the shore, both of which boded a storm, they became reassured. A little before midnight of the 7th, the weather being very thick, and a strong current setting towards the Spanish fleet, the English prepared to send in among them eight fire-ships, which they had prepared as soon as they found the enemy anchored close together. The English captains Young and Prowse towed them in, directing their course, and firing them with great coolness and judgment. A great panic resulted among the Spaniards, for they knew that the English had in their service an Italian, who, three years before, had created great havoc and destruction at Antwerp, by ingenious floating torpedoes or mines, and they no sooner saw the fire-ships, "all alight with flame,

from their keelsons to their mast-heads," and bearing down upon them, than they imagined Giannibelli and his infernal machines in their midst. Shouts of "we are lost!" passed through the fleet, but in the midst of the panic the Duke de Medina Sidonia (who had been warned by Philip to be on his guard lest the dreaded Drake should burn his vessels) maintained his composure. He at once made the signal agreed upon, to cut cables and stand clear of the danger; and the Armada was soon under sail, and out of harm's way from fire. But the fright and confusion had been so great that, next morning, when the Duke wished to rally his fleet and return to his anchorage, many ships were out of signal distance, some far at sea, and others among the shoals of the coast of Flanders.

The 8th of August dawned with squally, southwest weather, and the English observed some of the Spanish vessels to be crippled, and drifting to leeward, while the San Lorenzo, flag-ship of the squadron of galleasses (the class of large vessels which had contributed so much to the victory of Lepanto), was endeavoring to get into the harbor of Calais. Her rudder was gone, and, although her rowers were endeavoring to keep her in the narrow channel leading to the town, she yawed widely across it, and finally grounded on a sand bank near the town. In this position she was attacked by the boats of the English fleet, and after a stubborn resistance, in which many fell on both sides, was boarded and carried. The Govenor of Calais claimed her as of right pertaining to him, and the English, just then not caring to quarrel with the French, gave her up to him, but not before they had plundered her.

The boat expedition no sooner returned, than Howard bore up for the Armada, the bulk of which was then off

Gravelines, sailing in double Echelon, with flanks protected "by the three remaining galleasses, and the great galleons of Portugal." The Duke Medina Sidonia at once hauled by the wind, with signal flying for close action, and the Royal standard at his fore. But the English had speed, handiness, and the weather gauge in their favor, and were enabled, as before, to choose their own distance, and after a desultory fight of six hours, the Duke (finding he was losing men, and had three of his best ships sunk, as many more put hors-de-combat, and having exhausted his shot, without a chance of bringing Howard within boarding distance, or of Parma's coming out to join him) telegraphed to the fleet "to make its way to Spain, north about the British Isles," and then himself kept away for the North Sea.

The sands of Zealand threatened him on one hand, and the hardy English seamen on the other; and with these odds against him, the proud Spaniard had no resource left but to retreat.

That night it blew a strong breeze from the north, and the next day some of the Spanish vessels were in great danger from the Dutch shoals, but a shift of wind saved them.

The English kept close after them until August 12th, when, being themselves short of provisions and ammunition, they came by the wind, and stood back for their own shores, where, of course, the intelligence they brought caused great joy, after the narrow escape from invasion.

An intelligent officer, Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, United States Navy, commenting upon these actions, says, "it has been asserted that Medina Sidonia so dreaded the passage around the grim Hebrides that he was upon the point of surrender to Howard, when he last approached him, but was dissuaded from doing so by the

Ecclesiastics on board his vessel; but this story, as well as one told by the Spanish soldiers who were taken prisoners in the fight of August 8th, and who wished to curry favor with their captors, that this fight 'far exceeded the battle of Lepanto,' may be safely classed with the marvelous relations of the 'intelligent contraband,' and the 'reliable gentleman just from Richmond,' so often brought to the front during the great civil war in America. Why, indeed, should the Duke have surrendered to a force unable to fire a shot at him, and which, had it ventured within boarding distance of the Armada, must have inevitably fallen into his hands? Was not the Saint Matthew, when assailed in a sorely crippled condition by a whole squadron, defended for two long hours? And did not several Spanish vessels, refusing to strike when they were in a sinking condition, go down with their colors flying? Was, then, the Commander-in-chief less courageous than his subordinates? Let the truth be told. Medina Sidonia, from his want of experience at sea, was utterly disqualified to command the great fleet entrusted to his care; but Spain possessed no braver man than he."

The history of the Armada, after Howard left it, is one of shipwreck and disaster. Many of its vessels foundered at sea, and many more were lost on the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland; and the crews of some, who managed to reach the land, were massacred by the savage inhabitants of the west of Ireland.

Few of the leaders lived to return to their native land, and there was hardly a family in Spain that was not in mourning.

Upon learning of the disaster Philip affected great calmness, and merely remarked, "I did not send my fleet to combat the tempest, and I thank God, who has made me able to repair this loss."

THE ENGLISH FLEET FOLLOWING THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

(From the Tapestry in the House of Lords, destroyed in the fire at the Houses of Parliament.)

But, in spite of that, his disappointment was terrible, and in his fierce and savage resentment at the depression of his people he cut short all mourning by proclamation. A merchant of Lisbon, who imprudently allowed himself to express some joy at the defeat of the conqueror of his nation, was hanged by order of Philip—so that, as Motley says, "men were reminded that one could neither laugh nor cry in Spanish dominions."

In other parts of Europe great joy was felt, for both England and the Continent were delivered from the nightmare of universal empire and the Inquisition. Well might England rejoice, and proceed to build up a more powerful navy.

The Spanish marine was irretrievably wrecked, and never again rose to its former position; and the loss of the preponderance of Spain in European affairs began at this time.

The commander first selected for the Armada, Alvaro de Bazan, a fine seaman, died just before it left Lisbon. He would, no doubt, have handled it better than Medina Sidonia; and he certainly would have attacked the wind-bound English fleet in Plymouth, in spite of orders, and if he had done so would probably have destroyed it.

Philip had disregarded the advice of Parma and Santa Cruz, experienced soldiers, to secure a point in Flanders, before attacking England; and he erred in binding down Medina Sidonia not to take the initiative and attack the English fleet until he had been joined by Parma's transports.

We may add a few words concerning Philip II. He survived the loss of his Armada ten years; having succeeded in making his memory thoroughly odious. Philip was gifted with high capacity, but was sombre, inflexible and bloody minded. He was at the same time vindictive,

pusillanimous and cruel; full of joy at an *auto-da-fé* while he trembled during a battle. To sanguinary fanaticism he added violence of temper almost bestial in its exhibition. He was close and deceptive in politics—always covering himself and his designs with the mask of religion He seemed, indeed, not to have a human heart in his breast; and yet he had a taste for the fine arts—loving painting, but even better, architecture, in which latter he was learned. He finished the Escorial and beautified Madrid, which he made the capital of Spain.

Besides the foregoing his sole pleasure was the chase; while, unlike his father, he was generous to those who served him, and very sober in living and simple in dress.

▲ SPANISH GALLEASS OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

EVENTS SUCCEEDING THE ARMADA.—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

SOME NAVAL EVENTS OF ELIZABETH'S TIME, SUCCEEDING THE ARMADA.

THE signal discomfiture of the Armada caused, in England, an enthusiastic passion for enterprises against Spain; and this was fostered by the unusual good fortune of English adventurers, especially in their attacks upon the commerce and colonies of the Spanish.

Don Antonio, of Portugal, having advanced a claim to the crown of that country, then held by Spain, an expedition was undertaken, in England, to conquer that country for him. Nearly 20,000 volunteers enlisted, and ships were hired and arms and provisions provided by the adventurers. The frugal Queen only contributed to the enterprise some £60,000 and six of her ships. Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris were at the head of it, and if they had not allowed themselves to be drawn off from the main object of their enterprise to attack a Spanish fleet, fitting at the Groyne for another invasion of England, it is quite probable that Lisbon would have been taken by a *coup-de-main*. In consequence of their delay Lisbon was too strongly defended, and the English fleet was obliged to retire. After taking and burning Vigo they returned to England, having lost more than half their number by sickness, famine, fatigue, and wounds. This was, indeed, usually the case with the

maritime adventurers of that day, the losses from illness alone being perfectly frightful.

As this expedition was returning another was going out, under the Earl of Cumberland, all the ships, except one man-of-war sent by the Queen, being equipped at his own expense. Cumberland went to the Terceras and took many Spanish prizes, but the richest one, a galleon, was lost on the Cornish coast, in the attempt to reach England. Attempting to seize the Islands, Cumberland met with a bloody repulse, losing nearly half his men, and a great mortality seizing upon the survivors, left him hardly men enough to steer his ships back into a home harbor.

But all these maritime expeditions, whether successful or not, had a good effect in keeping the Spaniards in check, as well as in keeping up the spirit and nautical ability of the English.

At a later period, when Elizabeth was assisting Henri Quatre, in France, against the Duke of Parma and the League, she employed her naval power very freely against Philip, and endeavored at all times to intercept his West Indian treasure ships, the source of that greatness which rendered him so formidable to all his neighbors.

Among other operations she sent Lord Thomas Howard, with a squadron of seven ships, upon this service. But Philip, informed of her intentions, fitted out a great fleet of fifty-five sail, and despatched them to escort home the fleet of galleons from the West Indies.

The Queen's seven ships, commanded by Howard, were the Defiance, the Revenge, the Nonpareil, Bonaventure, Lion, Foresight, and Crane. They are said to have been miserably fitted out. Howard went to the Azores, and anchoring at Flores, there waited six months for the

approach of the treasure ships, which were inconceivably slow and deliberate in their passages. In the meantime Don Alphonso Bassano, the commander of the Spanish escort fleet, hearing of the small English force at Flores, determined to attack it. The English squadron was at the time unprepared, beside having much sickness on board. Howard put to sea hurriedly, leaving many men on shore, and was attacked by the whole Spanish fleet. The brunt of the engagement which followed was principally borne by the Revenge, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville. The fight began about three o'clock in the afternoon, and continued until after daylight the next morning.

The Revenge was laid on board at one and the same time by the St. Philip, of 1500 tons and 78 guns, and four others of the Spanish men-of-war of the largest size, and filled with soldiers. The enemy boarded no less than fifteen times during the night, and were as often repulsed, although they continually shifted their vessels, and boarded with fresh men. The gallant Grenville was wounded early in the action, but refused to quit the deck. About midnight, however, he was wounded by a musket ball, which passed through his body. He was then carried below to have his wound dressed, but while under the surgeon's hands, was again wounded in the head, and the surgeon was killed by his side while attending to his wounds.

The gallant crew held out till daylight, by which time the ship was a mere wreck, and out of an original crew of 103, forty were killed, and almost all the rest wounded. The ammunition was expended in the long and constant firing, and most of their small arms were broken and useless. In this condition nothing remained but surrender. But Sir Richard proposed to trust to the mercy of God, rather than that of the Spaniards, and to destroy themselves with the ship, rather than yield. The master

gunner and many of the seamen agreed to this, but others opposed it, and obliged Grenville to surrender as a prisoner. They refused to strike, however, until they were promised their liberty, and the Spaniards assenting, the ship was at last surrendered.

This was the first English man-of-war that the Spaniards had ever taken, but she was not doomed to be exhibited as a trophy, for she foundered a few days afterward, with two hundred of the Spanish prize crew which had been placed on board of her. It is said that it cost the Spaniards a thousand lives to capture the Revenge.

Sir Richard Grenville was carried on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where he died, two days after, impressing his enemies very much by his extraordinary behavior and courage. His last words were: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honor. My soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the everlasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

In the meantime the treasure ships had been detained so long at Havana, for fear of the English cruisers, that they were obliged to sail at an improper season, and most of them were lost at sea before they reached Spanish harbors.

In 1592 an expedition under Sir Martin Frobisher, consisting of two men-of-war belonging to the Queen, and others fitted by Frobisher and Sir Walter Raleigh, made a cruise on the coast of Spain, and took many Spanish ships. Among them was a carrack, called Madre de Dios, of which a description is given, and which must have been a most extraordinary vessel, more like a floating castle or tower than a ship. "She had seven decks, of

165 feet from stem to stern, was of 1600 tons burden, manned with 600 men, and carried thirty-two brass guns. Her cargo was valued at £150,000 on her arrival in England, besides what the officers and seamen had plundered her of when taken." This was an immense sum for those times, and an extraordinary booty to be taken in a single ship.

The Queen's adventure in this cruise was only two ships, one of which, the least of the two, was at the taking of the carrack Madre de Dios; in virtue of which she assumed power over the whole of the valuable cargo, taking what portion of it she pleased, and making the rest of the adventurers submit to her pleasure in the matter. She is said to have dealt with them rather indifferently, taking the lion's share.

In 1594 the brave and skillful Admiral Sir Martin Frobisher was lost to his country. He had been sent with the Vanguard, Rainbow, Dreadnought, and Acquittance, to aid the French in the attack upon Brest, which important naval station was then held by the Spaniards. The Admiral entered the harbor with his ships, and attacked the forts most vigorously. But the place was well defended, and the attacking party suffered serious loss. At length the forts surrendered, and the garrison was put to the sword.

Sir Martin Frobisher was wounded in the hip by a grape shot, and died soon after he had brought his squadron safely home.

The accounts of the English naval enterprises of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign read like romance. These enterprises, often entirely of a private nature, though sanctioned by the State, were a curious mixture of chivalrous search for glory and of the grasping love of lucre of a freebooter or pirate.

In 1594 Richard Hawkins, son of the celebrated navigator, Sir John, made an unsuccessful raid upon the Spanish possessions in the South Seas, by way of the Straits of Magellan. And in the same year James Lancaster was sent by some London merchants to South America, with a squadron, and took thirty-nine Spanish ships. He also attacked and captured, against great odds, the very rich city of Pernambuco, destroying his boats after his men had landed, so as to force them to fight or to be slaughtered. He returned safely to England, with an immense booty.

In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh took a fleet in search of the gold mines of Guiana, and ascended the Oronoco in boats. He suffered immense loss in battle and by disease, and found nothing of what he went in search for. His account of his adventures is most marvelous, and has long been known to be drawn principally from his imagination.

In the same year, Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins, with six men-of-war of the Queen's and twenty others, proceeded on an expedition against the Spanish settlements in Central America. They first attacked Porto Rico, where they were repulsed with very serious loss, and Hawkins soon after died. Drake then resolved to go to Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus of Darien, whence he made an attempt to cross the isthmus to Panama. But the resistance of the Spaniards, coupled with the difficulties of the region and the climate, all proved too great even for this seasoned adventurer, and the exposure, vexation and disappointment so worked upon him that he died. Sir Thomas Baskerville took command of the expedition, and after an indecisive fight with a Spanish fleet, returned home empty-handed.

Philip II being known to be making preparations for

another invasion of England, a powerful English fleet was equipped at Plymouth, consisting of one hundred and seventy vessels, seventeen of which were first-rate men-of-war. Twenty ships were added to these by the Hollanders. This fleet was commanded by the High Admiral, Lord Effingham, while Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Essex, commanded the troops embarked. Many of the first men of England were either commanders or serving as volunteers.

The fleet sailed from Plymouth on the first of June, 1596, with a fair wind, with orders to rendezvous off Cadiz. Fast vessels sent in advance intercepted all traders, and the fleet found the Spaniards unsuspicious of any attack, and the port full of men-of-war and richly laden merchantmen.

After a fruitless attack at St. Sebastians, it was resolved to take the fleet into the bay and attack the Spanish shipping. The Admiral did not look upon this plan with much favor, conceiving it to be rash, but at last it was determined upon, so much to Essex's joy that he is said to have thrown overboard his richly jeweled cap, on hearing the decision of the council of war. His joy was much moderated when he heard that Effingham had orders from the Queen not to allow him to lead in the attack, as he was not to be exposed. Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard were appointed to lead, but when the fight began Essex forgot his orders, and pressed into the thickest of the fire. The English had great incentives to do well. The nobles were emulous for glory, while all were incited by the prospect of great plunder, and by animosity against their old enemy, the Spaniards. The English fleet attacked with such ardor that the Spaniards were soon obliged to slip their cables, and, retreating to the bottom of the bay, run on shore. Essex landed his

men, and carried the city, sword in hand. After the place was taken, he is said to have stopped the slaughter usual on such occasions, and to have treated his prisoners with great humanity.

The English fell into a great amount of plunder, but a much richer booty was lost by the burning of the fleet and the merchantmen, which was ordered by the Spanish Admiral, the Duke de Medina Sidonia. Thus was immense loss caused to Spain, not to speak of the humiliation of that proud nation at seeing one of her principal cities in the hands of the hated heretics.

In 1597 Spain was busy collecting ships and troops at Ferrol, for the purpose of a descent upon Ireland. Elizabeth at once put the Earl of Essex in command of a fleet, with Sir W. Raleigh, Lord Thomas Howard and Lord Mountjoy, as commanders, while many of the first nobility embarked as volunteers.

This fleet sailed from Plymouth on the 9th of July, but the very next day encountered a severe storm, which damaged and scattered it. After reassembling and refitting, the project of going to attack Ferrol was given up, and it was determined to endeavor to capture the great annual treasure fleet from the Spanish Indies.

In that age, from the unwieldiness of these great galleons and from imperfect navigation, these fleets had stated courses and seasons for going and returning. They had also certain ports where they touched for water and provisions, rendered necessary by the immense time they consumed in their voyages. The Azores was one of these points, and Essex determined to go there, and to take the port of Fayal, as a preliminary step to capturing the fleet. But the English ships becoming separated on the passage, Raleigh and his squadron arrived alone. Seeing the Spaniards at work fortifying, he at once attacked and

took the place. Essex, upon his arrival, was much incensed at being robbed of the glory he so much coveted, and but for Howard, would have cashiered Raleigh and his officers. Sir Walter having made due amends, the matter was arranged, and dispositions were made for intercepting the galleons. Sir William Monson was stationed off the islands, in observation, and in due time made the appointed signal that the Spaniards were in sight. These, however (owing, as Monson says, in his memoirs, to Essex's want of seamanship), almost all managed to get into the secure and strong port of Angra. Only three were taken, but these were of such value as to defray the whole cost of the expedition.

"HENRY GRACE DE DIEU."—"*The Great Harry.*"
(Built by Henry VII of England.)

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND HOLLAND. A. D. 1652-3.

IN 1652 the Dutch naval power was without a rival in the world. The sea seemed to be their proper element, and their fleets of war and commerce penetrated to every part of the globe. Their colonial possessions were only inferior to those of Spain, and their wealth, energy and valor gave every promise of their extension.

England had better home harbors, and a finer geographical position; a more numerous population, and almost equal maritime resources; and it was a natural and cherished idea of the English Republicans to form the Commonwealth and the United Provinces of Holland into one powerful Protestant State, which should be able to resist all the other powers. The advantages of such a union were easily to be seen, but the splendid conception was opposed by commercial jealousies and by dynastic interests.

William, the second Prince of Orange of that name, had married a daughter of Charles the First, so that in addition to a princely antipathy to Commonwealths, an alliance of this kind would have interfered with a possible succession of his wife and children to the English throne.

William was exceedingly popular with the masses, and

so long as he lived the two States remained on bad terms. He even refused to extend to the agents of Parliament the protection of the Dutch law, and they were constantly insulted, and one lost his life at the hands of a mob, it was said, by the machinations of Montrose. No redress could be obtained.

Holland's recent successes, especially at sea, against Spain and the Barbary States, had made her very confident in her maritime power. England was then much exhausted, from internal dissension, and Holland was anxious to be considered mistress of the Narrow Seas, a right which England had long claimed, and which the Dutch had always firmly disputed.

The Prince of Orange died rather suddenly, leaving his heir yet unborn, and the Democratic party, which comprised the most liberal and enlightened of the Dutch people, seized the opportunity to abolish the office of Stadtholder, and restore a pure Republic. After their success in this it was thought and hoped that at least a close alliance, offensive and defensive, might be formed between the two Republican States. An ambassador was sent from England to Holland for that purpose, but the negotiation lagged. The "High Mightinesses" who now ruled Holland offered a counter-proposition. Delays followed, and St. John, the English envoy, whose time was limited to a certain fixed date, had his pride hurt by the delay. The Dutch, on their side, thought it arrogant and menacing in the English Parliament to have set a time for their action and its agent's return. The exiled court was then at the Hague, and the exiled cavaliers frequently made St. John feel their presence. Then, again, Holland may have wished to see the result of the invasion of Scotland, and, after long delays, St. John left Holland, more inclined for war than peace.

The Dutch statesmen saw their mistake after the battle of Worcester had firmly established the English commonwealth, and now endeavored to renew negotiations. But new troubles prevented an understanding. Dutch privateers had continued to injure English commerce; while still more insuperable difficulties arose from the passage by the English Parliament of the Navigation Act. At that time, in addition to being great traders, the Dutch were great fishermen. Rotterdam and Amsterdam were the exchanges of Europe, and immense fortunes were made by the ship owners of these ports. Under the Stuarts England had neglected the merchant marine, and afforded a fine field to the Dutch traders, but the Navigation Act, in declaring that no goods the produce of Asia, Africa or America, should be imported into England, except in vessels either belonging to that commonwealth or to the countries from which the goods were imported, put a period, so far as the British Islands, their colonies and dependencies were concerned, to a very lucrative branch of Dutch enterprise.

The new Dutch ambassador endeavored to have this law of exclusion repealed at once; and while urging the point, hinted that his country then was fitting out a powerful fleet for the protection of their trade. This hint was taken as a menace, and Parliament ordered its sea captains to exact all the honors due the red cross flag which had been claimed by England in the Narrow Seas since Saxon times. This order soon made much trouble. An English Commodore, Young, falling in with a Dutch fleet returning from the Mediterranean, sent to request the Admiral in command of the convoy to lower his flag. The Dutch officer refused to comply with this demand, so unexpectedly made, without consultation with his superiors. Young then fired into his ship, and a sharp action

ensued; but the English being stronger, and the Dutch taken by surprise, the latter were obliged to strike.

To avenge this insult to their flag, the States General fitted out a fleet of forty-two sail, and placed it under the command of Van Tromp, with instructions to use his discretion in resisting the English claim to supremacy. He was, however, positively required to repel, on all occasions, and at all hazards, attacks upon the commerce of the Republic of Holland, and to properly support the dignity of its flag. Tromp, who had genius as well as courage and skill, was well suited to carry out these orders. This celebrated naval commander was born at Briel, in 1597, and died in 1653. He served on a frigate commanded by his father when only eleven years old, his father being killed in an action with the French, and the son made prisoner. He rose rapidly in the Dutch navy, and was a Vice Admiral at the age of forty, when he totally defeated a Spanish fleet, superior in numbers and weight of metal. This success not only made him very popular at home, but caused him to be made a French noble. We shall see in the following pages how Tromp died. He was buried at Delft, where a splendid monument was raised to him.

When Tromp was put in command of this fleet war had not been declared, and the Dutch ambassador was still in England when Tromp and his fleet suddenly appeared in the Downs. Bourne, who was stationed off Dover with part of the English fleet, at once sent a messenger to Blake, who was off Rye with another division of ships. Upon receipt of the intelligence Blake at once made all sail for the Downs. This wonderful man, one of the greatest names in English naval history, was fifty years old before he became a sailor; and yet, upon being appointed a "General at Sea," he performed some of the greatest exploits, and won some of the greatest victories

recorded in naval annals. Blake found Tromp in and about Dover Roads. When the English were still about ten miles off Tromp weighed and stood out to sea, without lowering his flag. This, under the regulations then existing, was an act of defiance. Blake fired a gun, to call attention to the omission, but no answer was returned. To a second and a third gun, Tromp replied by a single shot, keeping his flag flying. Stretching over to the other side of the Straits, he then received some communication from a ketch which met him, and, as if she had brought imperative orders, he soon came round and made toward Blake; his own ship, the Brederode, taking the van.

Blake felt that, in spite of a want of any declaration of war, Tromp had received orders to offer battle, and at once proceeded to prepare for it.

Tromp was superior in force, his numbers being greater. This was partly made up for by the fact that the English carried more guns in proportion, and larger crews, but many of their men were landsmen.

When the fleets had approached within musket shot, Blake, affecting not to notice the menacing attitude of the Dutch, stood toward the Brederode, to remonstrate concerning the lack of honors, in not lowering the flag.

The Dutch ship sent a broadside into the James, Blake's flag-ship, and stopped all remonstrance short. Blake was at this moment in his cabin, with some officers, and the fire smashed the windows and damaged the stern. Blake coolly observed, "Well! it is not civil in Van Tromp to take my flag-ship for a brothel, and break my windows." As he spoke, another broadside came from the Brederode. At this he called to those on deck to return the fire, and the action at once began.

Few of the English officers in high command had then

any experience of warfare at sea, and Vice Admiral Penn was the only one who had received a regular naval education.

The Council, in giving Blake chief command at sea, had left the selection of two vice admirals to himself; and to these posts he had, with Cromwell's approval, named Penn and Bourne. Penn sailed on board the Triumph, of 68 guns, taking young Robert Blake, the nephew of the admiral, as his lieutenant. Bourne was on board the St. Andrew, 60. Not supposing hostilities likely to occur while the Dutch ambassador was still in England, Penn was on leave, and there was not a practical seaman left in high command in the English fleet.

The battle began about four in the afternoon, with a rapid exchange of broadsides. On the part of the English no line appears to have been formed; the ships grappled as they happened to meet. The James, a ship of fifty guns and 260 men, seems to have borne the brunt of the action. She received 70 shots in the hull, lost all her masts, and was completely dismantled as to her battery, by the Dutch fire. She was exposed to a storm of shot for four hours, and had several of her officers killed or wounded. In spite of great loss her men stood well up to their unaccustomed work, and their energies were aroused afresh, just before nightfall, by the arrival of Bourne and his division, which attacked the enemy's rear. This additional force came just in time, and Van Tromp withdrew at dark, after a drawn battle. Blake was too much disabled to follow, and spent the night in repairs. At daylight no enemy was in sight, and the English found themselves unopposed upon the Narrow Seas.

Two Dutch ships had been taken, one of which soon sank, and the other, of 30 guns, was manned for immediate service. For such a well contested affair

the loss in killed and wounded had been surprisingly small.

This sudden encounter, without any declaration of war, caused profound feeling in both countries. The Dutch ambassador insisted that Van Tromp was the assailed, and only stood on the defensive, and that, with his force, he could have destroyed the English if he had chosen. The English mob was so indignant that the ambassador had to be protected by a military guard; and, after long and angry debate and negotiation, took his leave.

Blake continued to patrol the Channel, with undisputed sway, harassing the Dutch trade and making many captures. The Dutch merchantmen were forced to abandon the route by the Channel, and to go north about; or else land their goods and tranship them, at great expense, through France. The English Council not only fitted out the captured Dutch ships, but added more men-of-war and some fire-ships to their fleet; while the seamen's wages were raised, and a large number enrolled in the service of the State.

In the meantime the Dutch, a people of vast resources and inflexible spirit, were not idle. But Blake, who was the chief authority in naval matters, caused the English Council to raise the English navy to 250 sail and fourteen fire-ships. While squadrons were sent to the western part of the Channel, to the Baltic, and to the Straits of Gibraltar, one hundred and seventy sail, of all classes, as well as the fire-ships, were to be placed under Blake's immediate orders, to fight the enemy.

The full number of vessels so authorized was never fitted out; but in a month from the fight off Dover the Admiral had one hundred and five ships, carrying near 4000 guns, under his immediate command. The great difficulty was in obtaining men to man the ships; and, to

make up for the scarcity of seamen, two regiments of foot were taken bodily on board the fleet—and from that time marines, as a distinct corps, have formed part of the equipment of English men-of-war.

In the meantime the Dutch were urging their preparations, and their dock-yards at the Texel, the Maas, and on the Zuyder Zee, were at work day and night. They laid the keels of sixty men-of-war, intended to be larger and more perfect than had ever been seen in the North Sea. Merchantmen of size were fitted as men-of-war, and all able seamen lured into service by high pay and the hope of prize money. In a few weeks Van Tromp found himself in command of one hundred and twenty sail, of all classes.

It had become necessary for England to send to the Baltic for supplies of hemp, tar and spars, and it required a strong fleet to convoy these vessels safely home. Another fleet was detailed to intercept the rich Dutch merchant fleets from the East Indies and elsewhere, as well as to break up the great herring fishery, which the hardy and industrious Hollanders had monopolized, and in which their vessels were employed by the thousand. The spring fleet of herring vessels, numbering 600, was now coming home from the neighborhood of the North British islands, and as Tromp showed no immediate intention of putting to sea, Blake himself went to the North, leaving Sir George Ascue, his second in command, in the Channel, to keep a lookout for Van Tromp.

Blake sailed in the Resolution, with sixty ships, leaving Dover Road on the 21st of June, and about the time he had passed the Frith of Forth, Van Tromp appeared in the Downs with over one hundred men of war and ten fire-ships. Ascue was compelled to shelter his division under the guns of Dover Castle, and the whole south of

England was at the mercy of Van Tromp. Couriers were sent by land, in hot haste, to intercept Blake on the Scotch coast, and recall him from his ill-judged cruise. But before they found him he had met the Dutch herring fleet, escorted by twelve men of war, and captured 600 of the "busses," with their freight. This was not done, however, without a most gallant fight by the twelve Dutch men-of-war, which lasted three hours, against overwhelming odds, ending in the sinking of three and the capture of the others. Blake let the fishing boats go, after warning them never to fish again among the British islands. For his conduct in thus restoring their all to these poor people he was afterwards much blamed by many in England.

Meantime, in the South, hurried preparations were made to meet Van Tromp. But the latter was detained in mid-channel by a calm, and when the wind sprung up, it blew from the land with such force that the Dutch fleet could not approach, and his intention of crushing Ascue was foiled. With the same strong wind Van Tromp, therefore, returned to the Texel, where an immense fleet of merchant vessels were waiting for him to escort them clear of all danger from English cruisers. This duty he accomplished, and then followed Blake to the North. Blake's fleet had suffered much from bad weather, and was now scattered among the roads and havens of the Orkneys, for repairs. But on hearing that his enemy was approaching, Blake hastily re-assembled his ships and prepared for the encounter.

Towards evening on the 5th of August the fleets came in sight of each other, about half way between the Orkney and the Shetland islands. Both leaders were confident, and both anxious to engage. But while preparations were being made a fierce gale burst upon them, which

damaged and destroyed many of the ships of both fleets, but particularly those of Van Tromp, so that he was obliged to make his way home with much loss, followed by Blake, who ravaged and insulted the Dutch coast with impunity. Thence he returned to the Downs, and gathered his fleet once more about him.

In the meantime Ascue and De Ruyter, Van Tromp's second in command, had had a drawn battle, and the States General of Holland, undaunted by recent reverses, were refitting another large fleet for service in the Channel.

The failure of Van Tromp to accomplish anything with the powerful fleet provided him, caused great tumult in Holland. The Dutch had been so long accustomed to victory at sea that the mob became ungovernable. Van Tromp was insulted upon his return, and resigning his command, retired to private life. De Witt, a renowned statesman, as well as an Admiral, was called to the command of the fleet. De Ruyter now wished to resign his command, pleading long service, advancing years, and failing health. But his countrymen would not listen to his retiring, and insisted upon his once more leading them, as of old, to glory and victory.

When the fleet was ready for sea, De Witt joined De Ruyter, and assumed the supreme command.

To oppose this new danger Blake summoned Ascue and his squadron from Plymouth, and the two hostile fleets were soon at sea, and searching for each other, to have a renewed trial of strength.

Blake had sixty-eight ships of various force, and was superior to the Dutch fleet both in number of vessels and in guns.

While cruising about the Channel in search of the Dutch, Blake fell in with the fleet of the Duke de Ven-

dome, which was fresh from a victorious engagement with the Spanish fleet. The French fleet was intended to relieve Dunkirk, then besieged and closely pressed by the Spaniards. The town was in extremity, but the disaster to the Spanish fleet had left the sea open to France, and Vendome at once ordered a relief squadron to Calais Road, to take on board men, arms, stores and fresh provisions.

At this time privateers from Dunkirk and from Brest preyed, as they had always done, more or less, upon English commerce, and English cruisers often retaliated, but there was no formal declaration of war between France and England.

As soon as Blake learned of Vendome's doings at Calais, without awaiting instructions or reporting his intentions, he stood for the Roads, and found there seven men of war, a small frigate, six fire-ships, and a number of transports with men and provisions on board, all ready to sail. Such an accession would enable Dunkirk to hold out indefinitely.

English interests, both commercial and political, required the downfall of this stronghold of privateers. The Council of State was convinced that if the place was taken by the Spaniards they might be induced to cede their conquest to Great Britain, as was, indeed, afterwards done. Blake knew the public feeling in England, and was certain that if he struck a successful blow at the French force, he would not be held responsible for any trouble it might occasion with the French Government. Only he must take care to succeed.

He, therefore, in spite of Vendome's protest, attacked the force anchored at Calais, and in a few hours had the whole—war-ships, fire-ships and transports, Admiral, officers and men—safe under the guns at Dover Castle.

Dunkirk could do nothing but surrender to the Archduke Leopold, and the seizure of Vendome's squadron in time of peace remained a monument of Blake's bold conception and rapid execution, as well as an illustration of the extreme powers which he exercised at sea, independent of the Council of State.

The prizes safely bestowed, he sailed again at once, in quest of De Witt and De Ruyter. On Sept. 28th Admiral Penn, in the James, came in sight of the Dutch off the *North Foreland*. He at once signaled to Blake, who, in his turn, transmitted to his vanguard the order to "bear in among them as soon as the fleet was up." "Blake was always ready for action; he trusted in God and kept his powder dry." De Witt was not really in condition for battle, for his ships were not in good order, and his men were very discontented. The brave and experienced Ruyter urged him to avoid a battle at that time; but his pride prevented him from listening to the suggestion; and he resolved to fight at a disadvantage rather than afford the world the spectacle of a Dutch admiral retreating before any number of the presumptuous islanders. His preparations for battle were hastily made, much confusion prevailing in the fleet.

BATTLE OFF THE NORTH FORELAND.

De Ruyter, always foremost in fight, led the van upon this occasion; De Witt the main body, and De Wilde the rear. Evertz, another distinguished Dutch admiral, was stationed with a reserve, to send succor where it should be most needed.

Just before the battle opened De Witt sent a despatch boat round the fleet, to enjoin the captains to do their duty on this great day. But it is well known that apathy, intrigue and discontent ruled on every Dutch deck, and

in almost every cabin; and no good could result from such an appeal at the eleventh hour.

The Brederode, Tromp's old flag-ship, was in the fleet, but the admiral appointed in Tromp's place thought it not prudent to remain among Tromp's devoted followers, and just before the action commenced his flag was removed to a huge Indiaman. Several other ships, besides the Brederode, resented the disgrace of their favorite leader, and either disputed the new admiral's orders, or obeyed them without the zeal which is essential to victory. Hoping that success would restore loyalty, De Witt hove his topsails to the mast, and formed line.

By four in the afternoon the English line was also formed and well up, the only order issued from the Resolution being "to attack, but hold their fire until close in with the enemy." Then the whole of the English van bore down upon the Dutch, who kept up an intermittent and harmless fire as it approached. Just then the Dutch line tacked, and the two fleets came into almost instant collision. They were so close together that an unusual number of shots told, and the crash of the first broadside was terrific; the roar of artillery continuing incessantly for more than an hour.

After that the action became less furious, and there were pauses in the storm of battle. The Dutch ships fell off to a greater distance, and, as a breeze arose the clouds of powder smoke partially cleared away. But, although the Dutch fell back, they fell back fighting, and with their faces to the enemy; and, with their usual obstinate valor they continued the battle until night fell upon the scene of slaughter. The Dutch had lost most men, while the English had suffered most severely in masts and rigging. It was thought by experienced commanders, in both fleets, that De Witt would have

been completely defeated and broken had he not drawn off at nightfall.

Ruyter had, as usual, commanded his important division with consummate skill and bravery. He lost a large proportion of the crew of his own ship, and his masts and rigging were almost destroyed, and the hull seriously shattered. De Witt himself, by his courage and conduct during the battle, atoned in part for his rashness in fighting such an enemy in the then condition of his fleet. But, in spite of their efforts, the Dutch had the worst of it. Two of their ships foundered in the first shock of battle; and two others were boarded and taken, one of them being the Rear Admiral's flag-ship. As has been seen, the loss of life in the Dutch fleet was great, and this, in addition to the general disaffection, caused about twenty of De Witt's captains to take advantage of the darkness, withdraw their ships from the main fleet, and make for Zealand, where they carried the first news of disaster.

As many of the Dutch fleet remained in sight, and kept their lights burning during the night, Blake naturally assumed that they would fight again at daylight. Every one, therefore, on board the English fleet was engaged in repairing damages, in securing prisoners, caring for the wounded and burying the dead.

At daylight the whole fleet bore down for the Dutch position, and, from the attitude of the latter, it seemed likely that the bloody work of the previous day would begin again.

De Witt wished to fight; but a change of counsel took place before the fleets got within cannon shot of each other. Evertz and De Ruyter's opinion prevailed, and it was decided to collect the scattered ships, to gain one of their own ports, repair, refit, and re-man the ships, and await the orders of the States General.

Blake, in his disabled state, could not prevent them from carrying out this decision; and was obliged to content himself with petty raids upon the Dutch coasts, such as Tromp had inflicted upon the English in the preceding year.

The news of this action was received in London and throughout England with great exultation. It was the first great naval action fought by the English since the days of Elizabeth. England had come off victorious against the best seamen and most experienced admirals of the world. Tromp, Evertz, and Ruyter had been regarded as invincible sea commanders; yet now a land officer, with but three years' experience of the sea, with soldiers and landsmen, had successfully withstood the attacks of veteran sailors who had swept the great navies of Spain from the face of the ocean.

Blake took his place at once among the highest of living Admirals.

Parliament wished at once to release the ships hired from the merchant service, and to reduce the fortifications about Deal and Sandown.

This Blake replied to by a demand for thirty new frigates, but such was the momentary confidence and security felt that he did not obtain them. Vendome's renewed complaints were treated with haughty indifference, and the Council dreamed of a "*mare clausum*," the dominion of the Narrow Seas, and the exclusion of the Dutch from all the valuable fisheries.

They little understood the resources and determination of the people with whom they had to deal.

1652–3.

And now we shall see how sturdy Van Tromp came to the fore again.

De Witt's return with his discomfited fleet was the signal for great disorders in Holland. The enemies of the Orange party did not hesitate to accuse him of rashness, cowardice and treason. The sailors of the fleet, who had been almost mutinous before the battle, really became so after it.

Even on board his own flag-ship De Witt was not entirely free from danger. He had, before sailing, executed some seamen for mutiny, and excited much silent rage thereby; but when he came back unsuccessful, the popular passions were aroused, and he was mobbed as soon as he landed, in Flushing; his proud heart being almost broken by the insult from a people he had served so long and well, he fell sick, and relinquished his command. Ruyter shared some of his unpopularity, but was persuaded to continue in his command.

Having so often triumphed at sea, the Dutch could not understand that their reverses were not the result of gross misconduct in their sea generals; and they now remembered that, if Tromp's success in the early part of the war had not been very great, he had not, at least, suffered defeat, and they felt that the elements, and not man, had destroyed the powerful fleet which he had lost.

His reputation became once more the first in Holland, while personal feeling and his past training peculiarly fitted him to meet the English.

The States General were ready to reverse their decision when they found him necessary, and this was confirmed when they found that the King of Denmark, alarmed by the sudden growth of England's maritime power, was making interest with leading Dutch statesmen, not only for a vigorous renewal of hostilities, but also for the restoration of Tromp to his offices and honors.

The most eminent of his rivals in naval ability and in

political influence were, upon his restoration, appointed to serve under him as Vice and Rear Admirals. These were De Witt, Ruyter, Evertz and Floritz. De Witt, completely mortified and disgusted, excused himself on the plea of ill health; and Ruyter joined the fleet as second in command.

The Danish King now refused to allow the English ships, which had been sent to the Baltic for the naval stores so necessary to the fleet, to return through the Sound or the Belts, and thus proved a new enemy for the Commonwealth to deal with.

As the term for which Blake had been appointed sole General and Admiral of the fleet had expired, he requested the appointment of two colleagues, as he considered the coast command of England equally important with that of the cruising fleet.

Colonel Deane and General Monk were accordingly so commissioned, both these officers being in the land service, and at that time actively employed in Scotland.

Winter had now set in, and Blake distributed the fleet, some for convoy duty, and some for repairs. The Dutch were hard at work in their dock-yards, and Blake, with a reduced force, cruised from port to port of the Channel, not expecting the enemy to appear at sea before the return of fine weather. In this he had greatly mistaken the energy and influence of Tromp, who, in an incredibly short time, fitted out and manned a vast fleet; and while the English squadrons were dispersed in various directions, suddenly appeared off the Goodwins with more than one hundred sail of the line, frigates and fire-ships. His plan was bold and well conceived. Coming suddenly into the Downs with this large force, he intended to close up the Thames, cut off reinforcements preparing there, and then to fall upon Blake's division, and either capture

it or drive it westward out of the Channel; then, with the coast at his mercy, he could dictate terms to the Commonwealth. At that time a winter cruise or campaign was hardly thought possible; but Tromp relied upon a swift and daring blow to finish the war in a few days.

Blake was then in the Triumph, and the first intimation he had of Tromp's being at sea was from his own look-out ships. On the 9th of December the two fleets were in presence of each other, between Calais and Dover; and the English Admiral then learned that Tromp was in command, and accordingly prepared himself for serious work.

A council of war was held on board the Triumph. Blake declared his intention to fight, even without his detached squadrons, rather than leave the coast exposed to the incursions of the great and uncrippled Dutch fleet.

All that December day the two Admirals worked for the weather gage. The succeeding night was long, cold and stormy, and the ships were unable to keep well together. At daylight of the 10th the manœuvres for the weather gage were renewed, the two flag-ships, the Brederode and the Triumph, both drawing toward the Nase, and by three in the afternoon the fleets were quite near each other, off that headland of Essex.

Tromp being most anxious to engage, made a sudden effort to get alongside the English Admiral. The latter's ship, however, by a skillful evolution, passed under the Brederode's bows to the weather gage. In passing the two ships exchanged broadsides, and the battle opened. Blake's ship was closely followed by the Garland, and missing the Triumph, Tromp ran afoul of this second ship, and carried away her bowsprit and head. The Garland and the Brederode then engaged, the English ship, though much lighter, fighting bravely until joined by the

Bonaventure, 30, when the two together rather overmatched the Brederode. Tromp, by every possible appeal, encouraged his men; but his position was becoming very precarious, when Evertz, seeing him in such straits, attacked the Bonaventure, placing that small ship between the two Dutch flag-ships. The four ships were all grappled together, and it was more than an hour before the weight of metal obliged the two English ships to yield. After they had suffered great loss the Dutch boarded and captured them. Of the other English ships the Triumph, the Vanguard and the Victory bore the brunt of the action. In spite of being surrounded by enemies, and suffering severely in men, hull, masts and rigging, they all came out of the desperate encounter uncaptured. Night came early at that season, and the fleets were about separating, when Blake heard of the capture of the Garland and Bonaventure, and he at once attempted their recapture. This brought on a more destructive conflict than the previous one. Blake was surrounded by the Dutch ships, and the Triumph was three times boarded, and the assailants as often repulsed. She was reduced to a wreck, and with difficulty kept afloat, and had it not been for the Sapphire and the Vanguard, which stood by him with extraordinary courage and devotion, the English Admiral must have succumbed. Thick fog and darkness at last interposed and enabled Blake to draw off his ships toward Dover Roads.

The next morning there was a dense fog, and the Dutch were not to be seen. His disabled vessels required a shelter, and the English Admiral, therefore, resolved to run into the Thames, and there repair damages, ascertain the enemy's intentions, and wait the recall and concentration of his scattered squadrons.

In the action off the Nase the Dutch had had much

the best of it, but had lost many men, and one of their ships had blown up, every soul on board of her perishing. Tromp's and Ruyter's ships were both unfitted for further service, and many others were crippled; but they were the victors, and once more masters of the Channel.

Blake offered to resign, but the Council would not hear of this, and only seemed intent upon weeding out of the fleet those captains who had not shown sufficient zeal and courage. Several were broken after proper inquiry, among others, Blake's own brother, who was reported as guilty of neglect of duty.

More vessels were concentrated and placed under Blake's orders, and the effective force of the navy raised to 30,000 men.

While reforms, renovations and recruitments were being carried on under Blake's own eye, Tromp sailed up and down the Channel with a broom at his masthead, typical of his having swept the Narrow Seas; and the States General proclaimed a state of blockade of the British Islands.

Caricatures and ballads were circulated in the Dutch cities, all bearing upon the late naval event. The fear that Tromp would seize the Channel islands, and the certainty that he had effectually cut off commerce, hastened the preparations of the English for a second winter campaign; and, on the 8th of February, 1653, Blake, still in the Triumph, sailed, at the head of some sixty men-of-war and frigates, having Monk and Deane with 1200 soldiers from the army on board. Penn, the father of the Quaker proprietor of Pennsylvania, was the vice admiral, and Lawson the rear admiral.

In the Straits of Dover he was joined by the Portsmouth squadron, of twenty sail; and with this addition

to his strength, Blake resolved to seek the Dutch fleet, and once more give battle.

Tromp had gone to the southward, to meet a large fleet of Dutch traders which had collected near Rochelle, with the intention of convoying them home. Here intelligence reached him that the English were about to quit the Thames with a large fleet, and he hoped to be able to return in time to block it up in the river mouth, and to keep the Portsmouth squadron from effecting a junction with the main body. But Blake had stolen a march upon the Dutch Admiral, and when the latter came up with Cape la Hogue, he was surprised to find a force equal to his own prepared to dispute the passage of the seas so lately swept by his broom. He, however, accepted battle eagerly, for he was confident of victory.

THE BATTLE OFF PORTLAND.

Day was just breaking, on the morning of the 18th of February, 1653, when the Dutch van was made out from the masthead of the Triumph. Blake was on deck at once, and a grand spectacle he must have had, as the sun rose, showing the heaving wintry sea covered with ships, their sails and pendants lighted up by the early rays. There were seventy-three Dutch ships of war, convoying more than three hundred merchant ships. Owing to the darkness the ships had not seen each other until only three or four miles apart. The English flag-ships happened to be all within hailing distance of each other, but General Monk was some miles astern, in the Vanguard, and the bulk of the English fleet about five miles astern of Admiral Blake when the Dutchmen hove in sight.

Tromp, with his seaman's eye, saw his advantage, and at once availed himself of it.

With the wind in his favor he might have forced his

way by, and carried his convoy to the Scheldt in safety, returning at his leisure to give battle. But he chose to play a bolder game, and fancying that his enemy's vanguard of some twenty ships could not resist the weight of his attack, he sent his fleet of traders to windward, out of range, with orders to await there the issue of the engagement.

This great battle was fought under circumstances which lent it thrilling interest. Both nations had had time to collect their best fleets, and the largest and finest vessels they had were there arrayed against each other, commanded by the most renowned Admirals. Blake, Deane, Penn and Lawson were on one side; Tromp, De Ruyter, Evertz, Swers, Floritz and De Wilde, all great names, on the other.

The fleets were nearly equal in strength, and their relative merits had to be determined on that day. Even the common seamen on each side felt that this was the decisive battle.

At the outset the Dutch had the wind, and therefore, the advantage of position. They were also well up together, and when they opened on the English vanguard it seemed almost impossible for only about twenty ships to withstand the crash of so many heavy broadsides.

As usual, the Triumph was the first of the English to engage, and the Brederode, ever in the van, was ready to meet her, reserving her fire until within musket shot, when her broadside would have most deadly effect. With a strong favoring breeze Tromp shot by the Triumph, pouring a fearful broadside into her as he passed; and then, tacking, gave her a second and more destructive one, leaving her with decks strewed with killed and wounded, and torn canvas, stranded rigging, and tottering masts. After this the two Admirals parted for the

day, for Penn came dashing up, in the Speaker, followed by other vessels, to cover Blake from some part of the circle of fire which threatened him with destruction.

As the other divisions of the English fleet came up the battle became general. On both sides the wreck and destruction was awful. In less than one hour after the first shot was fired almost every ship engaged had received serious damage. At one moment an English crew was to be seen boarding a Dutch man-of-war, and the next they would be driven back, and their own vessel boarded in turn by the doughty Hollanders. Here might be seen a ship completely wrapped in flames; there one foundering, with all her men, their cries for help unheeded by either friend or foe; perhaps elsewhere occurred a fearful explosion, which sent ship and crew into the air together, and added fresh volume to the lurid cloud which hung over the scene.

Cotemporary writers say that the tremendous roar of artillery could be heard along the shores of the Channel, from Boulogne on the one side to Portland Bill on the other.

About midday Monk succeeded in arriving up with his division, and the contest was now entirely upon equal terms. De Ruyter, as ever, in the forefront of battle, added, if possible, to his already well earned renown. Early in the day he singled out and engaged the Prosperous, a hired ship of forty guns, commanded by a Captain Barker. The English ship maintained so steady a fire, in response, that De Ruyter, impatient, and wishing to finish her and pass on to fresh combats, called away his boarders, ran his ship alongside the Prosperous, and the Dutchmen gallantly boarded, leaping down on her deck, sword and pistol in hand. But, to their surprise, they were driven back again in a very few minutes. Not

satisfied with forcing back his assailants, Barker threatened De Ruyter in return; but the brave old Dutchman, singing out, "Come lads! that was nothing! at them again!" led them to a second and more successful boarding. Barker and his officers were unable to resist this renewed assault, and were soon prisoners. At this very moment Blake, with several vessels, came up to their assistance. The prize was recovered, and Ruyter himself was surrounded by the English. Vice Admiral Evertz and Captains Swers and Krink hastened, in their turn, to relieve Ruyter from his dangerous position, and the battle soon raged with extraordinary violence around this new centre. Penn's ship, the Speaker, was so shattered as to be unfit for further service, and when night put an end to the first day's engagement he was despatched to the Isle of Wight, for the ships left at that station.

The Dutch Captain Cruik, in the Ostrich, was very conspicuous in this day's engagement. Like a true sailor, he fought till he had not a spar showing above his bulwarks, and his deck was literally covered with the dead and wounded of his devoted crew. At last he was boarded by the English; but, as the ship appeared to be sinking, and her officers and crew were nearly all killed or wounded, the boarders made hasty plunder of her valuables and left her to her fate. De Wilde offered his aid to bring her off; but suddenly it fell calm, and not having a particle of sail spread, the attempt to tow her off failed, and she was again abandoned. Next morning Blake found her floating about, without a living soul on board, and the unburied corpses lying just as they had fallen; occasionally, under a more than ordinarily heavy roll, showing a startling movement.

Captain Swers, afterward a most distinguished Dutch

Admiral, was taken prisoner. He had gone to the assistance of Captain De Port, who was being roughly handled by two English frigates, and the four ships were immediately locked together. De Port's ship had several shots between wind and water, and began to fill. He himself was severely wounded by a large splinter; nevertheless, as he lay on his back, in great agony, he waved his sword, and shouted words of encouragement to his men, until ship and crew all went down into the deep together.

The Dutch had always been noted for close fire, but on this occasion the English fire proved quite as deadly and regular. Swer's ship foundered from shot holes, himself and those of the officers and crew left being taken on board the frigates, and their lives thus preserved.

Toward dusk of the second day Blake felt himself in a sufficiently strong position to be able to send some of his best sailing ships with orders to gain the wind, and if possible prevent the escape of the vast fleet of rich traders which had remained hove to, awaiting the issue of the action. Tromp saw the movement, and at once divined the cause, so he fell back, with a great part of his fleet, to cover his convoy. This movement put an end to that day's action; for, seeing their Admiral make sail and leave the enemy, some of the Dutch Captains made sail, and, under the cover of night, were soon far away. Blake remained on the scene of action, but with his men too much exhausted, and his vessels too much damaged, to permit of a chase in a mid-winter night.

Both sides had shown the most devoted valor and untiring zeal. The Dutch had had eight large ships either taken or destroyed. During the battle the Prosperous, the Oak, the Assistance, the Sampson, and several other English ships had been boarded and taken, although

most of them were afterward recaptured. The Sampson was so damaged that her Captain, Button, and his officers and men, were taken out of her, and she was allowed to sink.

The flag-ship Triumph suffered most severely. Her Captain, Andrew Ball, was killed, as was the Admiral's secretary, Sparrow, who was shot down at his side, and nearly half her crew were killed. Blake himself was wounded in the thigh; and the same ball which lamed him for life tore away a part of Deane's buff coat.

The Dutch loss was never ascertained, but it was very heavy, for some of their ships had nearly all the men killed or wounded; and the appearance of their gun-decks, spattered with blood and brains, shocked even the callous captors.

At night Blake sent many of his wounded on shore, where preparations were made for them, all classes turning out to relieve and succor them. Collections of money and clothing were made in all the South and West of England, and the miserable provision made at that day for the sick and wounded was supplemented by the spontaneous gifts of the people.

Blake's own wound, which was not really dangerous at first, required repose and proper treatment, but he would not go on shore.

At night the fleets lay close together, never losing sight of each other's lights during the whole of the long winter's night. During these dark hours all hands were employed in stopping leaks, repairing sails, and getting gun tackle in readiness to renew the contest in the morning.

A dead calm had succeeded to the fresh breeze which was blowing when the battle began; and if it continued the Dutch could have no choice as to renewing the fight

But at daylight a light breeze sprang up, and Tromp, anxious to take home his convoy in safety, disposed his men of war in the form of a crescent, with the traders in the centre, and crowding all sail, stood directly up Channel. Blake followed in pursuit, with all his available ships. It was noon, however, before the Triumph came within gunshot of the rearmost Dutch ship, and it was two in the afternoon before the main body came up with them, off Dungeness.

Seeing that he would be compelled to fight, Tromp ordered his convoy to make the best of their way to the nearest Dutch port, keeping close along Calais and Dunkirk, for protection; and then he turned upon his pursuers, like a lion at bay.

The battle was renewed with great fury. De Ruyter again performed miracles of courage and conduct, but the fortune of war was against him. After some hours his own ship became unmanageable, and would have fallen into the enemy's hands but for Tromp, who saw his danger, and sent a ship to extricate him. With great difficulty this was accomplished. An hour or two later Tromp began to haul off towards Boulogne, but it was not until night fell again that the hostile fleets separated once more.

That night proved bitterly cold, but unusually clear, for winter, so that the English fleet was enabled to keep the Dutch lights in sight. On this day just closed Blake had captured or destroyed five of his enemy's ships, and, in consequence of the recent reforms, had not had occasion to complain of the want of courage, steadiness or promptness of a single commanding officer. In the Dutch fleet Tromp had to contend against want of concert, party bitterness and personal envy in many of his captains. At the close of this day's fighting several of the latter sent

word on board the Brederode that they were out of powder, and Tromp was compelled to send them away in the night, so as to prevent cowardice and treason from spreading to the other ships. To conceal his true motive he pretended to give them orders to take a new position, to windward of the convoy, to protect them from the light craft of the English, which were hovering about.

But when day dawned Blake saw at a glance that the Dutch fleet was considerably reduced in numbers, and inferred that a squadron had been despatched during the night to cover the convoy; and he at once sent a squadron of fleet sailers after them, while he himself bore down once more on his reduced but unconquered enemy. Tromp met him with undaunted courage, and, as usual, fought desperately. But the most he could now hope for, with his reduced fleet, was to occupy Blake until his richly laden convoy could reach a friendly port. But even this seemed doubtful. After the first shock of this day's renewed fighting he felt that he would be able to afford them but small protection; and he sent Captain Van Ness to the merchant fleet, with orders to crowd all sail for Calais Road. As the fight went on he again sent another officer to hurry them in, or else the English frigates would soon be among them. But the wind was blowing from the French coast, and Van Ness' most energetic efforts were insufficient to carry the confused mass of traders near enough to the Roads to be out of danger. More than half the men-of-war and frigates of the Dutch fleet had been scattered, taken, or sunk, by this time, and many of the captains who were left had, contrary to Tromp's orders, retreated upon the flying convoy. Confusion now reigned, and as the English came up, the merchantmen, in their alarm, either ran

foul of each other and knocked themselves to pieces, or fell into the enemy's hands.

Still engaged with the retreating Dutch men-of-war, Blake arrived on the scene in the afternoon, and finding some of the merchant ships actually throwing themselves into his way, he began to suspect that it was done to lure him to make captures and give the discomfited fleet time to rally. He accordingly gave strict orders that every man-of-war still in condition to follow and fight should press on after the main body of the enemy, leaving the traders to be either picked up by the frigates detailed for the purpose, or driven where they could be captured after the Dutch fleet was swept from the Channel. At last darkness put an end to the chase. Tromp ran in and anchored the remnant of his fleet under the French shore, about four miles from Calais. They were in number about one-half what he had sailed with; and all of them more or less damaged.

Blake's pilots all agreed that Tromp could not, as the winds and tides then were, come out to sea again, in order to get home. He, therefore, anchored his fleet also, and set to repair damages. The night was dark and a gale was blowing, and ships' lights could not be seen at any distance. At daylight the sea was clear where so many ships had been at anchor at sunset. Tromp had slipped away toward Dunkirk; and afterward succeeded in entering the various ports of Zealand.

Blake felt that it would not be well for him to follow the enemy into the flats and shallows of his own coast, and so he stood over for England. The bad weather continuing, he carried his fleet and the prizes into Stoke Bay, whence he reported his success to Parliament.

During these successive days of fighting there had been great loss of life. Seven Dutch captains were

killed, and three taken prisoners. Three English captains were killed, and Blake himself, Rear-Admiral Lawson, and many other distinguished officers wounded. The total loss on each side was never published. A day of thanksgiving was appointed in England, and provision made by public subscription, as well as by the State, for the widows and children of those who had fallen.

Blake took no rest, in spite of his wound, but refitted and revictualed his ships, intending to strike a blow at the Brest privateers.

But in April he received information that the equally indefatigable Tromp was making great efforts to equip another fleet. He at once proceeded off the Texel, with about one hundred sail. In the Texel he saw many men-of-war, but Tromp himself had already gone out to the Northward, to convoy in an expected fleet of traders from Spain and the Levant. By good seamanship he brought them safe home, but not by the Channel which he had formerly brushed down with his broom.

Then came Cromwell's assumption of supreme power; and political events of magnitude usurped, in English minds, the Dutch war, and all other matters.

Blake's opinions were known to be unfavorable to the extreme practices of the Protector, and when the Dutch heard of the revolution which had occurred in London, by means of the army, they jumped to the conclusion that their redoubtable naval enemy would no longer carry on the war with the same energy. But in this they were deceived. Blake was loyal to his country and her welfare, before all, and told his captains that "it was not for them to mind affairs of State, but to keep foreigners from fooling us." Though he suspected Cromwell, and abhorred military rule, he had patriotism enough not to deprive his country of such services as he could render.

because it had allowed itself to submit, in an irregular way, to a power not of his choosing.

It was fortunate that he took this resolution promptly, for Tromp, Evertz, Ruyter and De Witt, under the impression that the English fleet was divided by political discord, sailed for Dover Road, with one hundred and thirty ships, manned in haste, took some prizes, and began firing upon the town.

The English fleet was then in three divisions. Deane and Monk, sailing together, in the Resolution, had under their orders thirty-eight sail, carrying 1440 guns, and about 6000 men; Penn had thirty-three sail, with 1200 guns, and 5000 men; and Lawson had thirty-four ships, with 1200 guns, and about 5000 men. The Dutch had a few more ships than the English, but were about equal in guns and men.

When Tromp thus suddenly reappeared, Blake was at the North, with a small fleet, but couriers rode overland, day and night, to apprise him that the Dutch were again in the Channel, and had fired upon Dover.

He made all sail for the South as soon as he heard this important news, having a favoring breeze, and burning with anxiety to join the main fleet before a battle took place.

But on the 2d of June, before he arrived, the hostile fleets sighted each other near the Gable, and were soon in collision. Lawson was in advance of the English fleet, and broke through the Dutch line about midday, separating Ruyter's division from the rest, and engaging it heavily before the main body on either side could get up.

In about an hour Tromp came to Ruyter's relief, and the action then became general. One of the first shots which struck the Resolution killed General Deane, and Monk threw his cloak over the mangled body, and called

to his men to avenge his death. For some hours the Dutch fought with reckless courage, and when night fell both fleets had sustained great damage and loss, but nothing was decided. All that night, while the hostile fleets lay to, near each other, repairing damages, Blake was carrying every possible stitch of sail, to reach the fleet. He was, of course, unaware of the day's events, of the death of his friend and comrade, Deane, and of the doubtful position of the English fleet. The officers and men who had been engaged on the English side watched anxiously for signs of the coming of their great leader, but when the summer morning dawned no trace of his sails could be seen on the northern horizon. Tromp was unaware that Blake was expected that day, as he believed him to be too far North to be recalled. He, therefore, spent the whole morning in manœuvres for the weather gage. A calm put a stop to this at about noon, and then the great guns opened again on both sides, and the battle was renewed with great energy, but neither side seemed to have any decided advantage. If there was any it was upon the side of the Dutch. But early in the afternoon Blake managed to draw near, with a light air, and his thundering broadsides upon the flank and rear of the Hollanders put new life into the harassed and flagging English. Young Blake was the first of the English reinforcement to engage the enemy, and, as if to announce the arrival of the great captain upon the scene, he broke through the Dutch line, belching forth death from both batteries, and greeted with tremendous cheers from the English ships.

By four o'clock the battle was over, and the retreat of the Dutch began. Tromp fought with the energy of despair; but nothing could withstand the onset of such a force, led by Blake himself.

The Brederode boarded Penn's flag-ship, the James, but

the attack was repulsed by Penn's crew, who, in turn, boarded the Brederode, and would probably have captured that ship had not Tromp, resolved not to fall into his enemy's hands alive, thrown a match into the magazine, and caused an explosion, which sent the upper deck and the gallant boarders upon it into the air, the planks shivered into splinters, and the men horribly scorched and mutilated.

Most strange to relate, Tromp himself was but little hurt; but a report of his death spreading, many of his captains, thinking all was lost, bore up and fled. De Ruyter and De Witt exerted themselves in vain to stem the tide of disorder and defeat. Tromp, after his marvelous escape, left the wrecked Brederode for a fast sailing frigate, and passed through his fleet, encouraging those who stood fast, and threatening the waverers, while he fired upon some who fled the scene.

But it was too late. The day was lost, and the brave old man had at last, reluctantly, to give the order for retreat.

Just then a fresh gale sprang up, but the English fleet pressed sail after them, sank some ships, captured others, and were only made to cease by darkness coming on.

Favored by the darkness, Tromp anchored in Ostend Road, and next day escaped, with the remnant of his fleet, into Weilingen.

The news of this great defeat threw the United Provinces into a dangerous ferment. The mob rose in many towns, and committed great excesses. The Admirals offered to resign; and they all declared that they would go to sea no more with such an organized fleet as they then possessed. De Witt openly acknowledged that the English were, for the present, masters of the sea.

The naval power of Holland was indeed, for the time, completely broken; and the final battle of the war,

hazarded and lost two months later, was an expiring effort, made with crippled resources, and under circumstances of the greatest discouragement.

The English fleet, though it kept the sea, was scarcely in better condition than that of their enemy. Blake kept the Dutch coast blockaded, nevertheless, while their commerce was intercepted and their fisheries idle. In doing this his fleet suffered from bad and scanty provisions, which brought on much sickness. Blake himself fell ill, and had to be taken on shore, more dead than alive, leaving to Monk, Penn and Lawson the carrying out of his plans.

One more blow, and all was over. In the temporary absence of the English blockading fleet, the Dutch squadrons at Weilingen and the Texel put to sea, and effected a junction. But their shattered fleet was felt to be unfit to cope with their powerful opponents, and when they met the English fleet, they endeavored to avoid a battle. But Penn and Lawson pressed sail to come up with them, and some fighting had already taken place, when night came on, and stopped it.

Next day a heavy gale prevented a renewal of the action; but on the next the fleets once more met.

During the close fighting which ensued the aged and able Van Tromp received a musket ball through the heart, and fell upon his own quarter-deck,—an appropriate death for the gallant but unfortunate veteran.

At his death his fleet fled; the English pursuing without mercy, for the ruthless Monk was now in command, and had ordered his captains to give no quarter. They made no prisoners; and the end of the engagement was rather a massacre than a battle.

Immediately after this the humbled States General sued for peace.

FRENCH AND DUTCH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. A.D. 1676.

IN the latter part of 1674 Messina and a part of Sicily revolted against the Spaniards, and Louis XIV resolved to sustain the insurrection, in pursuance of his political designs. In consequence, Duquesne, who had just been named General of the Naval Forces, sailed from Toulon, on January 29th, 1675, with eight ships-of-war, bound for the Sicilian coast.

Before we detail his operations there, it may be of interest to give some sketch of this very remarkable man.

Abraham, Marquis Duquesne, one of the greatest seamen France ever produced, was born in Dieppe, an important seaport in the north of France. He entered the navy early, and soon rose to the command of a ship, in which he joined in the recapture of some of the French islands from the Spaniards, for which service he was reported most favorably to the great Richelieu. During these operations he learned of the death of his father, in action with the Spaniards, and Duquesne seems ever after to have entertained the greatest dislike for this nation, causing them to feel the effects of his resentment on numberless occasions. In 1638 he, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, rescued from under

the guns of St. Sebastian several French vessels which had been stranded there. The same year, at the battle of Gattari, Duquesne decided the victory by blowing up the Spanish admiral's flag-ship, by means of a fire-vessel.

The next year he served on the Biscayan coast, and, at Santona, was dangerously wounded in the jaw by a bullet, while boarding a Spanish galleon.

During 1641 he served against Spain in the Mediterranean, was constantly engaged, and again wounded. In succeeding years he was actively employed, at Cape de Gatte, and at Carthagena, and was again wounded.

Already a veteran, Duquesne was obliged, by the neglect into which the French navy fell after Richelieu's death, to take service under the Swedes, then engaged in a naval war with Denmark. Queen Christina, who knew his merit, received him cordially, and made him a vice-admiral.

In this capacity he was engaged in the naval battle of 1644, under Fleming and Torstensen, against the old king, Christian IV, of Denmark. He also served in other naval battles, in the north, under Admiral Wrangel.

Peace being concluded between Denmark and Sweden, Duquesne left the service of the latter State, and returned to his own country; and, in 1645, was again actively employed against Spain, and was again wounded.

In 1647, being then a *capitaine de vaisseau*, he was sent to Sweden to purchase four vessels of the line for the French navy. After this he had command of Dunkirk, in French Flanders, for five years.

In 1653 occurred the naval operations of the Duke de Vendome, about the mouth of the Gironde, in consequence of the civil war of the Fronde. The French navy had at this time so decreased that the Duke, in summoning Duquesne from the North Sea to his assistance, was

obliged to ask the latter to man and equip some of the vessels at his own expense.

On his way down the Channel to join the Duke, Duquesne met an English squadron, which summoned him to lower his flag, a token of submission at that time imposed upon all foreigners by the English, if within Ushant or even Finisterre. To this demand Duquesne returned a haughty refusal, whereupon a very close and murderous engagement took place, which resulted in the English, although quite equal in guns to the French, being put to flight.

On arriving off the Gironde a Spanish squadron, operating in connection with the insurgents, attempted to bar his progress; but he drove them off, and succeeded in joining the Duke, and greatly assisted in the reduction of Bordeaux and all Guienne.

In recognition of his services Anne of Austria bestowed upon Duquesne a chateau and estate in Brittany, with a promise of reimbursement for his expenses in fitting out his squadron.

The peace of 1659 relegated Duquesne to civil life; but Colbert, during this cessation of arms, had the wisdom to imitate Richelieu in fostering and rebuilding the navy of France, so that, when war broke out between France and Holland, in 1672, the former was able at once to send to sea a formidable fleet.

During this year Duquesne held a high command in the great naval battles in the North Sea; particularly those off Southwood, where Vice Admiral d'Estrées was opposed to the Dutch Admiral Benkaërt; as well as the two battles where the combined French and English fleets, under Prince Rupert, Admiral Spragge, and d' Estrées, fought the Hollanders under Ruyter, Cornelis, Tromp and Benkaërt.

England suddenly made peace with Holland, but France continued the war, with the alliance of Spain, Germany, and the two Sicilies; and it is at this point that we take up Duquesne's battles with the Dutch fleet.

When he sailed from Toulon, in January, 1675, he had on board the Duke de Vivonne, General of the Galleys of France, who had been named Viceroy of Sicily. He had in charge a convoy, also, with a great store of wheat and other provisions for Messina.

On February 11th, in sight of the Sicilian coast, Duquesne and Vivonne were attacked by a Spanish fleet of twenty men-of-war and seventeen galleys, commanded by Don Melchoir de la Cueva. Duquesne sustained the attack of this large force with such vigor and determination that he gave time for the Chevalier de Valbelle to arrive from Messina with a considerable reinforcement, when, in his turn taking the offensive, he drove off the Spanish fleet, pursued it until it took refuge in Naples, and then triumphantly entered Messina with his convoy.

He soon after, in concert with Vivonne, captured the town of Agosta; after which Duquesne was sent back to France, with the greater part of the fleet, to bring back to Sicily munitions of war and reinforcements, then much needed at Messina.

On his arrival at Toulon, Duquesne learned that the great Dutch naval commander, Ruyter, had entered the Mediterranean, to operate in conjunction with the Spanish fleet. He was placed in command of a very considerable fleet, to enable him to measure his forces with those of the redoubtable Hollander who had been so successful against the English and others. Duquesne was then sixty-four years of age, and Ruyter was near seventy.

The Dutch Admiral had risen from the lowest origin to be the Admiral of Holland. This was the result of his

own great ability and bravery; and he was so much the favorite of the Dutch government and people that, although he begged to be excused from further service, on account of age, nothing would satisfy them but that he should make this one important campaign. Duquesne sailed again, from Toulon, on the 17th of December, 1675, with a fleet of twenty ships-of-the-line, and six fire-ships, bound for Messina.

As soon as the veteran Ruyter heard that he had put to sea, he hastened to meet him. Some days before this an English trader had met the illustrious Admiral of Holland off Melazzo, about twenty-five miles from Messina. The Englishman inquired what he was doing in those parts, and Ruyter replied that "he was waiting for the brave Admiral Duquesne."

The hostile fleets met on the 16th of January, 1676, off the Lipari Islands, between Salino and Stromboli, under the very shadow of the ever active volcano.

The whole day was passed in reconnoitring each other's strength, and in manœuvring; and during the whole succeeding night the fleets were working for the weather gage. Each commander had a true respect for the courage and ability of his opponent; and each knew that he must expect an exceptionally vigorous attack.

On the morning of the 8th, at daylight, Duquesne, who had obtained the advantage of the wind, crowded sail down upon the Dutch fleet, which lay about two leagues to leeward.

The French were in three divisions. Their van was commanded by Preuilly d'Humières; the rear by Gabaret l'ainé, both excellent officers; the centre was under the command of Duquesne himself, who had his flag in the Saint Esprit, and was immediately supported by the

Chevalier de Valbelle, in the Pompeux, and that splendid sailor, Tourville, in the Sceptre.

The Dutch fleet, which comprised twenty-four ships-of-the-line, two flutes, and four fire-ships, was also divided into three. Their van was commanded by Verschoor, their rear by De Haan, and the centre by Ruyter himself.

The French came down in such a beautiful line that Ruyter himself showed and expressed a sailor's admiration for the skill and discretion shown. The French van opened fire at about nine in the morning, and both fleets immediately engaged. The battle, as may be supposed from the character of the officers, was a most obstinate and well contested one, and continued for seven hours, with very varying fortunes. At the termination each side claimed a victory; but the advantage was clearly with Duquesne, for the Dutch fleet, which was there to bar his passage, was so much injured that Ruyter could not prevent Duquesne from entering Messina with his fleet; which he did, on the following day, without molestation from the Dutch.

In the course of the battle Ruyter's flag-ship, the Concordia, and Duquesne's flag-ship, the Saint Esprit, had an encounter, which lasted until the Concordia declined further battle, after so sharp and murderous an engagement that Ruyter said it was the hottest fight he had ever been in in his life; and no one was a better judge.

But this battle of the Lipari Islands was only the prelude to a still more desperate and important one.

The active and enterprising Duquesne, having refitted at Messina, sailed from that port again, with two objects in view. The first was to protect important convoys of stores and provisions expected from France; and the second to protect the town of Agosta from an expected attack by the Dutch fleet.

Ruyter, hearing that Duquesne was again at sea, went straight to meet him, with his fleet reinforced by a Spanish squadron, under the command of Don Francisco de la Cerda.

The rival Admirals made each other out on the 21st of April, and the next day the fleets met off Agosta, which is some fifteen miles to the northward of Syracuse.

Duquesne had now thirty sail-of-the-line, and eight fire-ships. Ruyter had twenty-nine sail, nine galleys, and four fire-ships.

On this occasion the French Admiral had entrusted the command of his van to Almeiras, his rear to Commodore Gabaret l'ainé, and himself commanded the centre.

Ruyter, in this battle, preferred to command the van himself, and not the centre, as was usual for the Commander-in-chief.

The Spanish ships he put in the centre of his line of battle, and Vice-admiral de Haan in command of his rear division.

At about two in the afternoon Ruyter, with the van division, attacked that of Almeiras, which sustained his vigorous assault with great steadiness. Unfortunately, however, Almeiras was soon killed by a cannon-ball, and wavering and indecision at once showed itself in his division; but the Chevalier de Valbelle coming up, and assuming command, the temporary confusion ceased, and the division conducted itself well. Just then Duquesne came down to the assistance of his van; and the battle became general all along the line, the firing of the two well drilled and well appointed fleets being described as unusually sharp and terrible.

The two Admirals' ships, the Saint Esprit and the Concordia, met once more, and a most obstinate and destructive fight ensued. For a long time it was doubt-

ful which would have the advantage. At last the Concordia suddenly and unexpectedly slacked her fire; then it ceased, and she wore ship, and made sail in retreat. Ruyter had been badly wounded, his left foot being carried off, and his right leg broken in two places, while, in falling, he had injured his head severely.

Even after he fell he continued to exhort those about him to fight courageously, but, disheartened by the strong resistance of the French, and by the desperate wounds of their beloved Commander-in-Chief, the Dutch van, from that moment, ceased their fire and ran to leeward, leaving their centre and rear still heavily engaged.

Vice Admiral de Haan was true to his reputation as a superior sea officer, and made desperate efforts to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but the victory was with the French, and De Haan was glad to be able to withdraw his fleet, at nightfall, and to take refuge in the convenient port of Syracuse.

Duquesne remained off the port all night, his battle lanterns burning, and the next day took every means to provoke the Dutch to come out and renew the battle, but without effect.

This ended the naval battle of Ætna, or Mount Gibel.

Ruyter died seven days after the battle.

On the 28th of May Vivonne, the Viceroy of Sicily, came out of Messina with Duquesne, in his flag-ship, the Saint Esprit, with the intention of attacking the combined fleets of Holland and Spain, which were then together, and lying in Palermo. They arrived off that city on the 31st, and next day the Spanish and Dutch fleets came out. But it was not until the second of June that a decisive battle was fought. It was decided in a comparatively short time, for no less than twelve of the Dutch and Spanish ships, set on fire by the fire-ships of

Duquesne, blew up, destroying, besides their officers and crews, Admiral de Haan, Don Diégo d' Ibarra, Don Francisco de la Cerda, Flores, and other admirals and principal officers.

The French loss in this last engagement was comparatively insignificant.

Upon his return from this engagement Duquesne met the "Concordia," which had left Syracuse with the remains of Ruyter, which she was carrying back to Holland. Giving the ship free passage, he saluted the remains of the illustrious seaman in an appropriate manner. Louis XIV, in learning of Ruyter's death, ordered all of his forts and batteries (in sight of which the Dutch ship passed while bearing his remains) to salute. This was considered very remarkable, for Ruyter was a Protestant, which, in that day, was considered worse, in France, than being a political enemy.

Still more remarkable, Duquesne was a Protestant, and when it came to recompensing him for his long and arduous and distinguished services, Louis XIV required him to renounce the Protestant faith, promising him a Marshal's baton, and other honors. Duquesne simply replied that, if he was a Protestant, his services were Catholic. He received the domain of Du Bouchet, and afterwards a Marquisate, but never was really in favor with Louis.

It may be of interest to some to continue the history of this great French sailor.

He continued to serve at sea, though an old man; and among some other exploits of his of this date, was the burning of some Spanish vessels in the very port of Barcelona.

After the peace of Nimeguen he kept very quiet, and seldom went to court, an unusual thing in those

days, especially for those who had such claims as Duquesne.

In 1682 he was sent with a fleet to Algiers, which city he bombarded for several days, with great effect, but was compelled, by bad weather, to return and winter at Toulon.

In June, 1683, he reappeared before Algiers, completely reducing the place by his fire, so that the population rose up against the Dey. All the French slaves were given up, but Mezzo Morto, who had succeeded to the Dey, who had been put to death by the insurgents, renewed the defence, when the bombardment was continued by Duquesne, to such an extent that it rendered the Algerines harmless for a long time, by destroying all their vessels and naval stores.

Two years after this Duquesne commanded the French fleet which bombarded Genoa, and, at different times, inflicted so much damage that the Doge and four Senators were obliged to come to Versailles, to beg pardon, in person, from the King. It was on this occasion that the Doge was asked what he found most surprising in Versailles, and answered "that it was to find himself there."

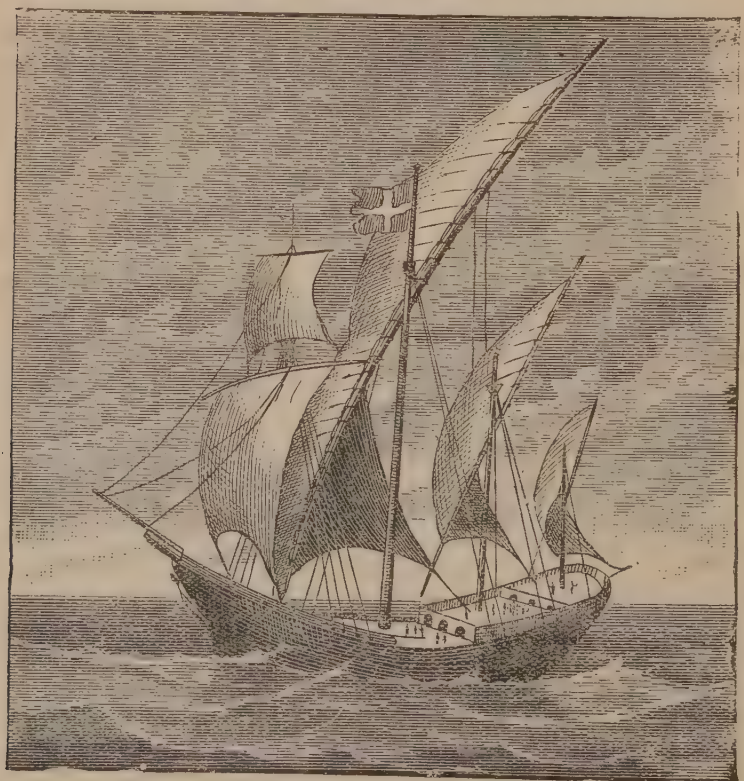
The Genoese expedition was Duquesne's last service. He had been sixty years in actual service, a time only rivaled by Doria. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes distressed the veteran beyond measure. He alone, of all the Protestants of France, was excepted from proscription, and enabled to retain his rank and honors. But his children and friends, his relatives and co-religionists, were banished from their homes; and this had a most depressing effect upon the Admiral, and, no doubt, hastened his death.

He died at Paris, on February 2, 1688, aged seventy-eight years. With his last words he implored his eldest

son not to serve against his country, as many of the exiled Huguenots were then doing. So great was the feeling at the time of his death, that his remains were privately buried, his son's request to have them sent to him in Switzerland being refused; but he erected a tablet to his memory.

This was in great contrast with the splendid obsequies and the tomb given by Holland to his adversary, Ruyter.

Louis XVI, afterwards tried to make reparation for this treatment of such a great French naval hero, by placing Duquesne's portrait in the royal apartments at Versailles. In 1844 the City of Dieppe erected a bronze statue in his honor, and one of the large vessels of the French navy is generally called "Duquesne."



A CARAVEL OF THE TIME OF COLUMBUS.

BATTLE OF CAPE LA HAGUE. A. D. 1692.

LA HAGUE, or La Hougue, is in the Department of the Manche, in the north of France. It is to the westward of Cherbourg and on the same peninsula. It is often confounded with La Hogue, another cape to the eastward of Cherbourg; and the battle which took place off this point in 1692, and which gave such a fatal blow to the naval power of Louis XIV, is generally called, in the histories, La Hogue.

Louis XIV, having seen the failure of the expedition which he had prepared to attack Ireland, with a view to the re-establishment of James II, resolved, if possible, to strike a vital blow at England in another manner. He, therefore, prepared an armament which was to protect and take part in a descent upon the territory of England, herself the hereditary enemy of France.

The French King reckoned not only upon the number and force of his fleet, but also upon the revulsion in public opinion which seemed to have taken place in England, in regard to King William. Many eminent persons, among others the famous Duke of Marlborough, were known to have opened secret relations with James II; and that Prince had reason to count upon many adherents in the English fleet, which he had for a long time commanded, previous to his accession. Among others, he is said to

have depended upon Admiral Russel and Rear Admiral Carter.

Louis XIV, confident in the ultimate result of all his designs, laid down the plan of a naval expedition, by which he would be enabled to land a force of 30,000 men, fully equipped, upon the English coast.

Tourville was ordered to the command of the French fleet. Aimé Hilarion de Cottentin, Count de Tourville, was born at the Chateau of Tourville, in Normandy, in 1642. He entered the Order of Malta while still a boy, and at the age of eighteen began to serve in the galleys of the Order, where he soon made a reputation, so much so that he was called to court, and given the grade of Capitaine de Vaisseau. He served under the Duke de Beaufort, at the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks; and afterward distinguished himself in the war with Holland; and still later, distinguished himself at the relief of Messina, which had revolted against the Spanish rule.

The following year he took part in Duquesne's brilliant expedition against the Algerines and Tripolitans, when the Corsairs received the most crushing blows which had ever been dealt to them, up to that time.

In 1684 he participated in the bombardment of Genoa, and four years after, in a successful cruise against the Dutch. In the same year he inflicted a severe bombardment upon Algiers.

In 1689, being now an Admiral, he commanded a fleet which, in connection with one under D'Estrées, was to support the cause of James II. This combined fleet succeeded in landing some few men and some munitions of war in Ireland, but, on the whole, the operation was a failure. While in command of the French fleet, in the year following, he had a battle with the Anglo-Dutch fleet,

off the Isle of Wight, which was a most inglorious affair for the English, their Admiral, the Earl of Torrington, behaving with great want of spirit. The result was that Tourville captured and burned many of the English ships, not losing one himself. The sturdy Dutchmen made a good fight, and came off much better than their English allies.

In 1692, as above stated, Tourville was ordered to the fleet fitted for a descent on England; and now we shall take up the account of the battle once more.

The bulk of Tourville's fleet was in Brest, and as the spring opened he received orders to sail from that port, enter the Channel, and attack the English fleet, no matter in what force they might be found, before they could be reinforced by the Dutch fleet, which was preparing to join them.

The French King and his ministers had convinced themselves that, in the event of a collision, a very large part of the English fleet would go over to the side of the Allies of James II.

All these projects and all these hopes were brought to naught, however, by head winds and bad weather, which detained Tourville in Brest harbor for more than a month, while the two squadrons from Rochefort and Toulon, which should have reinforced him, were prevented by the same bad weather from joining him in time.

Tourville, supposing that the same winds which had prevented his leaving Brest had facilitated the junction of the Allies, requested the permission of the Minister of Marine to remain in Brest until his expected reinforcements had joined him.

Pontchartrain, at that time minister, and exercising an enormous influence over the King, ordered him to fight the English fleet, whether he was strong or weak—"*fort*

ou faible." The minister added, "It does not become you to discuss the King's orders. Your duty is to execute them, and to sail for the Channel at once. Send me word whether you intend to do so; and, if not, the King will place in command of the fleet some one who is more obedient and less cautious."

This was certainly a most insolent and improper manner for the minister—who was, by the way, profoundly ignorant of naval matters—to address the greatest seaman which France, up to that time, had produced.

But Pontchartrain was noted for his arrogant and overbearing official manners. Tourville having at this time complained of the bad quality of the powder supplied him, and reporting that it could not be depended upon, a subordinate of the Ministry of Marine was deputed to reply to him that "if he found the powder did not carry far enough, he had only to approach his enemy a little nearer." There seems to be absolutely something grotesque and ridiculous in such words, addressed in such a way, to such a man, had it not been for the sad termination of the action into which he was driven, against his own professional convictions.

Tourville put to sea with about fifty-six ships, in place of seventy-eight which had been promised him. He had hardly got to sea before Louis XIV received information that the Jacobite plot had completely failed, and that it was reported that Marlborough and several other persons of distinction had been arrested; and that the Dutch and English fleets had effected a junction.

The King at once sent orders, in great haste, to despatch fast-sailing corvettes to seek for Tourville, and to warn him not to go into the Channel before he had been joined by the squadrons expected from the southern ports. This was just what Tourville had asked for, when

he received such an unmerited rebuke from Pontchartrain.

Unfortunately, none of the vessels despatched for the purpose found him, and he pressed on into the Channel.

On the 19th of May, at daylight, between Barfleur and La Hague, he found himself in the presence of the Allied fleet, the most powerful that, up to that time, had ever taken the sea. It consisted of ninety-nine ships, thirty-six of which were Dutch. Seventy-eight of these vessels were of more than fifty guns. Admiral Russel's flag was flying on board the Britannia, of 100 guns; his Vice-Admiral was Sir Ralph Delaval, in the Royal Sovereign, 100; and the Rear-Admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in the London, 100. There were three other 100-gun ships in the English fleet. The second division, or "Blue Squadron" of the English fleet was commanded by Admiral Sir John Ashby, in the Victory, 100; Vice-Admiral George Rooke, in the Windsor Castle, 90, and Rear-Admiral Richard Carter. The Dutch fleet was commanded by Admiral Allemonde.

The total number of guns carried by these ninety-nine ships was 6998; and they were manned by nearly 41,000 men.

To oppose this great force Tourville had, as we have said, sixty-three vessels, including seven which had joined him from Rochefort; and about 3500 guns, with a little less than twenty thousand men.

When they made each other out the French fleet bore west of the Allies, and it was quite hazy, so that neither could tell upon which tack their opponent was. But soon after sunrise the haze dispersed, and the French were found to be upon the starboard tack, the same as the van and centre of the Allies, and forming their line. At 8 A. M. the Allied line was formed, the Dutch in the van, Ad-

miral Russel in the centre, and Sir John Ashby in the rear.

Tourville, at sight of the Allies, and making out their force and numbers, called a council of war on board his flag-ship, the Soleil Royal. All his officers of any rank or experience advised him to avoid a battle against such odds. By 9 A.M. the French fleet had stretched nearly as far to the southward as the Allied fleet; the wind continued light from the southwest, and the French fleet could with ease have avoided or delayed an engagement. But Tourville exhibited to his officers the orders he had received—written orders from the king himself—and at the sight of these no more was to be said, and at about half past ten A.M. the French fleet, to the astonishment of the English, made all sail, and bore down to the attack. It was certainly an act of temerity, for the division of Admiral Russel himself would have been not a bad match for the French.

Tourville, with his division, steered straight for that of Russel. The latter did not avail himself of the advantage of firing as his adversaries approached, but allowed Tourville to come down in silence and choose his own distance; at the same time he ordered the Dutch fleet to tack to the northward. In doing so a Dutch vessel fired at Tourville, and the whole line at once took it up. Tourville at first had evidently intended to bear down and cut through the English line; and had he done this the probability is that the English centre would have been seriously damaged before the rear or van could have approached to its assistance, as the light wind dwindled to a calm as soon as the heavy firing commenced. In bringing to when he did, the French Admiral relinquished this advantage.

The engagement which now followed was terribly

destructive, especially in the centre. The English especially attacked the Soleil Royal, on which Tourville showed the Admiral's Standard of France. At times she had to sustain the fire of five or six ships at once. She was finally so cut up in sails, rigging, and spars, that she had to be towed out of action. It is said that the English excelled the French in rapidity of fire, delivering three broadsides to two of the French.

During the fight between the centre divisions the English rear division cut in two a French division commanded by Admiral Pannetier, and turned the flank of the French rear. This would have been most disastrous for the latter had not the greater part of Ashby's division pursued four or five vessels of Pannetier, in place of turning again upon the mass of the French. Gabaret, the French rear commander, was thus enabled to hold his own against the rest of Ashby's division, while a portion of his ships went to the relief of Tourville, who was sore beset, as we have seen. Coëtlogon, who commanded the succoring ships, was an old friend and comrade of Tourville's, and he determined to save his chief or to die with him. He made so vigorous an attack that he not only extricated the Soleil Royal, but even made Russel's division, strong as it was, temporarily give way.

A dense fog now came on, and firing ceased, as they could not distinguish friend from foe, the ships drifting together, with the tide. Gabaret, with the ships of the rear division which were left him, profited by the respite, to fall in astern of Tourville's line, and they then anchored. Russel's division not doing so immediately, drifted off to some distance.

The killed and wounded in this day's fight were very numerous, on both sides. The English ship Eagle, a 70,

lost seventy men killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. Among the English killed was Rear-Admiral Carter, whom the French always insisted had promised James II to abandon William, while he was revealing to the latter the French plans against him.

Ashby's ships having now abandoned the pursuit of Pannetier's, that Admiral joined Tourville, and a brisk fire was once more opened. Happily for the French, it was just then impossible for Russel to come up, owing to lack of wind and a strong tide, or the French fleet must have been crushed, as it lay between him and Ashby.

The Dutch division had been held in check by the French van division, owing to the ability with which its Commander, d'Amfreville, had preserved the weather gage. Possibly, also, the Dutch did not fight with their whole heart for those who, as they said, had sacrificed them off Beachy Head, some years before.

Night was now coming on, and Admiral Ashby, becoming uneasy at his separation from the rest of the fleet, determined to rejoin Russel. To do this he had to pass through the French fleet, and succeeded in doing so, with some loss.

The French fleet having anchored to stem the flood tide were soon left far to the westward by the English, who kept under way. On the morning of the 20th the bulk of the French vessels were seen nine or ten miles to the westward, and a general chase ensued.

Thus far no French ships had been taken, and only one or two destroyed. Tourville gathered most of his vessels, except eight or ten which had made for Brest, when chased off the day before, and finding many of them much injured, ordered them to endeavor to reach any port they could, in Normandy or Brittany. In the unfortified places they were at once stranded, and as much of

their armament and stores were saved as possible. Some fifteen of their finest ships, in this position, were soon afterward burned by the English, and it was this which pointed out more forcibly to the French government the necessity of a military port either at La Hague or Cherbourg, as had been repeatedly urged by Colbert and Vauban.

Had the English understood the intricate navigation about the Channel Islands and Saint Malo as well as the French did, there is no doubt that they would have secured some of the French ships as trophies. As it was, not one was brought in to an English port.

The moral effect of a victory remained the same, however, rendering William III more firm upon his throne, while the hopes of James II were completely dissipated.

Louis XIV, the real author of the defeat suffered by his fleet, wrote to Tourville the following singular letter:—

"I have had so much joy in learning that, with forty-four of my ships, you have fought, for a whole day, ninety of my enemies, that I feel no sorrow for the great loss which I have suffered."

This letter was intended, no doubt, to soothe the wounded feelings of Tourville. Indeed, Louis seems to have taken upon himself the whole responsibility of the defeat, as he should have done.

The following year he bestowed upon Tourville, in company with the Duke de Villars, Marquis de Boufflers, the Duke de Noailles, and Catinat, the baton of a Marshal of France.

BENBOW. A. D. 1702.

FOR some reason Benbow has always been considered the typical seaman of the latter part of the 17th century, a distinction which he appears to owe to his honesty and bravery, together with the fact that he was almost always actively employed in the service of King William III, with whom he was a favorite. He was born in 1650, and entered the navy as a midshipman in the reign of James II.

Queen Anne ascended the English throne on the 8th of March, 1702, and on the 2d of May declared war against France.

In September, 1701, Vice-Admiral Benbow had sailed to the West Indies with a squadron of ten sail of third- and fourth-rate ships, under orders to detain the Spanish galleons, which were to make their yearly voyage home, with treasure and valuables.

Admiral Chateau Renaud also sailed from Brest, with the same destination, with fourteen sail-of-the-line and sixteen frigates, to meet the galleons and escort them to Cadiz. Benbow was very active in the West Indies, not only in protecting English trade, but in combating the plans of Chateau Renaud, of which he had managed to become informed.

On the 19th of August, 1702, in the evening, Benbow, with his small squadron, being off Santa Martha, fell in

with ten sail of French ships, under Admiral Du Casse. His squadron, consisting of four ships, each mounting sixty or seventy guns, one large Dutch ship, another full of troops, and the remainder chiefly small vessels, were running down close in shore, under their topsails.

Benbow immediately gave chase; but his ships being very much separated, he was under the necessity of waiting their arrival up before commencing an attack upon the French. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, his ships being up, the engagement began.

The British squadron consisted of the Breda, of 70 guns, Benbow's flag-ship, one sixty-four, one fifty-four, and four forty-eight-gun ships.

Benbow's intention seems to have been to overtake the leading French ship, and as soon as his second astern was abreast of this ship, to have commenced the action. If these were disabled, the rest would have fallen an easy prey; but the Falmouth, 48, disobeyed his orders, and, being in the rear, closed with and engaged the Dutch ship. The Windsor, 48, and Defiance, 64, also engaged the ships nearest to them, but after an interchange of broadsides, hauled off, and stood out of gunshot, in a most cowardly manner. The brunt of the action thus fell upon the Breda, the flag-ship, which was opposed to the two sternmost French line-of-battle ships, by which she was seriously cut up and disabled.

The fight lasted until night fell, and Benbow continued the pursuit of the enemy until the next morning, but at daybreak he found he had only the Ruby, 48, near him, the rest of his ships being five miles astern.

At 2 P.M. on the 20th, the sea breeze having set in, the French formed line and made sail on their way, followed by the Breda and two other English ships; the remaining four making no effort to join in the pursuit of their

enemy. The ships with Benbow could only annoy the enemy's rear, but he continued to follow them, under every disadvantage, for the next two days. At 2 A.M. of the 24th the Breda was enabled, by a change in the wind, to pass close to the sternmost French ship, and a smart action ensued. Benbow, in person, boarded the French ship three times, in doing which he received a severe wound in the face and another in the arm; and shortly afterward the gallant Admiral had his right leg shattered by a chain-shot, and was carried below; but he insisted upon being again taken on deck, and there he remained, lying in his cot and continuing to give orders as to the engagement.

The Breda's immediate opponent was in a short time reduced to a mere wreck, having lost her fore-top-mast, main yard and mizzen-mast, and having her hull completely riddled by shot. Soon after daylight Benbow observed the other French ships bearing down to her assistance; and at the same time he had the extreme mortification of seeing the Windsor, Pendennis, Greenwich and Defiance, of his own squadron, actually bearing up, and running away to leeward, in despite of his signal, then flying, for "close action."

The French, observing the dastardly conduct of Benbow's captains, steered for the Breda, and opened fire upon that ship, which shot away some of her spars, and otherwise considerably damaged her. They then sent fresh hands on board the Breda's late opponent, and taking her in tow, made sail and went away, without any attempt on the part of the English ships to prevent it.

One of Benbow's lieutenants, at this time expressing his sympathy on the loss of the Admiral's leg, the brave man replied, "I am sorry for it too; but I had rather lost them both than have seen this dishonor brought upon

the English nation. But do you hear," he continued, "if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out!"

In spite of his condition and that of his flag-ship, Benbow determined still to follow the enemy, so he communicated with his captains, and ordered them to keep their stations in the line, "and behave like men." Upon this Captain Kirkby, of the Defiance, came on board the flag-ship, and told the Admiral "that he had better desist; that the French were very strong, and from what was passed he might guess he could make nothing of it." Upon sending for the captains of the other ships, to his great disgust, surprise, and chagrin, he found they coincided in opinion with Kirkby; and although at that time the English squadron possessed advantages of both strength and position, the gallant Benbow had to yield, give up the pursuit, and proceed with his squadron to Jamaica, where he died of his wounds, on November 4th, at the age of fifty-two.

Before his death a court-martial assembled, to try Captain Kirkby on charges of cowardice, disobedience of orders and neglect of duty, and these charges having been most clearly proven, he was justly sentenced to be shot. Captain Constable, of the Windsor, was tried on the same charges, but cowardice not being proved, he was only cashiered. Wade, of the Greenwich, was tried for like offences, which were proven, as well as drunkenness, and he was shot. Wade and Kirkby were both shot to death on board the Bristol, at Plymouth, on the 16th of April, 1703. Captain Hudson, of the Pendennis, died before his trial came on, and the other two captains were cleared by the court-martial. Altogether, this was one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever happened in the British navy.

Shortly before his death Benbow received the following letter from his late adversary, Admiral Du Casse, which speaks for itself:—

"CARTHAGENA, August 22d, 1702.

"SIR: I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin, but it pleased God to order it otherwise; I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for by —— they deserve it. Yours, DU CASSE."

The galleons which poor Benbow was to intercept did not finally escape. They succeeded in crossing the Atlantic, under convoy of the French fleet, and put into Vigo. Admiral Sir George Rooke was off Cadiz, with the English fleet, and as soon as he heard of the arrival of the galleons and their escort at Vigo, sailed for that place. Arriving off that bay he sent in a boat to obtain intelligence respecting the force and disposition of the French and Spanish ships.

This being determined, it was considered that the whole fleet could not act, in the bay, upon the enemy's ships; but, on the contrary, that they would only impede each other. It was therefore arranged that fifteen English and ten Dutch men-of-war (acting with them), and a number of fire-ships, should be sent in to destroy the Franco-Spanish fleet. The frigates and bomb vessels were to follow this detachment, and the larger ships were to come in afterward, if their services should be required. Some troops were to be landed at the same time, and attack a fort at the south of the harbor. All the English and Dutch flag officers went in the attacking squadron, leaving their heavy flag-ships outside. Vice-Admiral Hopson led the van, followed by the Dutch Vice-Admiral Van der Goes. Sir George Rooke himself, Rear-Admiral Sir Stafford Fairborne, and the Dutch Admirals Callemburg and Wassenaer, commanded the centre; while Rear-Admiral Graydon and Vice-Admiral Pieterson brought

up the rear, with the mortar vessels and fire-ships. Seldom has it happened that so few vessels should have so many officers of high rank in command, but it was done to give eclat, and to ensure the success of a difficult undertaking.

On the 12th of October, in the morning, the attacking squadron got under way, and made sail for the harbor, the entrance to which is very narrow, and was protected by a strong boom, composed of masts and yards, secured to anchors dropped in mid-channel, and the ends attached to two of the largest French ships, the Espérance and the Bourbon.

Within the boom five ships of from sixty to seventy guns were moored, with their broadsides bearing upon the mouth of the harbor.

The van division of the attacking fleet had hardly reached within gunshot of the batteries when the wind died away, and they were obliged to anchor. But a strong breeze soon sprang up, and Vice-Admiral Hopson cut his cable, and, crowding all sail, bore down upon the boom. The velocity acquired by his ship, the Torbay, broke the boom, and he at once found himself between the two large French ships. Owing to a flaw of wind, the other ships could not just then follow, but Admiral Van der Goes and the remainder of the squadron soon found a way through the passage Hopson had made, and the Bourbon was captured.

In the meantime the Torbay was in great danger, from a fire-ship, and owed her preservation to a rather singular circumstance.

The fire-ship was a French merchant ship, which had on board a large cargo of snuff, which, in the hurry of preparing her for a fire-ship, had not been removed. When the fire reached the snuff it was so deadened that

the Torbay was saved from otherwise certain destruction. This ship, however, suffered very severely, as she had no less than one hundred and fifteen killed and drowned and very many wounded, including her captain. Her masts and rigging were so injured by fire that Admiral Hopson had to shift his flag to another ship.

The English ships, Association and Barfleur, then attacked the batteries on both sides of the harbor, with great success, and the French Admiral, finding that the English land forces, which had attacked at the same time, had gained possession of a part of the town of Vigo, and that more English ships were coming in, gave orders for setting fire to the shipping. Before this order could be carried into effect, however, a great many ships were taken possession of by the English and Dutch.

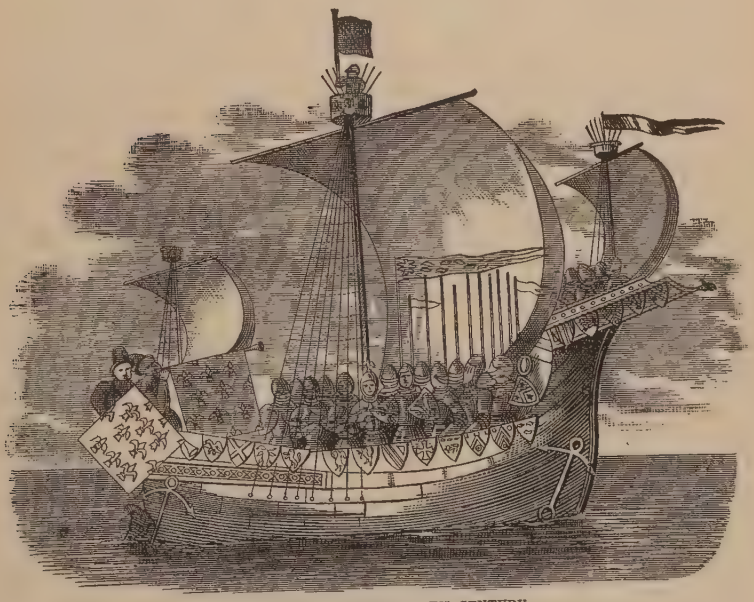
There were burned or destroyed seven ships, carrying 334 guns, and over 2000 men, while the English took four ships of 284 guns and 1800 men, and the Dutch, six ships of 342 guns and over 2000 men. This was the French loss.

Three Spanish men-of-war, carrying about 180 guns, were destroyed, and of fifteen galleons found there, and which had really caused poor Benbow's death and this important naval battle, four were taken by the English, five by the Dutch, and four destroyed. The gold and silver on board this fleet was computed at twenty millions of pieces of eight (dollars); fourteen millions of which had been removed previous to the attack, the remainder being either taken or sunk in the galleons. Merchandise of nearly equal value was taken or destroyed, besides much plate belonging to individuals.

The capture and destruction of this fleet was a severe blow to the French and Spaniards, and was accomplished with a very small loss to the fleet of the Allies, if we

except the Torbay. Hopson was adequately rewarded for his gallantry.

Sir George Rooke, in leaving Vigo Bay, after this event, entrusted to Sir Cloudesley Shovel the fitting out of the prizes, and the rescuing of treasure from the sunken galleons. He also recovered the Dartmouth, an English 50-gun ship, which had been captured in the previous war; and took out of the French ships which were lying aground many very fine brass guns. Every ship which he could not bring away was completely destroyed.



NORMAN SHIP OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

BYNG AND LA GALISSONIÈRE. A. D. 1756.

ADMIRAL the Hon. John Byng, was the fourth son of Viscount Torrington, and upon entering the British navy, served under his father, who was a very distinguished officer.

In 1745 Byng, then a Rear-Admiral, commanded a squadron on the coast of Scotland, which prevented supplies from being thrown into that country, from France, and did much to defeat the designs of the young Pretender, the grandson of James II.

War between England and France was formally declared in 1756, but long before that, it had been known that the French were equipping an expedition at the port of Toulon, which was intended for the capture of Minorca, then in possession of the English. The French, to cover their real design, gave out that it was intended for a descent upon England. Although warned, the Ministry of George the Second showed blind incredulity in regard to the designs of the French upon Minorca. When their eyes were at last opened to the true state of affairs, it was too late, and the British Cabinet then acted with foolish haste and precipitation. The French had thrown a large body of troops into the island and obtained complete possession of it, with the exception of Fort St. Philip, at Port Mahon, which still held out.

Byng was advanced to the rank of full Admiral, and appointed to the command of the expedition intended for the relief of Fort Philip, which was blockaded by sea and besieged by land. The fleet with which he was provided, instead of being of a character fit to obtain command of the Mediterranean, consisted of ten sail-of-the-line only, and these wretchedly fitted out. Unaccountable negligence was also observable in manning this fleet; for, being ordered to convey a reinforcement of troops to Gibraltar and Minorca, the marines of the ships were ordered to be landed, to make room for the troops, and thus the proper complement of each ship was much reduced.

The fleet should have sailed early in the year, but delay followed delay, and Byng's remonstrances were unheeded. The crews of the ships were left incomplete, although they might have been filled by drafts from vessels lying in home ports.

The expedition finally sailed from England on the 10th of April, 1756, having on board the troops alluded to above and thirty or forty officers whose regiments were in garrison in Minorca.

Even at this time, from the instructions given to Byng, the English ministry did not seem fully to believe that Minorca was to be found in possession of the French, as Byng was directed to detach a portion of his squadron, under Rear-Admiral West, to America, in case he should learn, on arriving at Gibraltar, that the French fleet had passed out of the Straits into the Atlantic. Byng arrived at Gibraltar on May 2d, after a stormy passage, and here all uncertainty in regard to the motions of the French was relieved. A French armament, commanded by M. de la Galissonière, with thirteen ships-of-the-line, and transports conveying 15,000 troops, had taken full possession of the

island, from which Byng's informant, Captain Edgecomb, had retired upon their landing. This intelligence the Admiral despatched to England, accompanied by remarks little likely to win the favor of those who then misdirected the naval affairs of England. "Byng's admonitory tone irritated their Lordships excessively, and undoubtedly led them thus early to take measures to transfer any blame from themselves to the officer who could presume to complain of their fatal tardiness in then attempting to defeat the enemy's designs."

At daybreak, on May 19th, the English fleet arrived in sight of Minorca, and reconnoitred Port Mahon, with a view of endeavoring to communicate with General Blakeney, in command of Fort St. Philip, and the fleet stood in shore. But the appearance of the French fleet soon changed the nature of the British Admiral's movements. Galissonière's well appointed fleet stood down, and towards night were within a few miles, when they tacked to obtain the weather gage, and Byng tacked his fleet to preserve it. They both continued working to windward all night, with light variable winds, and at daybreak, on May 20th, were not visible to each other, as it was very hazy. Soon, however, the French fleet was discovered to leeward, but at so great a distance that it was two in the afternoon before Byng considered it necessary to form his line of battle.

The French had twelve sail-of-the-line and five frigates, carrying 976 guns and 9500 men. Byng had thirteen sail-of-the-line (having been reinforced at Gibraltar), four frigates and a sloop-of-war, carrying 948 guns and 7000 men.

About three o'clock Byng made signal for his ships to approach and engage the enemy in an oblique direction, so as to avoid exposing them to a raking fire as they

approached the French line, which was lying waiting for them, with main-top-sails aback. The signal was to bear away two points, but Admiral West, who was leading, misinterpreted the signal, bore away seven points, and brought the French to action in a manner which it would have been well for the Commander-in-chief to have followed; for had West's mode of attack been generally adopted in the British fleet, it would have saved Byng's life as well as some disgrace to the British navy. Byng shortly bore up to the support of his Rear-admiral, but the Intrepid, the last ship of the leading division, soon had her fore-top-mast shot away, and in an entirely unaccountable manner, threw all the ships astern of her into confusion. Such a loss, with the wind on her quarter, ought not to have occasioned any trouble, as the other ships could pass her to leeward. The next ships luffed up, to pass her to windward, but, in fact, did not pass her at all, remaining on her weather quarter, nor did several other of the rear ships, including Byng's flag-ship, the Ramillies, of 90 guns. This ship did not get into action at all, although her crew wasted much ammunition by firing while completely out of gunshot. In this she was imitated by four other heavy ships. The division of Admiral West, who was really in action, suffered a good deal, and would probably have fallen into the hands of the French, if the latter had not, after about three hours' cannonading, filled, and made sail out of action.

After this partial and rather disgraceful affair Byng returned to Gibraltar, leaving the English garrison of Fort Philip to its fate.

The French account of the action was the first to reach England. It claimed decided advantage for the French, and stated that the English had appeared unwilling to fight; that the engagement was not general; and that,

on the next morning, to the surprise of the French Admiral, the English fleet had disappeared. Most of this was true; indeed, all of it, except West's gallant fight.

Immense indignation was excited in England by this news; and this excitement was fostered by many in authority.

Without waiting for Byng's despatches, the Admiralty appointed Sir Edward Hawke and Admiral Saunders to supersede Byng and West, directing Hawke to place them both under arrest, and send them home prisoners, to England. This feverish and unusual haste had the effect upon the public mind of a condemnation of Byng. Hawke and Saunders reached Gibraltar on the 3d of July; and Byng, West, and other officers arrested, reached England on the 26th of that month.

Byng was immediately placed in close confinement, and his younger brother, who had hastened to see him, was so struck by the abuse of the Admiral in every town he passed through that at sight of him he was taken suddenly ill, and died in convulsions. Byng had been burned in effigy in all the large towns, before he arrived in England; and his place in the country was mobbed, and the house with difficulty saved from destruction.

The streets and shops were filled with caricatures and libelous ballads, abusing the ministry, as well as Byng: the ministry being held responsible popularly for not having sent an efficient fleet sooner.

Such public excitement and universal condemnation, upon slight knowledge of the facts, was most unusual, and most unjust to the Admiral, who had faults enough to answer for.

From Portsmouth he was sent to Greenwich, to await trial. Here he was again in close confinement, and an

impression was sought to be conveyed to the public that he desired to make his escape.

But Byng always manifested a desire to be put upon his trial, and seemed, to the last, confident of an honorable acquittal.

In December he was taken back to Portsmouth, with the same parade of guards as when he had been brought up.

The Court-martial to try him assembled at Portsmouth, on board the St. George, on the 28th of December, 1756, and sat every succeeding day, except Sunday, until the 27th of the following month.

The charges against him were seventeen in number, but the court ignored most of them, and only imputed blame to Byng in that, during the engagement, he did not do his utmost to "take, seize and destroy" the ships of the French, and to assist such of his chief officers as were engaged.

The prisoner's conduct fell under a part of an Article of War providing for such offence; and the court had no other alternative than to pass sentence of death upon the unfortunate Admiral, as provided in the Article.

But as all evidence showed that he did not lack personal courage, the court refused to find him guilty of "cowardice or disaffection," and earnestly recommended him to mercy.

In a letter to the Admiralty, signed by every member of the court, they say, "we cannot help laying the distress of our minds before your Lordships, in finding ourselves under the necessity of condemning a man to death from the great severity of the 12th Article of War, *part* of which he falls under, and which admits of no mitigation, even if the crime should be committed by an error of judgment; and therefore, for our own conscience's sake, we

pray your Lordships, in the most earnest manner, to recommend him to his Majesty's clemency."

This the Lords of the Admiralty did not do, but simply requested the King to submit the case to the twelve judges, as to whether the sentence was a legal one. There had been no question of its legality. The judges declared the sentence legal.

On the very same day they did so, the Lords of the Admiralty, at the head of whom was Lord Temple, signed a warrant for carrying the sentence into execution, on February 28th.

Admiral Forbes, one of the Board of Admiralty, refused to sign it; and the sentence was generally considered by naval officers cruel in the extreme. Admiral West demanded a revision of the 12th Article, and declared he would resign unless it was abrogated. Wm. Pitt characterized it as unjustly severe, but it was only modified twenty-two years afterwards, by inserting, after the word *death*, "or to inflict such other punishment as the nature and degree of the offence shall be found to deserve."

As Byng was a member of the House of Commons it was necessary to expel him before execution, and this led to a long and acrimonious debate as to an appeal to the throne for mercy. Nothing was done, however. Byng's political enemies were too strong for his friends, among whom was Mr. Fox, and pardon was no longer hoped for. In the meantime the execution had been postponed, but was finally ordered for the 14th of March. This decision was met by Byng almost with cheerfulness, as he was to be relieved from imprisonment, indignities and protracted anxiety, which had lasted for seven months.

The sentence was carried into effect on the day appointed, on board the Monarch, in Portsmouth Harbor. About noon, having taken leave of two friends and a

clergyman who had attended him, Byng walked out of the state cabin on to the quarter-deck, where two files of marines were drawn up to execute the sentence. He advanced with a firm and deliberate step, and composed and resolute countenance, and wished to suffer with his face uncovered; but his friends represented that perhaps his look might intimidate the marines, and prevent them from taking proper aim. So he allowed a handkerchief to be tied over his eyes, and kneeling on a cushion, dropped his handkerchief as a signal for the marines to fire. Five balls passed through his body, and he dropped dead instantly. The time consumed from the moment he left the cabin until his body was in its coffin was just three minutes.

He left a paper containing a solemn protest against the malice and persecution he had encountered, and saying that he felt justice would ultimately be done his memory. He also declared that he had done his duty, to the best of his judgment, and that he forgave his enemies.

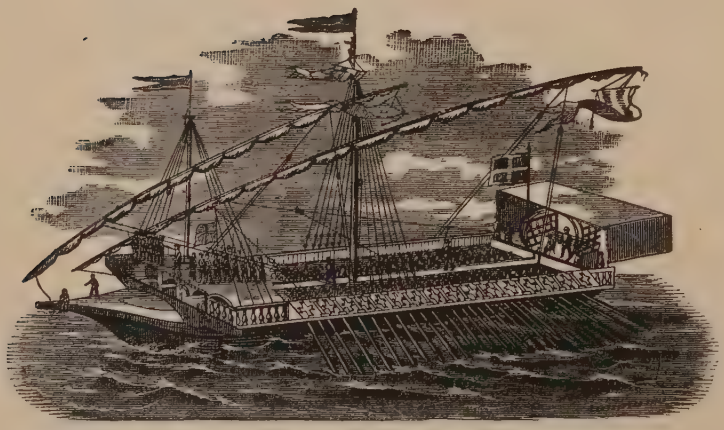
Byng had not been a popular officer; something of a martinet, he was cold and haughty in manner, but no one had ever accused him of want of personal courage, any more than his gallant father. He was opinionated, and self-willed, and it was shown on his trial that, if he had listened to the sensible and seamanlike suggestions of Gardner, the captain of his flag-ship, the result of his engagement with Galissonière might have been different, and have prevented him from taking refuge under the decision of a Council-of-war partly composed of the land officers, passengers in the fleet, which had much hurt the pride of the navy. It was by advice of this Council that he withdrew from Minorca.

Byng's execution, in spite of his manifest lack of criminality, was an opprobrium to the ministers of two adminis-

trations, for he was denounced and persecuted as a coward and traitor under that of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Anson, while the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Temple sanctioned his death.

The court which tried him expressly acquitted him of cowardice and treachery, and complained of the severity of the law which awarded the punishment of death on a *secondary* charge, recommending him to mercy.

The famous Voltaire remarked that the English had just shot an Admiral "*pour encourager les autres.*"



VENETIAN GALLEY OF THE 16TH CENTURY.
(A specimen of the Venetian Fleet at the Battle of Lepanto.)

SIR EDWARD HAWKE AND CONFLANS. A. D. 1759.

IT may be of interest to have some account of the successor of the ill-fated Admiral Byng, in the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean.

Sir Edward Hawke, who was born in 1705, and died in 1781, was the son of a barrister. He entered the Navy early, and in 1733 had risen to the command of a ship. In an engagement with the French, off Toulon, in 1744, he broke from the line of battle to engage a vessel of the enemy; and, although he caused her to strike her colors, he was dismissed from the service for the breach of discipline. He was, however, restored almost immediately, by the King's command, and in 1747 made a Rear-Admiral. In October of that year he was sent with a squadron to intercept a large fleet of French merchant vessels bound to the West Indies, under convoy of nine men-of-war, and many transports filled with troops. Coming up with them off Isle d' Aix, he succeeded, after a severe struggle, in capturing six of the men-of-war, but darkness coming on most of the convoy escaped. The delay of the French expedition, caused by this action, contributed very materially to the capture of Cape Breton. In consequence of his success, Hawke was

made a Knight Commander of the Bath; and soon after became Member of Parliament for Bristol.

In 1748 he was made a Vice-Admiral, and in 1755 an Admiral; and the following year succeeded Admiral Byng—but much too late to succor Minorca.

Hawke had no opportunity of again distinguishing himself until 1759, when he was in command of the squadron blockading Brest. Having been driven by stress of weather into Torbay, he sailed from thence to resume his station off Brest, on the 14th of November, and on the same day Admiral Conflans put to sea with a strong fleet—though not equal to that of Hawke.

The latter conjectured that the French had gone to Quiberon Bay, to attack an English squadron cruising there, and he pressed sail in that direction. Owing to strong head winds it was the 20th before he arrived off Belleisle. When that island bore about east, the French fleet was discovered. The weather was thick, and it was blowing a very fresh gale of wind from the northwest, with a heavy sea.

Hawke made all haste to get his ships together, and then sent one of them in to make the land, and ascertain the exact position. Soon after the weather cleared, and the French fleet was seen, crowding sail to get away; and Hawke ordered a part of his fleet in chase, and followed with the rest. The fresh gale rendered it impossible for either fleet to carry much sail. Early in the afternoon the leading English ships caught up with the French rear, and a very animated action ensued. The French Rear-Admiral, Verger, in the Formidable, 80, was set upon by five or six ships at once, and was obliged to surrender, after having had two hundred men killed. The English Magnanime, 74, Captain Lord Howe, soon became closely engaged with the Thesée, 74; but the

latter being disabled, dropped astern, and was engaged by the Torbay, while Howe pushed on in search of a fresh opponent, which he found in the Héros, 74. Captain de Kersaint, of the Thesée, imagining from a slight lull in the wind that he could fight his lower deck guns, unfortunately tried the hazardous experiment, and commenced firing at the Torbay. Captain Keppel, of the latter ship, followed de Kersaint's example, and narrowly escaped the same fate. A heavy squall struck the Thesée, and she filled and went down; and out of her crew of 800 men only twenty were saved by the British boats. The Torbay shipped a great deal of water, but, by great exertions, was preserved. The Superbe, a French 70-gun ship, also capsized and sank, from the same cause. At 5 P. M. the Héros surrendered to Howe, and anchored, but the sea ran so high that they could not lower a boat to take possession of her. The night came on very dark, and exceedingly tempestuous, and, being among the rocks and shoals of a treacherous coast, and without pilots, it was considered prudent to discontinue the chase, and anchor. During the night the Resolution, 74, drove on shore, and was totally wrecked, with the loss of most of her crew.

At daybreak of the next day the Héros was discovered aground, and the flag-ship of Conflans, the Soleil Royal, dismasted. Shortly after being discovered she cut her cables, and also went on shore. The Essex, a 64, was ordered to stand in and destroy her, but that ship got on a sand bank and was wrecked; her crew, however, being saved. The two French vessels which were on shore were finally set on fire, and destroyed. Seven or eight others, by their knowledge of the coast, had got to the mouth of the river Vilaine, and by means of taking out

their guns, crossed the bar, and reached a place of security.

In effecting all this damage and loss upon the enemy's fleet, the loss in killed and wounded among the English must have been severe. But in those days they were not very particular in reporting such things. For his success, under exceptional difficulties and dangers, Sir Edward Hawke received the thanks of Parliament, and a pension of two thousand pounds per annum.

In 1765 he was appointed Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and First Lord of the Admiralty; and in 1776 was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Hawke of Towton.

BUCENTORO.

(Barge of the Doges, used annually, on Ascension Day, in the Ceremony of "Venice Wedding the Adriatic.")

DE GRASSE AND RODNEY. A. D. 1782.

FRANCIS JOSEPH PAUL, Count de Grasse, Marquis de Grasse-Tilly, Count de Bar, and Lieutenant-General of the marine forces of France, was born in 1723, of a noble Provençal family, and was destined from childhood to enter the order of Malta. At eleven years of age he went to sea in the galleys of the Order, and made several cruises in the Levant. In 1740 the young sailor entered the French naval service, and in 1747 was serving in the frigate Emerald, in the squadron of La Jonquiere, which was convoying to Pondichery twenty-five ships of the French East India Company. The squadron, which consisted of six ships-of-the-line and six frigates, was met off Cape Finisterre, by a fleet of seventeen English ships, commanded by Anson. After a vigorous resistance most of the French ships were captured, and De Grasse was taken a prisoner to England, where he remained two years.

Upon his return home he was promoted, and continued to cruise in various parts of the world, and was especially employed in surveying the Guinea coast.

In January, 1762, he served in the West Indies, as captain of a line-of-battle ship, and soon after his return was made a Chevalier of St. Louis, and served in the French fleet which bombarded Sallee. In 1772 he commanded a ship in the squadron of the Count d'Orvilliers, and about the time of the breaking out of the

American Revolution was present at a naval battle off Ushant, in which he particularly distinguished himself.

In 1779 he went out to the West Indies, in command of four line-of-battle ships and seven frigates, to join the fleet of Count d'Estaing, off Martinique, and participated in the action of July 6th, between d'Estaing and Admiral Byron. The following year he took part, in the same latitude, in the three battles between the Count de Guichen and Admiral Rodney, after the last of which he returned to France.

At the commencement of 1781 he was sent out with an important convoy, to Martinique. He sailed from Brest on March 24th, with twenty-three ships-of-the-line, carrying troops, and having on board a very large sum of money, and a quantity of arms and ammunition, all intended for the succor of the young and struggling Republic of the United States.

On the twenty-eighth of April De Grasse arrived off Port Royal, Martinique, where he found eighteen English line-of-battle ships, detached from Admiral Sir George Rodney's fleet, and under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who was there to oppose the landing of the convoy at Martinique.

Hood, recognizing the superior force of De Grasse, contented himself with distant firing, and did not attempt to engage; De Grasse chased him off to the westward of Saint Lucie, and then returned to Martinique Road with his convoy.

Soon after he left there, to attack, in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé, the English island of Tobago; and, on June 1st obtained possession of the chief town of that island. De Grasse then sailed for San Domingo, took on board three thousand soldiers; touched at Havana, where he effected a loan; and then came through the Bahama

Channel, a route not then used by large ships, to the American coast; which he followed up until he entered the Chesapeake. Here he, with his fleet, and in concert with General Washington, made the well known dispositions which led to the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

On September 5th, hearing of the approach of the English fleet, De Grasse left his anchorage in Lynnhaven Bay, just inside of Cape Henry, and put to sea. Bougainville commanded the van division of his fleet, in the Auguste, 80; De Grasse himself the centre, in the Ville de Paris, 104; and the Chevalier de Monteil the rear division, in the Languedoc, 80.

The English fleet, of twenty line-of-battle ships, was commanded by Admirals Graves, Hood and Drake.

A partial engagement followed, which was mostly confined to the van divisions of the two fleets, and which continued about two hours and a half. Four or five days were consumed in manœuvres, De Grasse not being able to bring Graves to a general engagement, and finally the French fleet returned to their anchorage in Lynnhaven Bay; having, on the return, captured two English frigates.

To De Grasse and his fleet certainly belong a considerable share in the glory of the surrender of Cornwallis' army, and of the consequent firm establishment of American independence. In recognition of this, Congress offered De Grasse four pieces of cannon, taken at Yorktown; of which the French King authorized his acceptance; and they were placed in his Chateau of Tilly, with a suitable inscription engraved upon them.

Returning with his fleet to Martinique, he made several expeditions against the English islands; and had also several partial engagements with Sir Samuel Hood, in none of which he was very successful.

Some months elapsed in this manner, and the month of April, 1782, arrived. De Grasse was on his way to join a Spanish squadron, on the coast of San Domingo, when he fell in with the English fleet again, near Dominica.

In consequence of the junction of Rodney and Hood, the English now numbered thirty-six ships-of-the-line, fourteen frigates, three sloops-of-war, and two fire-ships. Admiral Rodney had his flag in the Formidable, 90; Sir Samuel Hood was in the Barfleur, 90; and Rear-Admiral Drake was in the Princessa, 70.

De Grasse at this time had about thirty line-of-battle ships, and a proportion of frigates, but was hampered by a convoy of about one hundred and fifty merchant vessels.

Sir Samuel Hood's division was in the van of the English fleet, which, having got the sea breeze early, stretched to the northward in chase, while the centre and rear were still becalmed. The French, on the starboard tack, observing the isolated position of the English van, bore up, in hopes of cutting them off. De Grasse, in this evolution, executed a novel and ingenious plan, which was done full justice to by his adversaries.

The British van was, about 10 A.M., hove to, to enable their centre and rear to close. In consequence, the French ships, by keeping under way, were enabled to manœuvre as they chose. Hood kept his division well closed up, however, opposing vigorous and well directed broadsides to his enemy's attacks. He thus resisted De Grasse until the sea breeze reached the rest of the English fleet, when the French Admiral tacked and stood inshore to rejoin his fleet and convoy. When the sea breeze reached them the English were to windward; but the sailing of the French ships was so superior that they could not come up with them. This was the end of the operation, except some distant and ineffectual cannonading.

The two succeeding days were occupied in chasing; but it was evident that only a change in the wind, or some accident, would enable Admiral Rodney to force an engagement; so superior were the French in sailing qualities.

On the 12th of April the French were again seen, near the Saintes, and one of their ships, having lost her foremast and bowsprit, was seen, in tow of a frigate, standing in for Guadaloupe. Rodney made signal for four ships to chase, which being perceived, De Grasse bore up, with his fleet, to protect them. But finding that by persevering in this course, he should give the British the weather-gage, he gave up his intention, and formed line on the port tack. Rodney, perceiving an engagement inevitable, recalled his chasing ships, and made signal to form line of battle on the starboard tack, Rear-Admiral Drake's division leading. The two fleets gradually neared each other, the French only just crossing the bows of the English, to windward.

At 8 A.M. the leading English ship, the Marlborough, 74, opened the action, firing upon the French centre and rear. Sir George Rodney then made signal for "close action," and Drake's division was at once closely engaged. The rest of the English were nearly becalmed, as were the French soon after. The wind then hauled to the southward, and while this completely disarranged the French line, it did not so much affect the English, and Rodney, perceiving an opening in his adversaries' line, kept a close luff and passed through it, cutting off their rear. It is not thought that Rodney deliberately planned this, but it was the first time that the stiff notion of preserving a line-of-battle at all hazards, and when advantage could be gained from departing from it, was broken through.

This movement of Rodney's was the main cause of the loss of the battle to the French; and although many assert that the preservation of his line would have rendered the victory more decisive, yet when the sailing qualities of the two fleets are taken into account, it is very doubtful. By pursuing the plan he did, Rodney separated his ship, and the six ships which followed him, from the van, part of the centre, and the rear. It is said that his manœuvre was inadvertently performed; but this could hardly be, for the Formidable luffed out of line, which could not have been done inadvertently and without distinct intention, and it is, therefore, not fair to impute the movement, and the consequent victory, to mere accident. A French writer distinctly says that "Rodney's able manœuvres completely got the better of De Grasse." With the fine and well trained fleet which the French Admiral commanded, it is probable that no great advantage would have accrued to the English under the old plan of fleet fighting. The advocates of the theory that Rodney's movement was an accident have some foundation for what they allege, however, in that Sir Alan Gardner, who commanded the Duke, 90, Rodney's second astern, was heard to say, "the wind was very light at the commencement of the action, but as it advanced it fell calm; my ship *dropped through* the enemy's line, and I, thinking I was wrong, and out of my station, did everything I could to get back again, but was unable to do so." The state of the wind prevented Hood from following Rodney through the French fleet, and, by continuing his course he soon became opposed to the French van, separated from the centre, and here a warm and close action took place, and continued, until at length the smoke and concussion of the firing, which had also "killed" the wind, so completely enshrouded the ships

of both fleets, that a cessation of firing was necessary. About noon the smoke cleared away, by which time the French ships, to effect a re-junction, all bore up, and were seen to leeward, retreating, and in considerable disorder, and a general chase succeeded. The English victory was complete, if not overwhelming. Five French line-of-battle ships were taken or destroyed; the Glorieux, Cæsar, Hector, Ardent, and the flag-ship Ville de Paris. The English accounts say that three of their line-of-battle ships concentrated upon the Ville de Paris; the French accounts say five. Certain it is that she made a gallant fight for hours after the battle was decided; and when, at last, she hauled down her flag, she had one hundred and twenty killed, and almost all the rest more or less wounded. Count De Grasse himself, although he had not left the deck, escaped unscratched, as did a very few others on board.

The Ville de Paris was considered the finest ship afloat at that time. She measured 2300 tons, and had been presented to Louis XV, by the City of Paris, at the close of the preceding war. She is said to have had a large amount of specie on board. She was towed to Jamaica by her captors, but was so damaged that she foundered in an attempt to take her to England; as did the Hector and Glorieux. The Cæsar, a very fine ship, was burned on the night following her capture, and four hundred of her crew, as well as an English lieutenant and fifty seamen who were in charge, lost their lives. In fact, not one of the French ships captured in this battle ever reached England.

The victory caused great exultation in England. Sir George Rodney and Sir Samuel Hood were both made peers, and Rear-Admiral Drake and Commodore Affleck made baronets. Public monuments were erected in Westminster Abbey to those captains who were killed.

The French loss was very heavy, some reported it as 3000, in killed and wounded. The English loss was reported as 253 killed and 816 wounded.

As for the French ships, twenty-four of which escaped, they were at last collected, in a very damaged condition, under the Marquis de Vaudrueil, but they were obliged to abandon the West India islands.

De Grasse was sent a prisoner to England, where he was most courteously received by the King and court circles. Indeed, he was accused of enjoying his popularity too much, and of lowering the dignity which became a prisoner of his rank. He was instrumental in forwarding the negotiations which led to the peace between England and the United States, which was concluded at Versailles, in 1783.

Upon his return from captivity De Grasse was tried for the loss of the battle of April 12th, and honorably acquitted; but he was never again employed, and died in Paris, at the age of sixty-five.

The opinion concerning De Grasse, both in France and England, was that he had brilliant courage, but a lack of judgment.

Sir George Bridge Rodney, the victor in the battle of April 12th, 1782, was born in 1717, and survived the battle ten years. George the First was his godfather, and with such patronage his advancement in the Navy was rapid.

In 1759 he commanded at the bombardment of Havre; and two years afterwards he captured the French West India islands of Saint Lucie, Saint Pierre, Grenada and Saint Vincent. He was made an Admiral in 1771; but, in consequence of debts contracted in an election for Parliament, he was obliged to take refuge on the Continent. While in France he was, one day, at the table of the Marshal de Biron, and was holding forth upon his

hopes of one day defeating the combined French and Spanish fleets. Biron jokingly offered to pay his debts, so as to enable him to put his threat into execution.

Rodney, whose bravery and ability were equal to his arrogance and self-conceit, justified what he had said in less than three years, for, in February, 1780, he utterly defeated Don Juan de Langara, and a Spanish fleet, off Cape St. Vincent, being the first naval battle of that name; and in April, 1782, he defeated De Grasse. He received the thanks of Parliament, the title of Baron, and a pension of two thousand pounds, with reversion to his heirs.

LORD HOWE AND THE FRENCH FLEET.

JUNE 1ST, A. D. 1794.

THIS naval battle is memorable as the first of any importance in the long series which followed, in the wars between the English and the French Revolutionary government the Republic, and the Empire.

Lord Howe, the English Commander-in chief, had had experience in the last war of the English with France, and on our own coast during the Revolutionary war. But some of his captains and most of his junior officers had no experience of war, and this, perhaps, is one of the great reasons why the battle of the first of June did not have the magnificent results afterwards obtained by the British ships against the French.

At the time of the battle in question Howe was an old man; and the fatigues and anxieties of the week preceding the action must have told upon him.

In his youth and middle age he had been celebrated for his endurance and coolness in emergency, but at sixty-nine he was not able to bear the strain of hard and continuous service so well, and so the results of his great action were incomplete as compared with those of Nelson.

To illustrate Howe's natural disposition, we may relate one or two well-known anecdotes.

While captain of the Princess Amelia, of 80 guns, the flag-ship of the Duke of York, the lieutenant of the watch suddenly appeared at his bedside, at night, and called out, in great agitation, "My Lord! the ship is on fire, close to the magazine; but don't be frightened, my Lord, it will soon be got under."

"Frightened, Sir; what do you mean by that? I never was frightened in my life!" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he said to him, coolly, "Pray, Sir, how does a man feel when he is frightened? I need not ask how he looks. I will be with you immediately; but take care that His Royal Highness is not disturbed."

At another time, when Captain of the Magnanime, he was obliged to anchor in a gale of wind, on a lee shore. In the course of the night the wind increased, almost to a hurricane, but Howe, having two anchors ahead, went down to his cabin, and took up a book. Presently the lieutenant of the watch came below hurriedly, and, with a woful face, said, "I am sorry to inform you, my Lord that the anchors are coming home." "They are much in the right," replied Howe, coolly, "I don't know who would stay abroad on such a night as this."

But to return to the great battle of the first of June:—

In the latter part of May, 1793, Lord Howe hoisted his flag on board the Queen Charlotte, at Portsmouth. She was a ship of 100 guns. His principal instructions were in regard to protecting the English trade from the French privateers.

By the middle of July he put to sea, and steered down Channel with twenty-three sail-of-the-line, in two divisions, under Vice-admiral Graves and Sir Alexander Hood. For several months the doings of this fleet might be comprised in saying that they had occasional glimpses of squadrons and fleets of the French, varied by gales of

wind, which invariably did much damage, and necessitated the putting in at some western port of England. The fleet was so continually in trouble, indeed, and so much in port, that great dissatisfaction was felt.

Howe expressed himself as decidedly against keeping a heavy fleet of line-of-battle ships at sea, at the mouth of the Channel, and in the Bay of Biscay, during the autumnal and winter gales. Nor did he believe in the blockade of Brest, at that season, although it was his enemy's great naval port. He said that "to keep a fleet at sea, watching an enemy's fleet lying snugly in port, and ready to start the moment the weather has driven the blockading squadron from the coast, and probably disabled many of them, appeared to be a mistaken system, and ruinous in the extreme to the ships themselves, hateful to the seamen, and extravagant beyond measure in expense."

In fact, long periods of this kind had so much weakened the larger English ships that private yards had to be employed for repairs, as well as building new ships.

What Lord Howe recommended was, keeping a fleet at St. Helen's Roadstead, near Spithead, all ready for sea, while a few frigates watched the enemy's movements. Another fleet he recommended to lie at Torbay, where, in event of the enemy's putting to sea from Brest, the contending fleets might meet on equal terms, being each fresh from port; while a blockading fleet, keeping the sea for months, and exposed to all kinds of weather, was not on a par with one fresh from the dockyards; and still less in a condition to follow them abroad. "The public does not care for such considerations, but judge by the results, and require a battle and a victory; or else blame must rest somewhere, most appropriately on the shoulders of the commander-in-chief."

There was plenty of this fault-finding in England, in 1793. The French fleet was known to be often at sea—had been seen by Lord Howe—and yet no battle had been fought, no captures made.

The caricaturists and the press were very hard upon Lord Howe, but he was not a man to be very much affected by sarcasm or abuse. He wished to save wear and tear of ships and men, and to improve the discipline and health of his fleet. The laurels earned by the veteran sailor were too deeply planted to be plucked away by scribblers, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville would not listen to Howe's retirement, which he urged, on account of infirmities and advancing age.

The sequel proved that they were right.

In the middle of April, 1794, the fleet, having been repaired, assembled at St. Helen's. Howe had thirty-two sail-of-the-line, six of which, with some frigates, were detailed to convoy in and out of the Channel the East India Company's ships and the West Indian traders. On May 2d the fleet put to sea, and cruised, generally in bad weather, off Ushant, and on the 19th discovered that the French fleet had sailed from Brest. They were twenty-four sail-of-the-line and ten frigates, and had come out to give protection to an immensely large and valuable homeward-bound convoy of French merchant ships, from North America and the West Indies.

On the 25th, after a fruitless search for the enemy, two French corvettes steered into the midst of the English fleet, mistaking it for their own. They were both taken. Not to diminish the efficiency of his ships by sending prize crews, Howe destroyed them, as well as several other prizes and recaptures. He then continued his search for the main French fleet.

The following is, in the main, an extract from the pri-

vate journal of Lord Howe himself. It is to be premised that, on the morning of May 28th, with a fresh southwest wind and a rough sea, he had sighted a portion of the French fleet, bearing southeast.

"May 28th. They (the French) were some hours before they had formed their line, on the larboard tack, which they proceeded to do while three or four leagues distant; the British fleet being in the order of sailing, with the advanced squadron, under Rear Admiral Paisley, on the weather quarter of the body of the fleet; the whole under as much sail as the weather would safely permit, standing to the eastward, by the wind. At 11 A.M. tacked to approach nearer the enemy, the centre of their fleet then in the S. S. W.

"At 4 in the evening tacked back to the eastward. Soon after 5 o'clock, the Bellerophon arriving up abreast of the rear ship of the enemy, the Revolutionnaire, of three decks, though too far distant for close action, began to fire upon her, and received the fire from that ship, and some others ahead of her. But observing that the other ships of the advance squadron, the Russell, Marlborough and Thunderer, though gained more to windward of the enemy, had shortened sail, and the two last backed their main-top-sails, and firing at the enemy from a distance far too considerable, their particular signals were made to attack the enemy's rear; and soon after the general signal to the same effect. The Bellerophon, having her main-top-sail lowered and aback, and making signal to denote that her main-top-mast was disabled, the other ships also, of the advanced squadron, still keeping astern, with little sail set, and firing far distant, the general signal was made for assisting ships in action; and a few minutes after the particular signals for the Russell and Marlborough for the same purpose; enforcing it by a gun, to

obtain the notice that was not duly shown to the former signal." In other words these ships were not behaving very handsomely, and the beginning of their collision with the French did not augur well for success.

"The three aforementioned ships thereupon made sail to the eastward, the Marlborough having been observed to have set her courses, and the Leviathan pressing forward, commenced action with the rear ship of the enemy, to the relief of the Bellerophon.

"As the day was closing in, the Audacious was seen to advance to the attack of the Revolutionnaire, in apparent very close action. The body of the enemy's fleet keeping on in order of battle, and being approached to about three miles distance from them; their force consisting of twenty-six ships-of-the-line, besides frigates, it was judged requisite to form the British fleet in such order of battle ahead as the ships by their accidental situation at the time could be so arranged, ahead and astern of the Charlotte, to be in suitable disposition for any service which might occur in the night; nothing more of the action being distinguishable, and the firing ceasing at dark. Information was given, by the Marlborough and Niger, that the sternmost ship of the enemy was beaten out of their line by, and supposed to have struck to, the Audacious."

The crews of the Audacious and Russell declare that the Revolutionnaire struck; but whether she did or not, she was clearly beaten and defenceless, as she only answered three guns from her one hundred and twenty to the last broadside of the Audacious. The Revolutionnaire's loss was nearly 400 men. The Audacious was so crippled that she could hardly keep clear of the French fleet, but after an engagement with a frigate and a corvette made her way to Plymouth. The Revolution-

naire afterwards lost her masts, but was towed into Rochefort.

Thus ended the first day's collision.

For the next two days indecisive manœuvres took place. There was a very fresh breeze, heavy seas, fogs, and various other reasons why no general action could be brought on. During this time Lord Howe passed through the French fleet in his flag-ship, but as only one or two of his ships were able to follow him no general action occurred. One or two of the ships of each fleet lost masts in the heavy sea, and between the 29th and 31st of May Rear-Admiral Nielly joined Admiral Villaret de Joyeuse, with five line-of-battle ships, and then left the French fleet. This left twenty-six line-of-battle ships to the French; many of these had very revolutionary names, such as Tyrannicide, Convention, Trente et un Mai, Montagne, Jacobin, Republicaine, etc., and many were very large ships, one being of 120 guns, and two of 110.

During these days Lord Howe was far from satisfied with the behavior of some of his captains, and we find in his journal the following: "The centre of the British fleet drawing fast up with the van, the signal was *repeatedly* made for the Cæsar, leading the line, and then *under treble reefed topsails and foresail*, to make more sail;" and this ship, by her conduct, threw out the whole line, and interfered materially with the operations of the day.

Again Lord Howe says, "the ships of the fleet (called up by signals, and appointed to fall into line, ahead and astern of the flag-ship, as most convenient) came forward to meet her, which had stood toward them, as the enemy approached. When arrived they came up so crowded together that they afforded an opportunity for the enemy to have fired upon them with great advantage. But they '(the French)' having covered their disabled ships, and

giving a distant fire as they passed to leeward of our fleet, wore again to the westward; and the English fleet, preserving the weather gage, kept on after them." "Most of the time the Queen Charlotte was engaged the sea was so rough that much water was taken in at the lower deck ports, and the pumps were constantly at work."

Lord Howe goes on to say, "soon after noon on the 31st, the fog clearing off, the enemy were seen to leeward, forming again in order of battle." "But before our fleet could get abreast of them the day was too far advanced for bringing them promptly to action. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to keep the wind, with frigates of observation to notify any change in the enemy's motions during the ensuing night."

It is hard in these days to realize the slow and laborious movements of a fleet of the old line-of-battle ships. And it is also curious to observe the adherence to old ideas in regard to battle, as well as the lukewarmness, and want of conduct and seamanship, which amounted to bad behavior, and which characterized some of the captains of Howe's fleet. As we shall see, further on, only one captain was brought to a court-martial, and he was only lightly punished. Had the action of the first of June been less successful, it is probable that more would have been tried for misconduct, and disobedience of orders. But success condones many offences. A few years after this a British fleet of the force of Howe's would have dashed at any French fleet, without regard to the time of day, and not risked losing the enemy in the night, or the chance of his changing his mind about fighting.

But to come to the decisive day, June 1st. It is impossible to follow Lord Howe's journal further, for, at

the risk of being irreverent, we must observe that the gallant and noble Lord's English is almost as much involved as that of those other English seamen, Captains Cuttle and Bunsby.

The French fleet being six miles to leeward on the morning of June 1st, Howe made signal that he intended to attack the enemy's centre, and engage to leeward. The British fleet filled away for the French, each ship being directed to steer for and engage her proper opponent.

Both fleets were under single-reefed topsails, the French backing and filling, to preserve their stations in their line, which extended from east to west. The wind was very fresh, at south by west, and with the signal to engage flying, Lord Howe closed his signal book, as the matter was so clear that it was impossible for any captain to mistake his duty.

The French first opened fire. The flag-ship of Lord Howe, setting a noble example, steered for the Montagne, 120, receiving a heavy fire from other ships in reaching her. The ship passed close under the French flag-ship's stern, giving her a tremendous raking broadside. She was so close that the French ensign brushed the Queen Charlotte's rigging. In a moment she was attacked by the Jacobin, but succeeded in giving her a like raking. The Queen Charlotte lost her fore-top-mast, but, in spite of this, stuck to the Montagne, and killed and wounded 300 on board of her. At last the Montagne hauled out of the line, and several other French vessels followed her, when Howe made signal for a general chase.

It would be tedious to follow the action of the particular ships up to this period of the battle. Suffice it to say that the fire was most concentrated and deadly on both

sides. Some of the French ships fought most desperately. Among others, the Vengeur lost her masts, and lay rolling her lower deck ports in the water, many of which had been torn off or shot away by the English ship Brunswick. The Vengeur soon filled with water, and although fast sinking, her colors were kept flying. By great exertions of some of the English vessels, some 400 of her crew were rescued, but many sank with the ship. Among the survivors were the brave French Captain, Renaudin, and his son, only twelve years old. Being taken off to different ships, each believed the other to have perished. To their great joy, they met again in Portsmouth.

Many of the French ships which struck were enabled to make off during the succeeding night, as the English had not been able to take possession of them. But they secured the 80-gun ships, Sans Pareil and Juste, and 74-gun ships, América, Impetueux, Achille, and Northumberland, and the Vengeur, 74, was sunk.

The British loss in the battle was 1140, in killed and wounded. The French loss is not exactly known, but was much greater.

The damage to the masts and rigging of the British ships generally was so considerable that the 2d and 3d of the month were passed in securing the injured masts, fixing jury-masts when required, and removing the prisoners, and taking the six prizes in tow.

Fine weather prevailed, and light westerly breezes, and the fleet arrived in the Channel on the 11th; part of it, under Rear-Admiral Graves, going to Plymouth, and the rest, led by the Queen Charlotte, anchoring at Spithead on the 13th of June.

It had been many a year since Portsmouth had seen the arrival of a victorious fleet, with six of the enemy's

line-of-battle ships in tow. Crowds flocked to witness it, from all parts of England; and to see the landing of the 2300 prisoners.

Rear-Admirals Paisley and Bowyer each lost a leg, and Admiral Graves was very badly wounded in the arm, while three English captains were killed. There was no doubt about the behavior of these officers, but the report of Lord Howe omitted the mention of many captains, most of whom thought themselves aggrieved, and made a great commotion. The fact appears to be that more were delinquent in the previous operations than on the day of the great battle; and this, in many cases, was no doubt due to want of seamanship and experience.

The Cæsar being especially mentioned in an unfavorable light, her captain, Molloy, demanded a court-martial, which the Admiralty was bound to grant. Lord Howe was much annoyed at this, and did all that he could to prevent captain Molloy from persisting, but without avail. Howe, like all others who had fought a successful action, did not want the scandals and delinquencies of his command exposed to the public gaze. After a long trial, Molloy was found delinquent, and was dismissed from the command of his ship.

As regards the conduct of the other captains, it is certain that Howe's orders as to passing through the French line and engaging to leeward were not carried into effect by a very large portion of his fleet.

In some this was caused by the bad sailing of the ships and by the very compact form in which the French formed their line, so that only five captains of the British fleet had the nerve to let their ships "make their own way," as the Queen Charlotte did, through the French line. Signals were misunderstood, or not seen, in the smoke and confusion, and Howe made, at last, a discretionary

signal, which left each captain to engage his opponent to windward or to leeward, as circumstances might arise.

Howe's fame as a naval commander will not bear comparison with some others who were to immortalize themselves in the long wars which his action inaugurated. But we must remember that this was the first great naval battle of that eventful period, and that it had an immense influence upon the French; as well as in forming the British Navy for their future glorious achievements. Had the action of June 1st been the last of that series of great actions, instead of the first, it is probable that few ships of the French fleet would have escaped. Lord Howe, although not making much complaint of his want of efficient support, nevertheless felt the defection of some of his captains strongly.

In the year 1799, not many months before his death, he wrote, concerning Nelson's splendid victory at the Nile, "I will only say, on the splendid achievement of Nelson, that one of the most remarkable features in the transaction consists in the eminently distinguished conduct of *each* of the captains of the squadron." Perhaps it never before happened that *every* captain had equal opportunity to distinguish himself in the same manner, or took equal advantage of it.

There is one point upon which Lord Howe's conduct has been censured. It is said that he gave way to the opinion of Sir Roger Curtis, his Captain of the Fleet, who advised him not to pursue the five dismasted French ships which went off unmolested, under sails set on the stumps of their masts, and which succeeded in joining the rest of their vessels.

The prevailing opinion in the English fleet certainly was that these ships of the enemy were suffered to escape, when they might have been captured with ease. That

they were not captured was the fault of having a Flag Officer at sea who was too old to command, and who had a Fleet Captain who was not enterprising.

But the victory was sufficient, and settled the fate of the war, as far as the naval part was concerned.

The general reader may be interested in some remarks and anecdotes concerning the battle.

During the hottest part of the engagement between the Marlborough and the Vengeur, the former ran the latter aboard to windward, her anchor hooking the French ship's fore shrouds and channels. The master of the English ship wanted to cut her adrift, but Captain Harvey exclaimed, "No! we have got her, and we will keep her." "The ships then swung broadside to broadside, and both paid off before the wind, locked together, dropped out of line, and engaged furiously. So close were these ships locked that the Marlborough was unable to open her midship lower-deck ports, which were consequently blown off by her eager crew, etc."

The flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte, as in duty bound, set a brilliant example to the rest of the fleet. On the 29th of May, when she broke through the French line, she was followed, gallantly, by the Leviathan and Bellerophon, commanded by Captains Lord Seymour, Conway and Hope, and both these ships were most conspicuous in the whole engagement.

The foremast of the Leviathan was crippled, and in danger of falling, and Lord Howe, observing this, stood to her rescue. Lord Seymour, in his own journal, says, "quarter before four; being very near, and pointing into the body of the French fleet, which had then appeared, to succor their rear, the Queen Charlotte wearing, we did the same, but not without exposing ourselves for a long time to be raked by the French Admiral and three

other ships, which had stood back to the relief of two of their ships that were in danger of being cut off by our fleet.

"On this occasion the gallant conduct of the Queen Charlotte, in coming down to draw the enemy's fire from the Leviathan, has made too strong an impression upon my mind, and is too much the subject of general applause on board of her, for me to resist expressing my sense of it, and offering, in the name of all the officers, as well as my own, this feeble though grateful tribute of our admiration of our noble chief, Lord Howe."

But the day most glorious for Howe was the 1st of June, when he broke through the French line again, brushing the ensign of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse's flag-ship on the one side, and grazing, on the other, the Jacobin's mizzen shrouds with her jib-boom.

Collingwood, eleven years after, in the battle of Trafalgar, did much the same thing, in the Sovereign, when he cut the line, and grazed the stern of the Santa Anna.

Had not the Queen Charlotte's fore-top-mast been shot away, and the main-top-mast gone over the side just as the French Admiral's fire had about ceased, there is little doubt he would have captured the French flag-ship; but she made off to leeward, and it was impossible for the Charlotte to follow her. The French flag-ship's hull was completely knocked to pieces, and her battery rendered almost useless. The tremendous broadsides which the Charlotte poured into her stern, in passing through the line, made a hole large enough, the sailors said, to row the Admiral's barge through.

As the Queen Charlotte was coming down on the French line, determined to pass through, it appeared so close and compact that Howe expressed a doubt as to whether there was room to pass between the Montagne,

120, and the Jacobin, 80, which had got partly under the lee of the former, as if afraid of the Charlotte's broadside, thus occupying the place the Charlotte intended to take. Howe was determined either to go through, or to run the French flag-ship or the Jacobin on board. His Master, Bowen, in a blunt and resolute tone, called out, "That's right, my Lord, the Charlotte will make room for herself."

On his first appointment to the flag-ship this unpolished but shrewd and excellent seaman was in the habit, in addressing the commander-in-chief, of so constantly using the expression "My Lord," that one day Howe said to him, "Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal 'My Lord! My Lord;' d'ont you know I am called Black Dick in the fleet?" This was his usual *sobriquet* among the sailors.

Just as the Queen Charlotte was closing with the Montagne, Lord Howe, who was himself conning the ship, called out to Bowen to starboard the helm. On this Bowen remarked that if they did they would be on board the next ship, the Jacobin. His lordship replied, sharply, "what is that to you, sir?" Bowen, much nettled, said, in an undertone, "D—n my very eyes if *I* care, if *you* d'ont. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers."

Howe heard him, and, turning to his Captain, said, "That's a fine fellow, Curtis!"

Lord Howe appears to have had but a dim conception of a joke. Shortly after the return of his flag-ship to Portsmouth, he sent for the First Lieutenant, Mr. Larcom, whom he thus addressed: "Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary for you to leave this ship."

Larcom, who was as brave as the Admiral, and a good

officer, and good seaman, was perfectly thunder-struck, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed "Good God! My Lord, what have I done? Why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power."

"Very true, Sir," said the Admiral, "but leave this ship you must; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as Commander, for your conduct on the late occasion."

It appeared that it was at the solicitation of his Fleet-Captain, Sir Roger Curtis, that Howe appointed the Cæsar to lead the van in the order of battle of May 29th.

It was against Lord Howe's own opinion. Circumstances occurred, on the very day, which induced Lord Howe to place another ship in that station. But he again yielded the point, at Curtis' earnest request to give Molloy another trial, the Admiral remarking, at the same time, "You have mistaken your man; I have not." On the 1st of June, when the Cæsar hauled up, instead of going through the enemy's line, Howe, who was standing on the poop of the Queen Charlotte, tapped Sir Roger Curtis on the shoulder, and, pointing to the Cæsar, said, "Look, Curtis, there goes your friend. Who is mistaken now?"

Certainly Lord Howe's biographer is mistaken in recording this anecdote of the man whom he delights to honor. It is an old story, and has been true of Admirals, in peace or war, time out of mind. But it shows a culpable weakness in Howe, to allow himself to be swayed against his own convictions by any one, in so vitally important a matter.

The conduct of the Marlborough, Captain Berkeley, is interesting, and illustrates the phases of naval actions of that day.

The Marlborough first engaged the Impetueux for

about twenty minutes, when the French ship paid off, and dropped with her bowsprit over the Marlborough's quarter, where she lay exposed to a heavy raking fire. Every one was driven from her decks, and some of the Marlborough's men boarded her, but were ordered back. Just then the three masts of the French ship went over the side, and a 74 which was astern attempted to weather and rake the Marlborough. But he met with such a fire that he dropped on board his consort's quarter, and then luffing up, boarded the Marlborough upon the bow. But the steadiness of the English small-arm men and the fire of her carronades prevented the French from succeeding. In a few minutes this second ship's masts also went over, and they both lay, without firing a gun, without any colors, and with no one on the upper deck. At last the English fleet came up and took possession of them both. Captain Berkeley proceeds to say: "I now attempted to back off from the two vessels, and unfortunately accomplished it just as the French Admiral came under our stern and raked us, by which he did us considerable damage, and carried away our three masts. It was from this ship I received my wound, and, therefore, the remainder is the account of my First Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Monckton then proceeds: "At the time Captain Berkeley was obliged to quit the deck we were still on board, but backing clear of our opponents. Our masts being then shot away by the three-decker under our stern, carried away the ensign staff, and deprived us of hoisting any colors for a few minutes. I ordered the wreck to be cleared away from the color-chest, and spread a Union Jack at the sprit-sail yard, and a St. George's ensign on the stump of the foremast; but perceiving that the latter was mistaken by some of our own ships for the tri-colored flag, I ordered that flag to be cut off.

"At this time we were laying along the Impetueux, within pistol shot, and finding she did not return a gun, I ordered our ship to cease firing at her, and suffered them quietly to extinguish the flames, which I could easily have prevented with our musketry. While clearing away the wreck, the rear of the enemy's fleet was coming up, and perceiving that they must range close to us, and being determined never to see the British flag struck, I ordered the men to lie down at their quarters, to receive their fire, and return it afterwards, if possible. But, being dismasted, she rolled so deep that our lower deck ports could not be opened. The event was as I expected: the enemy's rear passed us to leeward, very close, and we fairly ran the gauntlet of every ship which could get a gun to bear, but, luckily, without giving us any shot between wind and water, or killing any men, except two, who imprudently disobeyed their officers, and got up at their quarters. Two of their ships, which had tacked, now came to windward of us, and gave us their fire, upon which one of their dismasted ships, that had struck, hoisted her national flag, but, upon our firing some guns at her, she hauled it down again; and a three-decker, having tacked, also stood toward us, with a full intention, I believe, to sink us, if possible.

"The Royal George, however, who I suppose had tacked after her, came up, and engaged her very closely, carried away her main and mizzen masts, and saved the Marlborough from the intended close attack. I then made the signal for assistance, on a boat's mast, but this was almost instantly shot away. At five the Aquila took us in tow, and soon after we joined the fleet."

A curious incident is said to have taken place on board this ship, when lying entirely dismasted, and otherwise disabled, the captain and second lieutenant severely

wounded, and the ship so roughly treated that a whisper of surrender was heard. Lieutenant Monckton resolutely exclaimed, "he would be d——d if she ever should surrender, and that he would nail her colors to the stump of the mast." At that moment a cock, having been liberated from a broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud. In an instant three hearty cheers rang through the ship, and there was no more talk of surrender. The cock was afterwards given to the Governor of Plymouth, lived to a good old age, and was frequently visited by the Marlborough's men.

The Brunswick, 74, had a large figure-head of the Duke of that name, with a laced cocked hat on. This hat was carried away by a shot, during the battle. The crew sent a deputation to the captain to ask him to give his own laced hat to supply the place; and he did so; the carpenter nailing it on the Duke's head, when they continued the action.

Nothing could exceed the gallant conduct of this ship, as we have already noticed. The Defence, Captain Gambier, also behaved most gallantly, being terribly cut up, and totally dismasted. She was one of the few that passed through the enemy's line, and got into the midst of the French ships. Captain Gambier was an excellent officer, and a gentleman of strict principles of religion and morality. At the close of the action, Captain Pakenham, a rattling, good-humored Irishman, hailed him from the Invincible, "Well, Jimmy, I see you are pretty well mauled; but never mind, Jimmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

When the Sans Pareil was taken possession of, the English Captain Trowbridge was found on board, a prisoner, having been captured in the Castor, when in

charge of the Newfoundland convoy. On the morning of the 1st of June, the French officers, seeing the British fleet under easy sail, going parallel to the French line, taunted him by saying, "there will be no fighting to-day; your Admiral will not venture down." "Wait a little," said Trowbridge, "English sailors never like to fight with empty stomachs; I see the signal flying for all hands to breakfast; after which, take my word for it, they will pay you a visit." When the Sans Pareil had got enough of the battle, and was prepared to surrender; her captain sent down to request Trowbridge to come on deck and do him the honor of striking the colors. This he very properly declined to do.

Anecdotes of the action are too numerous for all to find a place here. But we may mention that on board the captured French ships the cartridges were found to be mostly made of the fine painted vellum on which church music was painted, and of the titles and *preuves de noblesse* of the principal French families, many hundred years old, and illuminated, in many instances, with the genealogical tree. There was a decree of the French Convention, applying the archives of the nobility to that particular purpose. The great convoy of ships from the West Indies and America, consisting of more than two hundred sail of ships, of immense value, and of so much importance to the French government that they risked the loss of their great Brest fleet for its safety, arrived safely in port a few days after the battle of the first of June.

BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT. A. D. 1797.

LTHOUGH Rodney had fought a celebrated action off Cape St. Vincent a few years before, yet the one which occurred in 1797 so far eclipsed it that Rodney's action is scarcely ever thought of.

St. Vincent is the name of the most southwestern point of Portugal, in the old Kingdom of Algarve.

Admiral Sir John Jervis, with an English fleet under his command, left the Tagus on the 18th of January, 1797, with eleven ships-of-the-line. Before crossing the bar of the Tagus the St. George, a three-decker, got on shore, and, being got off with difficulty, was found to be so much injured as to render it necessary to send her back to Lisbon. So with ten sail-of-the-line Sir John put to sea, having for his first object to escort some Brazil merchantmen and their Portuguese convoy to a safe latitude; thence he intended to proceed off Cape St. Vincent, where he had appointed a rendezvous for the St. George to join him. He also hoped to be there joined by long and anxiously expected reinforcements from England.

His fleet consisted of the Victory, of 100 guns, his flag-ship; the Britannia, 100, Vice Admiral Thompson; the Barfleur and Blenheim, 98s; and the Captain, Culloden, Egmont, Excellent and Goliath, 74s, and the Diadem, 64.

On the 6th of February Sir John had parted from the Portuguese ships, and was upon his return to his station off Cape St. Vincent, where five sail-of-the-line, sent from the Channel fleet to reinforce him, effected their junction. These were the Prince George, 98, Vice Admiral Parker; the Namur, 90; and the Colossus, Irresistible, and Orion, 74s. It so happened that the accession of force did no more than make up that which the Admiral had with him when he sent home for an addition to his force. A sixth serious accident soon deprived him of the use of another ship; for, early on the morning of February 12th, while yet quite dark, as the ships were tacking in succession, the Colossus, keeping her wind a little too long, compelled the Culloden to bear up, to clear her. The former ship then suddenly bore up also, and the two ran foul of each other. The Colossus escaped almost without injury, but the Culloden received damages which would have sent most ships home to a dockyard. She was, however, commanded by the gallant Captain Trowbridge, and he managed, after a time, to repair damages at sea, and to be ready for action again.

Sir John Jervis, with his fifteen ships, persevered in working up to his station, against a strong southeast wind, not doubting that he should there gain a sight, or at least have tidings, of the Spanish fleet, of which he was in quest, which could not be less than nineteen, and might be thirty sail-of-the-line.

Whatever the force might be, it was to be broken up, if possible, and a heavy blow struck against the Spanish navy.

On the morning of February 13th the English frigate Minerve, bearing the flag of Horatio Nelson, then a Commodore, came into the fleet, with the intelligence that on the 11th, soon after quitting Gibraltar, he had been

chased by two Spanish line-of-battle-ships, and that, afterwards, when in the mouth of the Straits, he got sight of the Spanish fleet of whose strength and probable intentions Commodore Nelson communicated some important information. In the course of the same evening the Niger frigate joined the fleet, with the same information; she having kept the Spaniards in sight for several days. Captain Foote, of the Niger, informed the Admiral that their fleet could not be more than fifteen miles off.

It was then near sunset. Signal was made for the British fleet to prepare for battle, and to keep close order for the night, during which the signal guns of the Spaniards could be distinctly heard.

While the English are thus keeping a bright lookout for them, let us take a glance at the Spanish fleet, soon to be engaged in a momentous battle.

The grand fleet of Spain, under the command of Don Josef de Cordova, in the Santissima Trinidada, a huge ship of 130 guns, had sailed from Carthagena on the first of the month. He had, besides his flag-ship, six of 112 guns, two of 80, and eighteen of 74 guns; in all twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, with ten frigates, and two or three brigs.

Some gun-boats, and about seventy transports, having on board two battalions of guards and a Swiss regiment, and a great quantity of military stores and ammunition, accompanied the fleet, all bound to the camp of St. Roche.

The Spanish fleet passed Gibraltar at daylight of the 5th, and some of them escorted the transports to Algesiras, where the troops and stores were disembarked. It was these ships, upon their return to the main fleet, which had seen and chased Nelson.

The report was that this fleet was to proceed to Brest, then to join the French fleet, which was in turn to be

joined by the Dutch fleet; and that with the whole united, England was to be invaded. Be that as it may, the destination of the Spanish Admiral was, in the first instance, Cadiz. But the strong easterly gale that had given him a quick passage through the Straits soon blew in his teeth and drove his ships considerably to the westward of their port. On the night of the 13th, the wind still adverse, the lookout frigates of the Spanish fleet, which now consisted of twenty-five sail-of-the-line and eleven frigates, got sight of several of the British ships; but the latter, being taken by them for part of a convoy, excited little attention.

The Spaniards were busy in taking advantage of a favorable change of wind which just then occurred, and were crowding sail to make the land, without much regard to order.

The morning of the 14th of February, a disastrous day long to be remembered by the Spaniards, broke dark and hazy. The two fleets were in full sight of each other. The British were formed in two compact divisions, on the starboard tack, with the wind at west by south. Cape St. Vincent then bore east by north, distant about twenty-five miles.

At about half-past six the Culloden, 74, made signal for five sail, S. W. by S. The frigates immediately confirmed the same, adding that the strangers were by the wind, on the starboard tack. A sloop-of-war was at once sent to reconnoitre, and the English Admiral made signal to his fleet to form in close order and prepare for battle. Soon after three ships-of-the-line were sent to chase to the S. W., and, upon the sloop signaling that she saw eight sail in that direction, three more line-of-battle ships were sent.

The Spanish reconnoitring frigates soon made out

and recognized these detached English ships, and it was not until then that the Spaniards recovered from their delusion that the ships they had seen were part of a convoy.

Then they fell into another. An American ship, which had passed through the British fleet some days before, while the Culloden was away in chase, had afterwards been spoken by the Spanish Admiral, and informed him that Sir John Jervis had but nine sail-of-the-line.

The partial view of the British fleet now obtained through the fog and haze tended to confirm this statement, and the Spanish were in high glee at the idea that they should soon make a triumphant entry into Cadiz, with some English ships as prizes; for their force was too great for nine ships to resist, however well handled and bravely fought.

About 10 A.M. the English frigate Minerve made signal for twenty sail in the southwest, and presently for eight more.

By this time the fog had cleared away, and left the two fleets to count their enemy's numbers.

The Spanish were, of course, greatly surprised at seeing fifteen instead of nine sail-of-the-line; and these fifteen, found in two close lines, were steadily advancing to cut off those of their ships that, owing either to mismanagement or to a blind confidence in numerical strength, had been allowed to separate from their main body. Their main body, formed in a sort of a square, were running before the wind, under all sail, while their leewardmost ships, with their starboard tacks on board, were striving hard to effect a junction with the former, in time to frustrate, if possible, the evident design of the British Admiral.

As, besides the object of cutting off the six detached sail-of-the-line, it was now equally important to be ready

to receive the nineteen sail bearing down from to windward, the British Admiral, soon after eleven A.M., ordered his fleet to form in line-of-battle, ahead and astern, as was most convenient, and to steer south-southwest.

The advanced position of the Culloden in the morning's chase conferred upon her the honor of being the leading ship in the line, which, when all the ships had fallen into their stations, and were close hauled on the starboard tack, was closed by the Excellent.

Thus arranged the fifteen British ships steered direct for the opening, still wide, but gradually narrowing, between the two divisions of the Spanish fleet.

About this time the advanced ships of the Spanish weather division began wearing and trimming on the port tack.

At 11.30 A.M., the Culloden, coming abreast of the leewardmost of these ships, opened fire upon them, as they passed her starboard broadside. She then stood on, followed by the Blenheim, which ship also gave and received a distant fire.

As soon as she reached the wake of the enemy's line the Culloden tacked again and stood towards it.

The three rearmost Spanish ships, the Conde de Regla, 112; Principe d'Asturias, 112; and Oriente, 74, being some way astern of their companions, and therefore in danger of being cut off by the leading British ships, bore up together, athwart the hawse of the Prince George, 98, (Vice-Admiral Parker's flag-ship). The latter, being rather too far from her leader, had left a sufficient opening for the purpose.

The three Spaniards then hauled up on the starboard tack, and joined four others that lay a little to windward of the remaining three of their lee division.

Upon the Prince George and Blenheim tacking, half an

hour after noon, the advanced portion of the Spanish lee division put about also, and thus both divisions of the Spanish fleet were brought on the port tack. The English ships astern of the Prince George, as they increased their distance from the van, lessened it from the rear division, several of the ships of which opened, and received in return, a sharp fire, evidently to the disadvantage of the Spanish, as they all, but one, wore round on the other tack.

The Egmont, 74, at this time received damaging shots through both main and mizzen-masts; while the Colossus, another English 74, lost important spars, which compelled her to wear out of line, and afforded an opportunity to a Spanish three-decker, which was to windward and astern of the others, to bear up, with the intention of raking the crippled English ship. The Orion, 74, seeing this, backed her main-top-sail, and lay to, to cover the Colossus; whereupon the three-decker wore, and stood away to the southward, after her friends.

The Spanish ship which had not accompanied their lee division in its retreat was the Oriente. She hauled up, on the port tack, and stretching along, under the lee of the remainder of the British line, from which she was partly concealed by the smoke, succeeded in running the gauntlet, and in regaining her own line, to windward.

This was the most gallant and seamanlike act performed by any Spanish ship on that day. About 1 P. M., as the rearmost ship of that part of the British line which was still upon the starboard tack had advanced so far ahead as to leave an open sea to leeward of the Spanish weather division, then passing in the contrary direction, the ships of the latter, as the last effort to join their lee division, bore up together. Scarcely was the movement made ere it caught the attention of one who was as quick

in seeing the consequences of its success as he was ready in devising the means for its failure. Nelson, then a Commodore, directed Captain Miller to wear the Captain, 74, on which ship he bore his pennant, and in which he achieved much of his renown.

The Captain, a smart working ship, was soon round, and, passing between the Diadem and the Excellent, ran athwart the bows of the Spanish ships, as far as the ninth from the rear, which was the huge Santissima Trinidada, of 130 guns, a four-decker. The Captain instantly opened fire upon the large ship and those about her, with the rearmost of which the Culloden, which had recommenced firing a few minutes before, was warmly engaged. Soon the Spanish Admiral and the ships about him, not liking to present their bows, even to so insignificant a force, hauled nearly to the wind, and soon opened a very heavy fire upon the Captain and Culloden. By 2 P. M. the latter had stretched so far ahead as to cover and to afford a few minutes respite to the Captain. Of this Nelson took advantage, replenishing her racks with shot, and splicing and repairing running rigging. The Captain then renewed the battle with great animation.

At about half-past two the Blenheim, 98, came crowding up. and, passing to windward of the Captain, afforded her a second respite, which was taken advantage of as before.

The two more immediate opponents of the Captain and Culloden had been the San Ysidro, 74, and the Salvador del Mundo, 112; these, being already with some of their topmasts gone, and otherwise in a crippled state, the Blenheim, by a few heavy broadsides, sent staggering astern, to be cannonaded afresh by the Prince George and other advancing ships.

The Excellent, 74 (Captain Collingwood, afterwards Lord Collingwood), was now coming up. This ship had been ordered by the Admiral to quit her station in the line and lead the weather division, consisting of the Victory, 100; Barfleur, 98; Namur, 90; Egmont, 74; Goliath, 74, and Britannia, 100. The latter was a dull ship, and a long distance off, though under all sail.

This weather division was intended to pass to windward of the Spanish line.

About half-past two, the Excellent, having by a press of sail arrived abreast of the Salvador del Mundo's weather quarter, brought to, and engaged her warmly, until the latter, ceasing to fire in return, and as it appeared, striking her colors, the Excellent stood on to the next ship, the San Ysidro, whose three top-masts had already been shot away. This ship she closely engaged on the lee side, for some time, when the San Ysidro, after a gallant defence, in his crippled state, hauled down the Spanish, and hoisted the British flag.

The Excellent then made sail ahead, and soon came into close action with the San Nicolas, 86, whose foremast was gone, and who, as well as the ship abreast and rather ahead of her, to windward, the San Josef, 112, had been occasionally firing at the Captain, which we have seen so busily engaged with others.

The Excellent, passing within a few feet of the San Nicolas' starboard side, poured in a destructive fire, and then stood on. The San Nicolas, in luffing up to avoid Collingwood's broadside, ran foul of the San Josef, whose mizzen-mast was already shot away, and which had received very considerable other damage from the fire of four English ships.

The Captain, as soon as the Excellent was sufficiently ahead of her to be clear, luffed up as close to the wind as

her shattered condition would admit, when her fore-topmast, which had been shot through, fell over the side. In this unmanageable state, with her wheel shot away, and all her sails, shrouds and running rigging more or less cut, with the Blenheim far ahead, and the Culloden crippled, astern, no alternative remained but to board the San Nicolas. Previous to doing this the Captain reopened her fire within less than twenty yards, and the San Nicolas returned it, with great spirit, for some time. The Captain then put her helm a starboard, and encountered the two Spanish ships drifting down upon her. As the Captain came to, she hooked, with her port cat-head, the San Nicolas' starboard gallery, and with her sprit-sail yard, the San Nicolas' mizzen-rigging. What immediately ensued is in Nelson's own language.

There was a detachment of the 69th Regiment on board, and Nelson says:—

"The soldiers of the 69th, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson, of that regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizzen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant; (Captain Miller was in the very act of going, also, but I directed him to remain;) he was supported from our sprit-sail yard, which hooked in their mizzen-rigging.

"A soldier of the 69th Regiment, having broke the upper quarter gallery window, I jumped in myself, and was followed by others, as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened; and some Spanish officers fired their pistols; but, having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish Brigadier (Commodore with a distinguishing pennant) fell, as he was retreating to the quarter-deck. I pushed immediately onward for the quarter-deck, where I found Captain Berry in possession

of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed, with my people and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the forecastle, when I met three or four Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen; they delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols or muskets opening from the stern-gallery of the San Josef, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and calling Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the San Nicolas; and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains

"At this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish Captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the Admiral was dying of his wounds.

"I asked him, on his honor, if the ship was surrendered. He declared she was; on which I gave him my hand, and desired him to call on his officers and ship's company, and tell them of it; which he did, and, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to Wm. Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang-froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson, of the 69th Regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cooke, all old Agamemnons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships."

The foregoing is part of a report signed by "Horatio Nelson," "Ralph Willett Miller," and "T. Berry."

The loss of the Captain in boarding the San Nicolas did not exceed seven killed and ten wounded. That of

the San Nicolas was about twenty. But the taking of the first-rate San Josef did not cost the Captain a man, nor does it appear that the prize herself lost above one or two men, in the trifling exchange of small-arm shot which had preceded her surrender.

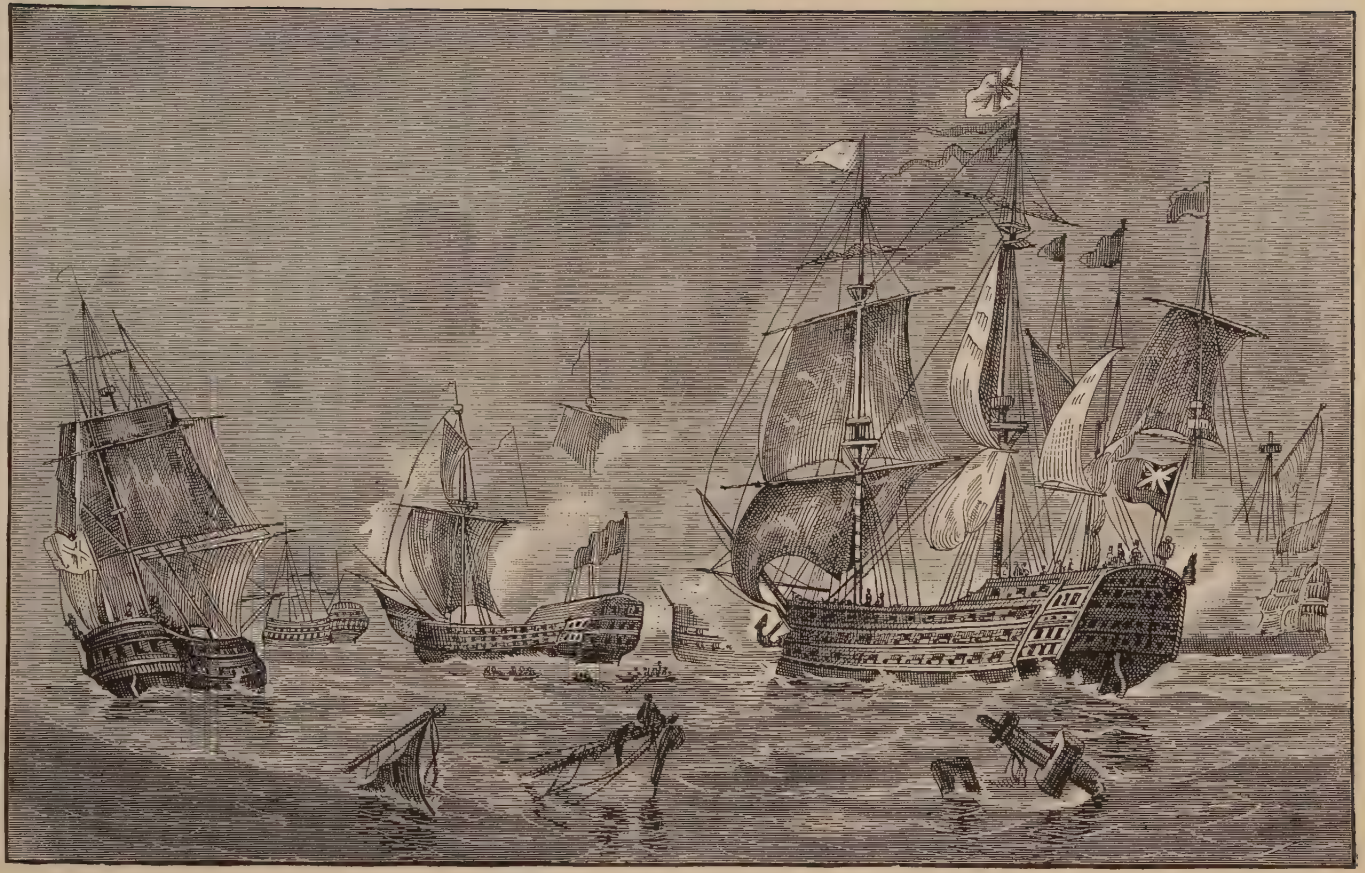
The previous loss of the San Josef had, however, been severe, principally from the fire of the St. George.

During this brilliant service of the Captain she had been so disabled that Commodore Nelson returned to the Minerve, and at five o'clock the same day shifted his broad pennant to the Irresistible.

But other ships besides those already mentioned did good work.

The Victory, next astern of the Excellent, came up in time to throw a most destructive fire into the Salvador del Mundo, whose colors had been once lowered but were then again flying. The Barfleur, close astern of the Victory, seconded the blow. Having already lost her fore and main-top-masts, and being seriously shattered in the hull; observing, also, that her two antagonists were preparing to round upon her bow, and that a third three-decker, the Namur, was not far off, to windward, the Salvador del Mundo hauled down her colors.

The Diadem and Irresistible had previously been ordered to suspend their fire at the Salvador del Mundo, until the Victory and her second passed clear, and they were now directed, by signal, to take possession of the Spanish ship. Soon after this the Excellent got close under the lee of the Santa Trinidada, which vessel she engaged for nearly an hour, assisted by the Orion, Irresistible, and particularly the Blenheim. At last the Spanish four-decker, having her fore and mizzen-masts shot away, and having suffered immense damage in hull,



BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, 1797.

rigging and sails, hauled down her colors, after a splendid resistance to odds.

Just then two of the Spanish van ships, having wore, were standing to the support of the Santa Trinidada. Two fresh ships were coming down from the southwest; and the lee Spanish division, of nine sail, well formed, and including among them the Conde de Regla, and the Principe d'Asturias, three-deckers, were approaching from the southeast. All these ships, closing round their sorely harassed comrade, saved him from further molestation.

By five o'clock the victory was won. At this time all firing ceased, and at that season of the year night was at hand. The British Admiral made the signal for his fleet to bring to, on the starboard tack. This he did, chiefly to cover the prizes and his own disabled ships from the nine Spanish ships of the lee division, which, having made a good stretch to windward, on the starboard tack, were now rapidly coming up on the opposite one.

The determined front of the British changed their purpose, and after firing a few ineffectual broadsides, they stood on to the assistance of their chief.

Both fleets lay to during the night, to repair damages, and day-break discovered them on opposite tacks, each in line-of-battle ahead.

The Spanish had the weather gage, and still possessed eighteen or twenty effective sail-of-the-line, but they made no attempt to renew the action. Probably some of their ships were not in condition to fight. The great Santa Trinidada was nearly out of sight to leeward, in tow of a frigate. As it was necessary to keep the British fleet together, Sir John Jervis sent no vessels in chase of her.

The whole Spanish line was standing to the northward, while the British fleet, which—including the Colossus and Culloden, neither of which was fit to take a place in the

line—could muster but fourteen ships-of-the-line, then took their four prizes and the Captain in tow, and very slowly made their way southward.

The damage sustained from the contest by the British ships was not so great as might have been expected, from the severity of the contest. The only ship of theirs dismasted was the Captain, which ship also suffered much in the hull.

The Colossus and Culloden were both very much cut up, and the latter had suffered especially in the hull, and was very leaky. She had only one carronade dismounted, however, and two first and two second deck guns.

The loss of life among the British was comparatively small. Except in the cases of the Colossus and Egmont, those ships which suffered most in hull and rigging had most killed and wounded. The total for the fleet was 73 killed and 227 wounded. Of course, these were only the badly wounded; for it was not the custom, in those days, to report the slightly wounded. It is, therefore, fair to consider the total as about 400; an amazingly small number, considering the nature of the action.

According to the Spanish accounts, ten of their ships, besides those crippled, suffered materially, but not more than half of them showed any signs of being at all crippled. The Santa Trinidada, Soberano, Principe d'Asturias and Conde de Regla were very much damaged.

The damages of the prizes are better known. All four ships had lost masts, and all were so hulled as to be very leaky. The San Nicolas was badly on fire, but her captors extinguished it. Their loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 1000.

The detached and confused state of the Spanish fleet at the beginning of the battle, and the consequent partial

and irregular manner in which their ships came into action, would render any statement of comparative force, by comparing the totals on each side, very unfair.

It would be correct to say that the British line consisted of fifteen ships-of-the-line, and the Spanish line (if it could be called so) of twenty-five, and afterwards of twenty-seven, ships-of-the-line.

The Santissima Trinidada was a monster in size. She was built in Havana, in 1769, as a 112-gun ship, except that she had greater beam than was usual with that class. Some time about 1796 her quarter-deck and forecastle were formed into a whole deck, barricades built along her gangways, with ports in them, and she was made into a flush four-decker, but was not really much superior in force to the three-decked 112s.

The most striking feature in this victory is the boldness of the attack. Another commander might have paused before running into the midst of twenty-five sail with fifteen. If he had paused to weigh the chances, the separated ships would have closed, and the Spanish line then have been too compact to be attacked with hopes of success.

Sir John Jervis, relying upon the character of his force, and viewing with a general's eye the loose and disordered state of his enemy's line, resolved to profit by it, attacked promptly, and conquered. It cannot be said that he broke the Spanish line, for there was no line to be broken. He simply chose the proper moment for advance, had a leader who never flinched or fell back, and he had all about him those who were emulous to follow so bright an example.

On the other hand, the bold front he put on was calculated to sink the hearts of those among the Spanish fleet who had little experience of naval warfare. The

Spanish fleet was not only in confusion at the outset, but continued to be so; and some of their ships undoubtedly fired into their comrades, while they were so huddled together that if a shot missed one it was sure to strike another of them.

Then the British were better sailors, and repaired damages more quickly; and to many of them the battle was more like a rattling game than a grim matter of life and death and national renown.

It is reported that the Captain actually expended all her shot in this action, and when grape was needed for her 32-lb carronades, used 7-lb shot as a substitute.

This at a short distance must have caused great execution.

When the Spanish Admiral at last formed his scattered divisions into line, he found the British in equal, if not better, alignment; and each side then drew off, the one to lament, the other to exult, over the events of the day.

The Spanish were never accused of a lack of courage, either by sea or on land, and their discomfiture appears to have been caused principally by the worthlessness of the crews which manned their ships. These were composed of pressed landsmen, and soldiers of new levies, with a very few seamen in each ship. It has been reported that these "poor panic-stricken wretches," when called upon to go aloft, to repair the damaged rigging, fell upon their knees, and cried out that they preferred being sacrificed on the spot to performing a duty where death seemed inevitable from more than one cause. The numerical superiority of their guns seemed little in their favor, for some of the San Josef's were found with their tompions in, on the side which had been engaged, after the battle was over. Indeed, the numbers on board some

of the Spanish ships seem to have been rather a detriment to them.

A rather prejudiced writer says that if eight of their twenty-five ships had been left at Carthagena, and had the five or six hundred seamen they probably contained been substituted for twice that number of raw hands, taken from the remaining seventeen ships, the latter would probably have made a better stand; and the victory, if achieved at all, have been at the expense of a much greater number of lives in the British fleet. Whatever the fault of the crews, the officers fought well. "Upon the whole, the victory off Cape St. Vincent, although from its consequences pre-eminently great, from its results, dispassionately considered, cannot be pronounced in an equal degree glorious."

At about 3 P.M. of the 16th the British fleet and the prizes anchored in Lagos Bay. Here the Spanish prisoners, numbering about 3000 men, were landed; and, a receipt being given by the proper authority, were allowed to remain.

On the 23d, after riding out a gale of wind with much difficulty, it blowing dead on shore, Sir John Jervis sailed, and in five days the whole were in safety in Lisbon. It was remarked that the prizes, under jury-masts, beat all the English ships in working into the Tagus.

Great congratulations and celebrations took place at Lisbon, for the Portuguese had every reason to rejoice at this victory, while in England the news was met with immense enthusiasm. Sir John Jervis was created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Jervis of Meaford, and Earl of St. Vincent; with a pension of £3000 per annum. Vice-Admiral Thompson and Admiral Parker were created Baronets, and Vice-Admiral the Hon. William Waldegrave was appointed to a lucrative post abroad.

Commodore Nelson, who had so often proved in his own person that the danger of a bold enterprise required only to be met to be overcome, was not mentioned in Sir John Jervis' despatches, but received the insignia of the Bath, and the freedom of the City of London.

Thanks of Parliament were voted to the fleet, and gold medals were given to all the flag-officers and captains, as on similar occasions. The four Spanish prizes were commissioned, and retained in service on the Lisbon station.

The gale which had assailed the British fleet in Lagos Bay caught the remainder of Admiral Cordova's fleet at sea. It dispersed his ships, and prevented them from reaching Cadiz until March. Among them was the huge Santissima Trinidada, which, being so much injured by shot, was least able to stand bad weather.

On the morning of the 28th of February, as she was striving to regain the coast, the English frigate Terpsichore appeared in sight, to the westward. Her captain knew of the battle, and divined, at once, that the four-decker must be the Sta. Trinidada. He instantly cleared for action, and bore down upon her, and began engaging, so manœuvring that he kept clear of her broadside. The great ship had, therefore, only her chasers with which to chastise the temerity of her pigmy foe. The frigate kept her company until March 2d, doing her considerable damage, and receiving some in return.

On that date twelve sail of Spanish men-of-war appeared, and the Terpsichore hauled up for the Mediterranean.

Several ships from England joined the fleet, and the Admiral cruised off Cadiz, with twenty-one sail-of-the-line, blockading twenty-six Spanish ships, and the latter did not again appear at sea that year.

Admiral Cordova, and his two divisional flag-officers, Moralez and Merino, together with eleven captains, were brought before a council of war, to answer for their conduct in the battle. Nothing appears to have come of it, for the personal gallantry of the officers was beyond all dispute.

One fact is certain, that a Spanish three-decker, bearing a Vice-Admiral's flag, did her best to cut through the line, between the Victory and Egmont.

In cases of this kind the officers are too frequently made the scapegoats of a blundering Administration.

ENGLISH FLEET IN CANARY ISLANDS. A. D. 1797.

IN addition to the blockade and bombardment of Cadiz, with which Lord St. Vincent was carrying on an active warfare against the Spaniards, he detached two expeditions against Santa Cruz, in the Canary Islands, in the more important of which Rear-Admiral Nelson was not only repulsed, but lost his arm, a model of which is still among the trophies and *ex-votos* to be seen in the Cathedral of that place.

On May 28th, 1797, Captain Hallowell, of the Royal Navy, in command of the Lively frigate, with the Minerve frigate in company, stood into the bay of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and discovered at anchor in the road an armed brig, which, as the frigate approached, hoisted French colors.

The two commanders deeming it practicable to cut her out, the boats of the frigates were next day manned, and placed under the orders of Lieut. Thos. Masterman Hardy (who afterwards much distinguished himself, and became an Admiral). At about half-past two in the afternoon, Hardy, with three other naval lieutenants, and one of the Lieutenants of Marines, in the boats of the Lively, and two lieutenants of the Minerve, with her boats, and their respective crews, made a very resolute attack upon the

brig, as she lay at anchor, and, in the face of a smart fire of musketry, boarded, and almost immediately carried her.

This alarmed the town, and a heavy fire of musketry and artillery was opened upon the brig, not only from every battery, but from a large ship which lay in the road.

The lightness of the wind at the time retarded the weighing of the brig's anchor, and then made it necessary for the boats to take the brig in tow. During nearly an hour an unremitting fire was kept up from the shore and ship. At length, at a little before four o'clock, they succeeded in getting the vessel out of gun-shot. She was the French national brig, Mutine, mounting fourteen guns, twelve of them long 6-pounders, and the remaining two brass 36-pounder carronades.

She had on board 113 men, the rest of her ship's company, with her captain, being on shore at the time of the capture.

Hardy, in effecting this handsome capture, did not lose a man, but had fifteen wounded.

The Mutine was a remarkably fine brig, and was put in commission by Earl St. Vincent; and the command of her given to the officer in command of the party that cut her out. Lord St. Vincent set an example which was not followed by all other commanders in-chief, in those stirring times. "He appointed, and gave out that he would always appoint, to the command of any of the enemy's armed vessels the senior lieutenant of the party that captured her." This "win her wear her" plan was a better way to multiply Nelsons, than by filling up the vacancies with the oftener high-born than deserving gentlemen sent out by the Admiralty."

So ended the first small and successful expedition. Let us now look at the second. This was of a much more serious character.

The rumored arrival at Santa Cruz, on her way to Cadiz, of a richly-freighted Manilla ship, the Principe d'Asturias, and the represented vulnerability of the town to a well conducted sea attack, induced Earl St. Vincent to attempt another enterprise.

Accordingly, on the 15th of July, 1797, his lordship detached upon that service a squadron of three sail-of the-line, the Theseus, Culloden, and Zealous, 74s; the Seahorse, Emerald, and Terpsichore, frigates, the Fox, 10-gun cutter, and a mortar boat. The whole were under the orders of Rear-admiral Nelson, in the Theseus.

In about five days the squadron arrived off the island. Every arrangement that sound judgment could devise having been completed, two hundred seamen and marines from each of the line-of-battle ships, and one hundred from each of the three frigates, exclusive of commissioned officers and servants, and a small detachment of Royal artillery, the whole together amounting to about 1050 men, were placed under the command of Captain Trowbridge, of the Culloden. Each captain, under his direction, commanded the detachment of seamen from his own ship; and Captain Thomas Oldfield, of the marines, as senior marine officer, the entire detachment from that corps.

On the night of the 20th of July the three frigates, accompanied by the cutter and mortar-boat, and most of the boats of the squadron, stood in close to the land, to debark the shore party.

A strong gale in the offing, and a strong current against them, near the shore, prevented them from reaching the intended point of debarkation. At about half-past three on the morning of the 22d the squadron bore up for Santa Cruz, and soon after daylight was joined by the frigates and small craft. The unavoidable appearance of

the latter off the coast gave the islanders the very warning it was so desirable, for the success of the expedition, they should not have. A consultation of the principal officers of the squadron now took place, and decided that an attack should be made on the heights immediately over the fort at the northeast part of the bay; and then, from that commandimg position, to storm and carry the fort itself. At nine o'clock on the night of the 22d the frigates anchored inshore, off the east end of the town, and landed their men; but the latter finding the heights too strongly guarded to be attempted, re-embarked in the course of the night, without loss. The three line-of-battle ships had meanwhile kept under way, to batter the fort, by way of diversion; but, owing to calms and contrary currents, were unable to approach nearer than three miles.

Nelson, not being one to abandon an enterprise until after a stout struggle to accomplish it, resolved to give his seasoned men a chance at the Santa Cruz garrison as soon as possible. On the 24th the 50-gun ship Leander joined the squadron, having been sent to reinforce it, by Lord St. Vincent. Her captain had considerable experience as a cruiser in those parts, and his local knowledge was therefore valuable; while the additional force was very acceptable and added to the hopes of the attacking party.

On the afternoon of the 24th, at five o'clock, everything being in readiness, and secrecy no longer possible, the whole squadron anchored to the northeastward of the town: the line-of-battle ships about six miles off, and the frigates much nearer. At eleven o'clock at night, about 700 seamen and marines embarked in the boats of the squadron, 180 more in the Fox cutter, and about 75 on board a large boat that had just been captured;

numbering altogether, with the small detachment of Royal artillery, about eleven hundred men. The different detachments of seamen, under the immediate command of their respective captains, the marines under Captain Oldfield, the artillery under Lieut. Baynes, and the whole force under command of the Rear-Admiral, in person, then pushed off for the shore.

Every precaution had been taken to keep the boats together, in order that the attack might be simultaneous; but the rough state of the weather, and the extreme darkness of the night, rendered it almost impossible for them to keep each other within sight or hearing. At about half-past one in the morning, the Fox cutter, with the Admiral's boat, those of Captains Fremantle and Bowen, and one or two others, reached, undiscovered, within half gunshot of the head of the Mole, when, suddenly, the alarm bells on shore began to ring, and a fire was opened by many pieces of artillery and by infantry stationed along the shore.

Two shots raked the Fox, and another struck her between wind and water; so that she sank instantly. Of those on board no less than ninety-seven were lost; and among them her commander, Lieut. Gibson.

Another shot struck Rear-Admiral Nelson on the elbow, just as he was drawing his sword and stepping out of his boat. The wound completely disabled him, and he was carried back to his ship at once. Another shot sank the boat in which Captain Bowen was about approaching the Mole, and seven or eight seamen of her crew perished.

In spite of this very spirited and determined opposition, the British effected a landing, and carried the Mole, although it was defended by about three hundred men and six 24-pounders. Having spiked these guns, the English were about to advance, when a heavy fire of

musketry and grape-shot from the citadel and from the houses at the Mole head began to mow them down by scores. Captain Bowen, of the Terpsichore, and his first lieutenant were almost immediately killed, and the whole party which landed then were either killed or wounded.

Meanwhile, Captain Trowbridge, of the Culloden, being unable to hit the Mole, the spot appointed for landing, pushed on shore under a battery close to the battery to the southward of the citadel.

Captain Waller, of the Emerald, and a few boats with him, landed at the same time, but the surf was so high that many of the boats put back; and all that did not were filled with water, which spoiled the ammunition in the men's pouches.

Captain Trowbridge advanced as soon as he had collected a few men, accompanied by Captain Waller. They reached the great square of the town, the appointed rendezvous, in hopes of there meeting the Admiral and the rest of the landing party; but we have seen already how these were disposed of.

Captain Trowbridge now sent a sergeant, accompanied by two citizens of the place, to summon the citadel to surrender. No answer was returned, and the sergeant is supposed to have been killed on the way. As the scaling ladders which had been brought were lost in the surf, there was no way of storming the citadel, and after waiting there an hour, Trowbridge went to join Captains Hood and Miller, who, with a small body of men, had landed to the southwest. At daybreak it was found that Trowbridge was in command of about three hundred and forty survivors, consisting of marines, pikemen, and seamen with small arms. Having procured a small quantity of ammunition from some Spanish prisoners whom they had taken, Trowbridge resolved to try what could be done

with the citadel without ladders, and then found that the streets were commanded by field-pieces, while an overwhelming force was approaching them by every avenue. The boats being all stove, there was no possibility of getting any reinforcements; they were short of ammunition, and their provisions had been lost in the boats.

Trowbridge now sent Captain Hood, with a flag of truce, to the Governor, expressing a determination to burn the town if the Spanish forces advanced, and proposing terms of capitulation, to the following effect: that the British should be allowed to re-embark, with their arms, taking their own boats, if saved, and if not, to be provided with others. And Captain Trowbridge engaged, in case of compliance, that the ships then before the town should not molest it, nor attack any one of the Canary Islands.

The Governor, Don Juan Antonio Guttierez, received Captain Hood and his message, being considerably astonished at receiving such a proposal from men whom he considered already in his power. Nevertheless, he accorded the terms, and Trowbridge marched to the Mole head, where he and his officers and men embarked, in boats furnished by the Spaniards.

The Governor supplied each of the retreating invaders with a ration of bread and wine, and directed that the British wounded should be received into the hospital. He, moreover, sent word to Admiral Nelson that he was at liberty to send on shore for, and purchase, fresh provisions.

This was a most disastrous defeat for Nelson, independent of the melancholy loss of life, which was almost as great as in the battle off Cape St. Vincent.

BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN. 11TH OCTOBER, A. D. 1797.

LORD VISCOUNT DUNCAN, who won the decisive naval battle of Camperdown, under rather extraordinary conditions, was born, as simple Adam Duncan, in Dundee, Scotland, in 1731 ; so that he was a veteran, as well in years as in service, when he gained the victory for which he will always be remembered.

As a Lieutenant he had served in the expedition to America, in "the French war;" being in the fleet which brought Braddock over to meet well earned defeat, as well as death. He was afterwards distinguished in the attack upon Belleisle, and in the capture of Havana. In the war of 1778 he was actively employed under Rodney. At the first battle of St. Vincent he was in command of a ship; the first to engage and capture a 70-gun ship.

After participating in many other actions of importance he was made a Rear-Admiral in 1759, a Vice-Admiral in 1793, the rank he held at Camperdown, and finally became full Admiral in 1799.

He was a man of great and unaffected piety, and excited the wonder and admiration of the Dutch Admiral, when a prisoner on board his flag-ship, after Camperdown, by summoning his ship's company, and then going down

on his knees and thanking God for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Admiral Duncan had, in 1797, the command of the North Sea English fleet. But that fleet had been so thinned by the secession of the disaffected ships which took part in the great mutiny of the English fleet, in that year—called the "Mutiny of the Nore," and the "Mutiny at Spithead"—that, towards the end of May, he found himself at sea with only his own ship (the Venerable, 74) and the Adamant, 50.

It is necessary here to touch upon the causes which gave rise to a mutiny which has forever remained a disgrace to the Lords of the British Admiralty, and to the officers of the fleet serving under them at that time and for a long time before.

Avoiding any speculations or reflections, we will simply quote from a well known writer on naval affairs, Admiral Ekins, of the British Navy, who, quoting another writer in respect to the state of the British Navy about that time says, "in 1796 and the following years, after the naval force became so much expanded, the seamen were exceedingly deteriorated by the introduction of a large mass of Irish rebels, and the sweepings of all the gaols in England, on the home station; and by as large an introduction of foreigners on the stations abroad."

This writer seems to intend to say, as he goes on, that the Irish, many of whom had filled offices of some kind at home, had, by plausible ways, acted with great influence on the minds of the British seamen whom they found on board their ships, and who were certainly suffering, at the time, from very oppressive regulations and fraudulent practices.

"These men entirely overturned the whole discipline and constitutional temperament of the navy. An honest

ENGLISH FLEET, OFF TENERIFFE.

zeal was changed for gloomy discontent; grievances were magnified into oppressions, and the man who had cheerfully executed his subordinate duties, in what he as yet considered his proper sphere, now aimed at an equality with, or superiority to, his own respected superiors. Thus arose the mutiny."

"After the mutiny, numbers of the Irish were sent to foreign stations, as a punishment, and disseminated the same spirit."

The poor Irish! They have for many generations fought the battles of the English, and of several other nations, but their case seems more unsettled than before. Without a permanent contingent from Irish recruits England would be badly off.

To continue with our quotation, "Patrick Little, who was Secretary to Parker, the leader of the mutiny of the Nore, had been an attorney in Dublin. He was sent to the West Indies, and, in a few months, was accused of fostering mutiny there. He was not convicted of the full offence charged, but was sent to receive six hundred lashes, did receive two hundred and fifty, and is said to have died, soon after, of the 'prevailing fever.'

"The ships in the Mediterranean in 1797–'98–'99, were so short of men that foreigners of all descriptions were received; and I have often heard it stated that the fleet could not have gone to sea at times, if a certain commissioner at Lisbon, about that period, had not assumed the post of head of Police in that Metropolis, and made, occasionally, clean sweep of all individuals on the quays and adjacent streets, who were sent indiscriminately on board the British fleet; from whence none returned who were serviceable."

This British Admiral proceeds to quote, "if the battle of the Nile had not been fought under the directing skill

of such a chief, and under *all the effects of surprise*, I have heard Sir Thomas Louis declare that the result might have been very different. As it was, the defence was much more obstinate than is generally imagined, and much more protracted." (In America we have been used to read English accounts of the battles of those days, because they were written in our own language.) He goes on to say, "I have understood it was certainly not the superiority of the crews which prevailed. The Vanguard was wretchedly manned; and but for the assistance of the Minotaur, which I saw acknowledged in Lord Nelson's handwriting, her fate would have been precarious."

These remarks are from high English cotemporary authority, we must remember.

In a note, Admiral Ekins says, "at the conclusion of the war in 1802, the Victorious, of 74 guns, returned to Europe after serving a considerable time in the East Indies; but, being in a bad state, from length of service, reached no further than Lisbon. She was there broken up. Part of her crew were put on board the Amazon, to be taken to England to receive their wages and return to their homes. But, unfortunately for them, poor fellows, before they arrived at Spithead, war had again declared itself, and they learned, with tears streaming from their eyes, that they were to be detained to serve another war. They remained nine or ten years in the Amazon, and were then distributed (the Amazon being worn out) to other ships. A few of them were afterwards killed serving in the boats of the Bacchante, in the Mediterranean. Perhaps the whole, certainly the greatest part, of these men were originally impressed against their will."

These are only some authentic instances of the state of the personnel of the British Navy at this time; and the

wonder is that the officers did so well with such material. Men were often nine or ten years without setting foot on shore.

And now to return to Admiral Duncan and his operations. Having, as we have said, been left with only the Venerable, his flag-ship (a name which reminds us of H. M. S. Pinafore), and the Adamant, he nevertheless proceeded to his station, off the Texel, to watch the Dutch, with whom they were then at war.

In the Texel lay at anchor the Dutch fleet of fifteen sail of the line (including 56s), under the command of Vice Admiral De Winter.

In order to detain the latter in port until a reinforcement should arrive, Admiral Duncan caused repeated signals to be made, as if to the main body of his fleet in the offing. This stratagem, it was supposed, had the desired effect. At length, about the middle of June, several line-of-battle-ships, in detached portions, joined the British Admiral, and the two fleets were again placed on an equal footing.

The Venerable, having been nearly five months at sea, and during a part of the time exposed to very boisterous weather, was in want of almost every description of stores. Others of the ships had also suffered by the recent gales of wind, and were short of provisions. Thus circumstanced, the Admiral, on the 3d of October, put into Yarmouth roads, to refit and re-victual, leaving off the Dutch coast a small squadron of observation, under the orders of Captain Trollope, of the Russell.

Early on the morning of October 9th an armed lugger, hired as a despatch vessel, came into the back of Yarmouth sands, with the signal flying for an enemy.

After great bustle and hurried preparations, Admiral Duncan put to sea, a little before noon, with eleven sail-

of-the-line. With a fair wind he steered straight for his old station. On the following day three more ships joined him; so that he had seven 74s, and seven 64s, and two 50-gun frigates. There were also the Beaulieu, 40; the Circe, 28; and the Martin, sloop.

On the afternoon of the 11th the advanced ships were near enough to count twenty-two sail of square-rigged vessels, chiefly merchantmen, at anchor in the Texel.

Admiral Duncan, having received from Captain Trollope information of what course the enemy's fleet was steering, now stood along shore to the southward.

At about seven on the following morning, the Russell, Adamant and Beaulieu were made out in the southwest, bearing at their mast-heads the signals for an enemy in sight, to leeward; and at about half-past eight a strange fleet, consisting of twenty-one ships and four brigs, made its appearance in that quarter.

The Dutch fleet consisted of four 74s, seven 64s, four 50s and two 44-gun ships, with two 32-gun frigates, two corvettes, four brig-sloops, and two advice-boats. Some accounts give more ships than this. Probably there were more.

These vessels, under the command of Vice-Admiral De Winter, had quitted the Texel at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th of October, with a light breeze at about east by north. On the night of that day, the wind being then southwest, Captain Trollope's squadron was discovered by them, to windward, and immediately chased; but the Dutch ships, being dull sailers, did not come near him. The Dutch fleet then stretched out toward the Meuse flat, where Admiral De Winter expected to be joined by a 64-gun ship. Not meeting her, he stood on to the westward, followed, or rather, as the wind was, preceded, by Captain Trollope's squadron.

The wind continued westerly during the three succeeding days, and prevented the Dutch fleet from getting abreast of Lowestoffe until the evening of the 10th. The extreme darkness of that night induced Admiral De Winter to detach a few of his best sailing ships, in hopes that they would be enabled, by daybreak, to get to windward of, and capture or chase away, Captain Trollope's squadron, which had followed them with great pertinacity. Just as the ships had made sail for that purpose some friendly merchant ships came into the fleet, and informed Admiral De Winter that the English fleet was within thirty miles of him, in the north-northwest, and steering east by south. The detached ships were instantly recalled; and the Dutch fleet, as soon as formed in compact order, edged away, with the wind northwest, towards Camperdown, the appointed place of rendezvous.

At daylight on the 11th the Dutch fleet was about thirty miles off the village of Scheveningen, in loose order, and speaking a friendly convoy, from which additional information was obtained.

At this time the English squadron of observation was seen to windward, with numerous signals flying, which convinced Admiral De Winter that the English fleet was in sight. He accordingly ordered his ships to their stations, and to facilitate the junction of the ships most to leeward, stood towards the land. The Wykerdens bearing east, about twenty miles off, the Dutch fleet hauled to the wind, on the starboard tack, and shortly afterwards discovered Admiral Duncan's fleet in the north-northwest. The Dutch fleet then tacked, and, as soon as a close line was formed in the direction of north-east and southwest, the Dutch ships, throwing their main

top-sails aback, resolutely awaited the approach of the British fleet.

Owing chiefly to inequality in point of sailing among the British ships, their fleet, when that of the Dutch appeared in sight, was in very loose order. To enable the dull sailers to take their proper stations, Admiral Duncan, at about eleven A.M., brought to, on the starboard tack; but soon afterwards observing that the Dutch ships were drawing fast inshore, he made signal for each ship to engage her opponent in the enemy's line; then to bear up; and, lastly, for the van to attack the enemy's rear. At about half-past eleven, the centre of the Dutch line then bearing southeast, distant four or five miles, the British fleet bore down, but, owing to some of the ships not yet being up, in no regular order of battle. Some were stretching across to get into their stations; others seemed in doubt where to go; and others, again, were pushing for the thickest of the enemy, without regard to stations.

A little before noon Admiral Duncan made signal that he should pass through the enemy's line and engage him to leeward. This signal appears to have been kept flying but a short time, and the weather was so thick that the ships generally did not make it out. It was replaced by one for close action, which was kept flying for an hour and a half; till, indeed, it was shot away. About half-past twelve Vice-Admiral Onslow, whose ship, the Monarch, was leading the advanced or port division of the British fleet, cut through the Dutch line, between the Haerlem, 64, and the Jupiter, 74; pouring into each, in passing, a well-directed broadside. Then the Monarch, leaving the Haerlem to the Powerful, which followed her, luffed up close alongside the Jupiter, and these two ships became warmly engaged. The Jupiter carried the flag of Vice-

Admiral Reyntjes. The rounding to of the Monarch afforded the Dutch Monnikendam frigate and Atalanta brig, which were in shore and in the rear, an opportunity to rake the English ship several times; and the very plucky little brig, in particular, did not retire until she had been much damaged by the Monarch's shot. It was supposed she had been sunk by the 74, but she arrived safely, after the battle, in a Dutch port. The remaining ships of the English port division, especially the Monmouth, 64, and the Russell, 74, were soon in action with the Dutch rear-ships; among the last of which to surrender was the Jupiter, 74, the first to be engaged.

About twenty minutes after the Monarch, with Vice-Admiral Onslow's flag, had broken the Dutch line, Duncan's flag-ship, the Venerable, frustrated in an attempt to pass astern of the Vryheid, 74, De Winter's flag-ship, by the great promptness of the States-General, 74, in closing the interval, ran under the stern of the latter, and soon compelled her to bear up; and the Triumph, the Venerable's second astern, found herself closely engaged with the Wassenaer, the second astern to the States-General. Meanwhile the Venerable had ranged up close on the lee side of her first intended antagonist, the Vryheid, with whom, on the other side, the Ardent was also warmly engaged, and in front, the Belford, as she cut through the line astern of the Dutch Gelykheid, 64. The Dutch ships Brutus, 74, Rear-Admiral Bloys, and the Leyden, 64, and Mars, 44, not being pressed upon by opponents, advanced to the succor of their closely beset Admiral, and did considerable damage to the Venerable, as well as the Ardent, and others of the British van ships. Just at this critical period the Hercules, 64, which ship had caught fire on the poop, bore up and fell out of line, drifting down very near the Venerable.

Although, to the surprise of every one, the Dutch crew managed to extinguish the flames, yet, having thrown overboard their powder, they were obliged to surrender the ship, which had already had her mizzen-mast shot away, to the first opponent which challenged her. The serious damages which the Venerable had sustained obliged her to haul off and wear round on the starboard tack. Seeing this, the Triumph, which had compelled the Wassenaer to strike, approached to help finish the Vryheid; but that very gallant ship still made a good defence. At length, after being pounded at by the Venerable, Triumph, Ardent and Director, her three masts fell over the side, and disabled her starboard guns, when the overmatched but heroic Vryheid dropped out of the line of battle, an ungovernable hulk, and struck her colors.

A curious incident occurred in regard to the Wassenaer, 64, which, we have just seen, was compelled by the English Triumph, 74, to strike her colors, and fall out of the line. One of the Dutch brigs followed her, and fired at her, persistently, until she re-hoisted her colors. The Russel, 74, soon came up, however, and compelled the unfortunate Wassenaer again to strike to her. With the surrender of Admiral De Winter's ship the action ceased, and the English found themselves in possession of the Vryheid and Jupiter, 74s, Devries, Gelykheid, Haerlem, Hercules and Wassenaer, 64s, Alkmaar and Delft, 50s, and the frigates Monnikendam and Ambuscade. The first of these frigates had been engaged by the Monmouth, 64, and was finally taken possession of by the Beaulieu, a 40-gun frigate of the English.

The Dutch van ship, the Beschermer, 50, dreading, very naturally, so strong an opponent as the Lancaster, 64, had early wore, and fallen out of the line. Her example was followed, with much less reason, by several

of the other Dutch ships, which, although seen making off, could not be pursued, on account of the nearness of the land, and the shallowness of the water. The Venerable at this time sounded, and found only nine fathoms, and the shore, under their lee, which was that between Camperdown and Egmont, and about thirty miles northwest of Amsterdam, was only about five miles off.

The British ships now hastened to secure their prizes, so that they might, before nightfall, work clear of this dangerous coast.

The appearance of the victorious British fleet was very different from that which generally presented itself after a battle with the French or the Spaniards. Not a single lower mast, not even a topmast, in the British fleet, was shot away. Nor were the sails and rigging of the latter very much damaged.

It was at the hulls of their adversaries that the sturdy Dutchmen had directed their shot, and they did not fire until they were so near that no shot could well miss. All the English ships had shot sticking in their sides; many were pierced by them in all directions, and some of them had such dangerous wounds between wind and water that their pumps had to be kept going briskly. The Ardent had received about one hundred round shot in her hull; the Belliqueux, Belford, Venerable and Monarch had nearly as many. But the latter ship was so untouched aloft, that when her top-sail sheets, which had been shot away, were spliced and hauled home, no one looking at her from a little distance would have believed she had been in action.

With such fire, directed almost exclusively at the hulls, even by the feeble guns of that day, the loss of men could not be otherwise than severe. The British loss was 203 killed, and 622 wounded.

The captured ships were all either dismasted outright, or so injured in their masts that most of the latter fell as soon as the wind and sea, during the passage to England, began to act powerfully upon them. The Dutch ships' hulls were also terribly cut up, and were so damaged as mostly to be brought into port to be exhibited as trophies, and then broken up.

Their loss was proportionately severe. The Dutch Vice-Admiral and the two Rear-Admirals were all wounded. Vice-Admiral Reyntjes died in London soon after, not of his wound, but of a chronic disease. Captain Holland, of the Wassenaer, was killed early in the action, which may account, partially, for her not holding out longer. Admiral De Winter's captain, Van Rossem, had his thigh carried away by a round shot, and died almost immediately.

Many other Dutch officers were killed and wounded, and their loss, including that on board the Monnikendam frigate, which was not in the line, was 540 killed, and 620 wounded.

The actual force of the two fleets in this battle was, according to English accounts—not always very reliable at that time—

	British.	*Dutch.*
Ships	16	16
Guns	1,150	1,034
Agg. weight of metal, lbs.	11,501	9,857
Crews	8,221	7,175
Size, tons	23,601	20,937

It is fair to say that the Dutch had several frigates and brigs abreast the intervals in their line, which did good service, raking the English ships as they came through and luffed up to leeward of the enemy's line.

As it was, Admiral Duncan met and fought the Dutch

fleet before a 98- and two 74-gun ships which De Winter had expected could join him.

Admiral De Winter, in his official report of the action, attributed his failure to four causes: first, the superiority of the British in large ships; secondly, their having been together at sea for many weeks, and hence well accustomed to work together; thirdly, the advantage of the attack, and fourthly, the early retreat of some of his ships, and the bad sailing of some of the others. He also expressed his belief that, if his signals had been obeyed as promptly as Admiral Duncan's were, some of the English fleet would have been brought into the Texel, instead of the Dutch ships going to England. His statement about the English ships being so long together was not altogether correct. Captain Williamson, of the English ship Agincourt, 64, was court-martialed for his conduct in this action. He was accused of disobedience of signals and failure to go into action; and also, on a second charge, of cowardice or disaffection. The first charge was found proved, but not the second, and Williamson received a very severe sentence. It was proved on this trial that some of Admiral Duncan's fleet did not know other ships in the same fleet. In the great fleet actions of those days, between ships-of-the line, it was not customary for frigates and smaller ships to fire, or to be fired at, unless they provoked it; and the Dutch frigates, corvettes and brigs formed in this action a second line, and fought well. The Dutch were, indeed, an enemy not to be despised, and Admiral Duncan did full justice to the determined way in which most of them fought.

Scarcely was the British fleet, with its prizes, pointed to the westward, when a gale of wind came on, which scattered and endangered the whole of them. The injured

masts fell, and the vessels leaked through shot-holes which in any ordinary weather would have been above the reach of the water.

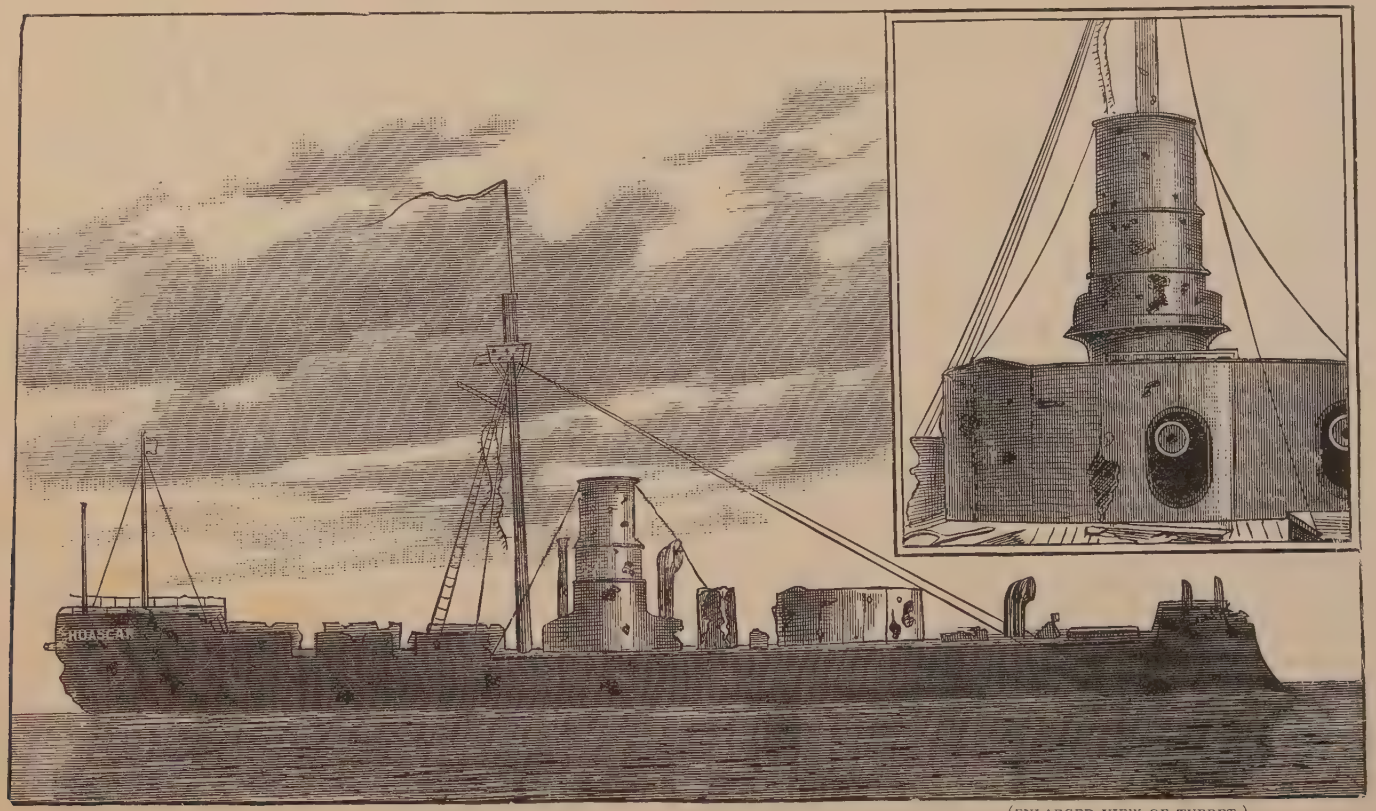
On the 13th, the Delft, 50, a prize, exhibited a board with the words chalked on it "The ship is sinking." Assistance was sent, and most of the men removed; but several of the prize crew and many of the prisoners perished in her, so quickly did she founder.

The Monnikendam frigate was wrecked on a shoal; but all on board were saved; and the Ambuscade frigate, being driven on the Dutch coast, was recaptured. One by one the rest of the scattered fleet and the prizes reached English ports.

Admiral Duncan was made a peer, and Vice-Admiral Onslow a baronet, for this action. Gold medals were presented to the flag-officers and captains; and the thanks of Parliament were voted to the fleet.

We often realize more of the real spirit of a fight from private accounts and comments than from the official reports; and we, therefore, add a few remarks and anecdotes from such sources. In the first place, the promptitude and decision of Admiral Duncan on meeting the Dutch fleet is especially to be noticed. "The British Admiral soon perceived that if he waited to form his line (the enemy drawing fast in with the land) there would be no action." He, therefore, hoisted the signal to make all sail, break the line, and engage the enemy to leeward; and for close action, which last signal flew until it was shot away. This signal could not be mistaken, and, coupled with the gallant Admiral's example, superseded all former ones.

If further proof of the superior efficacy of such a mode of attack be wanting, it is to be found not only in the declaration of the brave Dutch Admiral, but also in the



(ENLARGED VIEW OF TURRET.)

APPEARANCE OF THE HUASCAR AFTER CAPTURE.

testimony of Lord Nelson, who, although not acquainted with Lord Duncan, wrote to him, after the battle of the Nile, to tell him how "he had profited by his example."

The Dutch Admiral De Winter said, "Your not waiting to form a line ruined me; if I had got nearer to the shore, and you had attacked, I should probably have drawn both fleets on, and it would have been a victory to me, being on my own coast."

It is a fact that many of the vessels of Admiral Duncan's fleet were intended for Indiamen, and not so stoutly built as men-of-war usually are; and many of his ships were in bad condition, and had not had time to complete their stores when called away from Yarmouth Roads to encounter the enemy.

Among other incidents of this action, it is recorded that, when the main-top-gallant mast of the Venerable was shot away, a seaman named Crawford went aloft with another flag, and hammer and nails, and nailed the flag to the topmast-head.

Had Duncan's fleet been of as good material as that of Lord St. Vincent, it is probable that every Dutch ship would have been taken. When the action ceased the English fleet were in only nine fathoms of water, and a severe gale was nearly upon them; and the wonder is that they saved themselves and so many of their prizes, in their battered condition.

Captain Inglis, of the Belliqueux, of 64 guns, owing either to a long absence from active service, or an inaptitude to the subject, sometimes apparent in sea officers, had neglected to make himself a competent master of the signal-book, and on the morning of the day of the battle, when it became necessary to act with promptitude in obedience to signals, found himself more puzzled than enlightened by it, and, throwing it with contempt upon

the deck, exclaimed, in broad Scotch: "D—n me, up wi' the hellum, and gang intil the middle o't!"

In this manner he bravely anticipated the remedy in such cases provided by Nelson, who, in his celebrated "Memorandum," observes that, "when a captain should be *at a loss* he cannot do *very wrong* if he lay his ship alongside of the enemy."

In strict conformity with this doctrine the Belliqueux got herself very roughly treated by the van of the Dutch fleet.

BATTLE OF THE NILE. 1ST. AUGUST, 1798.

THIS battle is called by the French *Aboukir*, the name of the bay in which it took place, and it is really a more proper name for the action, as only a small mouth of the Nile opened into the bay.

Beside the great naval action, Aboukir has given its name to a bloody and decisive land battle, which took place July 25th, 1799, between the French and a Turkish army. We may dispose of the latter briefly before taking up the more important sea fight, although in point of time the latter precedes it a year.

Bonaparte having learned of the landing of a Turkish army of 18,000 infantry at Aboukir, advanced to attack them, at the head of only about 6000 men. The Turks, who were mostly Janissaries, had a very considerable force of artillery, and were in part commanded by English officers. Being strongly intrenched at the village of Aboukir, they should have beaten off the French force easily; but, at the word of command from Bonaparte, Generals D'Estaing, Murat and Lannes attacked the entrenchments with desperate courage, and, after a terrible fight, which lasted some hours, the Turks were fairly driven into the sea. Thousands of bodies floated upon the bay, which the year before had borne the corpses of so many French sailors, who had perished from gun-shot

or by fire. Perhaps for the first time in the history of modern warfare, an army was entirely destroyed.

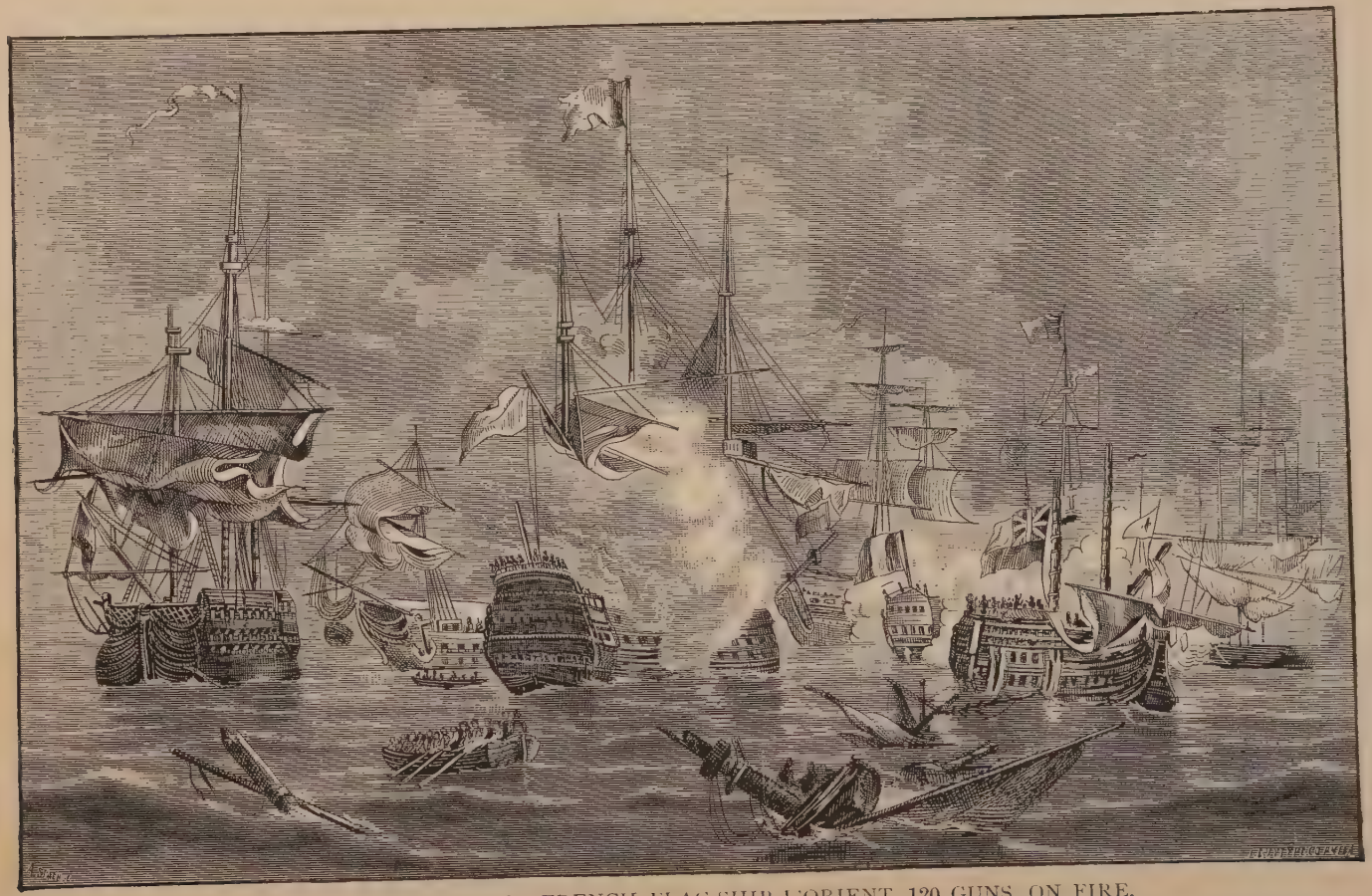
It was on this occasion that Kleber, at the close of the fighting, seized Bonaparte in his arms, and embracing him, exclaimed: "General, you are the greatest man in the world!"

A year previous to the event just recorded, while Bonaparte was occupied in organizing his new conquest of Egypt, fortune was preparing for him one of the most terrible reverses which the French arms had ever met, by sea or by land.

What must have made it harder for him to bear was, that when leaving Alexandria to go to Cairo he had very strongly recommended Admiral Brueys, who commanded the fleet which had brought him to Egypt, not to remain at the anchorage of Aboukir, where the English could, he thought, take him at a disadvantage. In fact, Napoleon's military mind foresaw just what afterwards happened.

Brueys at first thought of taking his fleet to Corfu, but lost precious time in waiting for news from Cairo, and this delay brought on the disaster which had a very important influence in moulding the destiny, not only of Egypt, but of the whole of Europe.

Learning of the departure of a large body of troops, and of a strong fleet, from Toulon, but in entire ignorance of the object of their expedition, Nelson, after vainly seeking for them in the Archipelago, in the Adriatic, at Naples, and on the coasts of Sicily, at last learned with certainty that they had effected a landing in Egypt. He made all sail at once for Alexandria, determined to fight the French fleet the moment it was found, and wherever it might be. He found it at Aboukir bay, just to the eastward of Alexandria, on the 1st of August, 1798; and we shall now give a general sketch of what ensued, and



BATTLE OF THE NILE.—FRENCH FLAG-SHIP L'ORIENT, 120 GUNS, ON FIRE.

after that the particulars of this important action—from both French and English sources.

Although it was nearly six o'clock in the evening when the French fleet was discovered, Nelson resolved to attack immediately.

Admiral Brueys' fleet was moored in the bay, which forms a pretty regular semicircle, and had arranged his thirteen ships-of-the-line in a curved line, parallel with the shore; having upon his left, or western flank, a little island, called also Aboukir.

Thinking it impossible that a ship-of-the-line could pass between this island and the last ship of his line, to take him in the rear, he contented himself with establishing upon the island a battery of twelve or fourteen guns; thinking, indeed, that part of his position so little liable to attack that he placed his worst vessels there.

But with an adversary like Nelson, most formidable, not only for the brilliancy of his conceptions, but for the skillful audacity with which he carried them out, the precautions which under ordinary circumstances would have been sufficient proved of no avail.

The British fleet comprised the same number of line-of-battle-ships as the French, but the latter had more smaller ships.

The British Admiral advanced intrepidly to the attack; a portion of his ships taking a course between the French line and the coast. The Culloden, the leading English ship, ran upon a shoal, and stuck fast; but, although her batteries were thus thrown out of the engagement which followed, her mishap piloted the others in. The Goliath, the Audacious, the Theseus and the Orion succeeded in passing inside the French line; penetrating as far as the Tonnant, which was the eighth of the French line, and thus engaged the French centre and left.

The rest of the English fleet advanced outside the French line, and so put the left and centre of it between two fires.

The battle was a terrible one, especially at the French centre, where the French Admiral's ship, L'Orient, was stationed. The Bellerophon, one of Nelson's best ships, was dismasted, terribly cut up, and obliged to haul off; and other English ships so damaged that they were obliged to withdraw.

In spite of the success of Nelson's grand manœuvre, Brueys still had some chance of success, if the orders which he gave to his right, or eastern, wing had been carried out. But Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded there, did not make out Brueys' signals, and remained in his position, at anchor, instead of getting under way, and doubling upon the English outside line, which would have thus put the latter, in their turn, between two fires.

Nelson's ready mind had foreseen this danger; but Villeneuve, who was to lose another even more important battle at Trafalgar, lacked the instinctive resolution which causes a second in command, under such circumstances, to hasten to the relief of his chief, without formal orders.

Like Grouchy at Waterloo, he heard and saw the cannonade which was destroying the centre and left of the French line, without coming to the rescue; and while that part of the French fleet was performing prodigies of valor to uphold the honor of their flag, Villeneuve escaped, with four ships-of-the-line, thinking himself praiseworthy in saving them from the fate of the rest.

The unfortunate Brueys, though wounded, would not leave the deck. "An Admiral ought to die giving his orders," he is reported, on good authority, to have said. Not long after this speech another shot killed him. The

brave Captain Dupetit-Thouars had both legs carried away, but, like the Admiral, would not leave the deck, but remained there, taking snuff, and coolly directing operations, until another shot struck and killed him.

In fact, acts of heroism were performed by many of the officers and men on both sides.

About eleven o'clock at night the Orient, a huge and magnificent vessel, blew up, with a terrible explosion. By this time all the French vessels were destroyed or rendered worthless, except the four carried off by Villeneuve, and Nelson's fleet was in no condition to pursue them.

Such, in brief, was the celebrated battle of Aboukir, or the Nile, the most disastrous the French navy had ever fought, and the military consequences of which were of such immense importance. It shut up the French and their army in Egypt, and abandoned them to their own resources.

France lost, and England gained, ascendancy in the Levant, and what was worse, it destroyed the *morale* of the French navy—the effects being seen for years, and especially at Trafalgar.

And now we will proceed to give a more detailed account of the action.

Nelson's fleet arrived off Alexandria on the morning of the 1st of August, at about 10 o'clock. They found there a forest of masts—belonging to transports and troop-ships, but few men-of-war. The harbor did not permit of the entrance of such large ships as composed the French line. The two British look-out ships, the Alexander and Swiftsure, also found the French flag flying on the forts and walls.

About noon the Zealous, which ship had been looking further to the eastward (just as the Pharos tower of Alexandria bore south-southwest, distant about 20 miles),

signaled that sixteen ships-of-the-line lay at anchor, in line of battle, in a bay upon her port bow.

The British fleet instantly hauled up, steering to the eastward, under top-gallant sails, with a fine breeze from the northward and westward. These ships were in good discipline, and it did not take them long to clear for action.

Let us now turn to the French fleet, which they were soon to encounter. On the 1st of July, Admiral Brueys, with his fleet, brought to off the old port of Alexandria, and at once learned that a British squadron had been looking for him there. On hearing this, General Bonaparte desired to be landed, and the Admiral at once proceeded to disembark the General and 6000 men, in a creek near Marabout Castle, about six miles from the city of Alexandria.

Between the 1st and the 6th of July all the troops, with their baggage, were landed; and six vessels, armed *en flute*, went into Alexandria harbor, to protect the transports. As the ships-of-the-line drew too much water to enter, Admiral Brueys, with three frigates and 13 sail-of-the-line, stood off and proceeded to Aboukir bay, about 15 miles to the eastward of Alexandria. Reaching the bay, he anchored his ships very judiciously, in line ahead, about one hundred and sixty yards (Engl.) from each other, with the van-ship close to a shoal in the northwest, and the whole of the line just outside a four-fathom bank. It was thus considered that an enemy could not turn either flank.

The French ships, beginning at the van, were ranged in the following order: Guerrier, Conquérant, Spartiate, Aquilon, Peuple-Souvérain (all 74's), the Franklin, 80, Rear-Admiral Blanquet, second in command; Orient, 120, (formerly called the Sans Culotte, and the flag-ship of

Admiral Brueys, Rear-Admiral Gauteaume and Captain Casa-Bianca); next the Tonnant, 80; the Heureux, 74; the Mercure, 74; the Guillaume Tell, 80, and the Genereux and Timoléon, both 74's.

Having thus moored his fleet in a strong position, the French Admiral awaited the issue of General Bonaparte's operations on shore.

He also erected the battery already spoken of on Aboukir island, and four frigates—the Diane, Justice, Artemise and Sérieuse, with four brigs and several gunboats, were stationed along the bank, inside, or at the flanks of the line, so as best to annoy an enemy in his approach.

Yet Admiral Brueys appears to have been taken, at last, rather by surprise. No doubt the short interval which had elapsed between the departure of a reconnoitring fleet and the arrival of another led him to the belief that the English were aware of the proximity of the French fleet, and for want of sufficient strength declined to attack it. So that, when the Heureux, at 2 P. M. of the 1st of August, made the signal for a fleet in the northwest, the French ships were still lying at single anchor, without springs on their cables; and many of the crew of each ship were on shore, getting water. These were at once recalled; and some of the men of the frigates were sent to reinforce the crews of the largest vessels. The latter crossed top-gallant yards, as if about to get under way, but the French Admiral thought that his enemy would never attack at night, in such a position, and so he remained at anchor. When Nelson's movements undeceived him, he ordered the ships to let go another bower anchor, and another one to be carried out to the S. S. E.; but very few of his ships found time to do either.

Before the English fleet approached the bay, each ship got a cable out of a gun-room port, and bent it to an anchor, and prepared springs, to give requisite bearing to her broadside. This was to enable the ships to anchor by the stern, in the best position for attacking the enemy, and for supporting each other.

As the British approached the bay, two French brigs stood out to reconnoitre, and one of them, the Alerte, stretched towards the shoal which lies off Aboukir island, in the hope that one or more of the English would follow her, and get on shore. But this *ruse de guerre* was disregarded, and the English fleet stood on.

About half-past five the signal was made to form in line of battle, ahead and astern of the Admiral, as most convenient. By a little after six, in spite of some confusion from a new order of sailing, the line was pretty well formed, and eleven of the ships had rounded the shoal at the western side of the bay, and, with the wind on the starboard quarter, were rapidly approaching the French. The Culloden was astern of the rest; and far astern of the Culloden were the Alexander and Swiftsure, all three making every effort to get up into line.

At about twenty minutes past six the French hoisted their colors, and their two van ships, the Guerrier and Conquérant, opened a fire upon the two leading English ships, the Goliath and Zealous. The guns in the battery on the island also opened now, and fired also on the other ships, as they rounded the shoal. They ceased to fire, however, after the engagement became close, for fear of injuring their own van ships.

Soon the Goliath crossed the bows of the Guerrier, and ranging past her, let go her stern anchor, and brought up abreast of the small opening between the Conquérant and Spartiate. As she passed she kept up a spirited fire

upon the two van ships, as well as engaging, from the other battery, a mortar-brig and a frigate, nearly abeam.

The Zealous, close astern of the Goliath, came in and anchored abreast the inner or port bow of the Guerrier, the French van ship. The English Vanguard and Minotaur then making for the starboard side of the enemy's line, left the Theseus to follow the Zealous. This she did, passing between the latter and her opponent, and along past the Goliath, anchoring directly ahead of the latter, and, within two cables' length of the Spartiate's beam. The Orion, having passed inshore of the Zealous and Goliath, found herself assailed by the Sérieuse frigate, anchored inshore. As soon as the Orion's starboard guns would bear, she opened on the frigate, and dismasted and sunk her in a few minutes; but she was in such shoal water that her upper works were dry. Passing on, the Orion passed the Theseus, and dropped her bower, so that she swung with her bows towards the Theseus. Then she veered away until between the Peuple Souvérain and the Franklin, firing into the port bow of the latter and the port quarter of the former.

The Audacious, having from the outside cut the opening between the Guerrier and the Conquérant, came to, with a small bower, and opened upon the Conquérant, at only about forty yards' distance. In a few minutes the Audacious swung round the Conquérant's bows, and brought up, head to wind, within about the same distance of her, on the port side.

Nelson had wisely resolved to complete the capture or destruction of the French van ships before he made any attempt upon those in the rear. He knew that the latter, from their leeward situation, would be unable to afford any immediate support to the former.

So, as the first step, the Vanguard anchored abreast of

the Spartiate, within half pistol-shot, on her starboard side. The Minotaur anchored next ahead of the Vanguard, opposed to the Aquilon; and the Defence, still on the outer English line, brought up abreast of the Peuple Souvérain. The Bellerophon and Majestic passed on to close with the French centre and rear, on the outside.

These eight British and five French ships should be followed by themselves in their action.

The Guerrier receiving a raking broadside from each English ship which passed her bows, and a succession of the same from the judiciously placed Zealous, lost all three masts and bowsprit in a quarter of an hour, without being able to bring enough guns to bear to seriously damage any of her antagonists.

The French apparently did not expect any action on the port side, and were not prepared in that battery. The knowledge that French and Spanish ships seldom cleared for action on both sides, and also that the French must have allowed themselves room to swing, in the event of the wind's blowing directly on shore, induced the English to pass between them and the shore, especially as the English ships generally drew less water, and thus all fear of getting aground was dispelled. The unfortunate Guerrier, having been completely cut to pieces, and having most of her crew disabled, was forced to strike.

The Conquérant, besides receiving fire from the ships which ran by her, had to withstand a portion of the fire of the Theseus, and all that of the Goliath and the Audacious, the latter, for a time, in a raking position. At the end of about twelve minutes, being dismasted, and from her position unable to make a suitable return fire, the Conquérant hauled down her flag. She struck, indeed, before the Guerrier did. In doing this the Goliath and

Audacious were considerably damaged, principally in spars and rigging.

Next we come to the Spartiate. She sustained, for some time, the fire of both the Theseus and the Vanguard, with occasional shots from the quarter guns of the Audacious and the bow guns of the Minotaur. Her masts were soon shot away, and she surrendered at about the same time as the Guerrier.

The Aquilon, astern of the Spartiate, had a slanting position in the line, and made a good fight, raking the Vanguard with dreadful effect, but was at last overcome by the batteries of the Minotaur. The Vanguard was very much injured. The unusually powerful broadside of the Minotaur (she being the only ship in either fleet which had 32-pounders in the upper battery), aided by the occasional fire of the Theseus, within the line, soon dismasted the Aquilon, and compelled her surrender. This occurred about half-past nine.

Next we come to the Peuple Souvérain. She was subjected to the close and well-sustained fire of the Defence, and occasional raking broadsides from the Orion, as the latter ship lay on the Peuple Souvérain's inner quarter. This ship, having had her fore and main masts shot away, and being, in other respects, greatly disabled, cut her cable and dropped out of the French line, anchoring again abreast of the Orient, and about two cables' length from her.

The fore-top-mast of the Peuple Souvérain's opponent, the Defence, fell over the side just as the French ship had ceased firing and quitted the line. The Defence then veered away on her cable, and brought up on the outer or starboard bow of the Franklin. The Defence's three lower masts and bowsprit were tottering, in consequence of the fire of the Peuple Souvérain; and both hull and

masts of the Minotaur were very much damaged by the fire of the Aquilon. But of the eight British ships whose conduct we have detailed, the Defence was the only one who had actually had spars to fall. The order in which the five French van ships surrendered appears to have been thus; 1st. Conquérant; Guerrier and Spartiate next, and at the same time; then the Aquilon; and lastly, the Peuple Souvérain.

In order to lessen the confusion of a night attack, and to prevent the British vessels from firing into each other, every ship had been directed to hoist at her mizzen-peak four lights horizontally. The English fleet also went into action with the white, or St. George's ensign (at this day used exclusively by the British Navy), the red cross in the centre of which rendered it easily distinguishable, in the darkest night, from the tri-colored flag of the French. At about seven o'clock the lights made their appearance throughout the fleet; and it was at about the same time that the Bellerophon dropped her stern anchor so as to bring up abreast, instead of on the bow, of the French three-decker. In a very few minutes afterwards the English Majestic brought up abreast of the Tonnant, and soon lost her captain by that ship's heavy fire. Subsequently, on this dreadful night, when the Tonnant cut her cable, to keep clear of the Orient, the Majestic slipped *her* cable, to keep clear of the hawse of her consort, the Heureux. The Majestic then let go her best bower anchor, and again brought up, head to wind. She now had the Tonnant on her port bow, and the Heureux on her starboard quarter.

The Swiftsure, of the English fleet, having passed the Alexander, when the latter tacked to avoid Aboukir shoal, now came crowding up. At about 8 o'clock she anchored by the stern, judiciously placing herself on the

starboard bow of the Orient, and on the starboard quarter of the Franklin; while, into the port bow of the latter ship, the Leander, having taking an admirable position in the vacant space left by the Peuple Souvérain, poured several broadsides which had no response. The Leander would have been much earlier in action, but for having hove to, to try to assist the Culloden.

Almost immediately after, the Alexander passed through the wide opening which the driving of the Tonnant had left, and dropped her bower anchor, so as to bring her starboard broadside to bear on the port quarter of the Orient.

Until the Leander took up a position inside of the Orion, the latter had been firing into the Franklin, and the Minotaur was also occasionally firing at the Franklin. But after the Peuple Souvérain quitted the line, the Franklin was engaged almost entirely with the Defence. The fight was thus going on, most intrepidly on both sides, when an event occurred which seemed to appall every one, and suspended, for a time, the hostile operations of the two fleets.

From the moment that the Bellerophon had, with so much more gallantry than judgment, stationed herself alongside the huge Orient, a heavy cannonade had been kept up between the two ships. So decidedly was it to the disadvantage of the English ship, the Bellerophon, that her mizen, and then her main mast, were cut away, doing much damage in their fall.

At about nine o'clock a fire was observed on board the Orient. To those on board the Bellerophon it appeared to be on the second deck; while to those on board the Swiftsure it appeared to be in the French flagship's mizzen chains. The origin of the accident has been variously explained. By some it is said to be due to paint-

pots, oil and other combustibles in the chains. Others decided that it was due to premature ignition of combustibles arranged by the French to burn the English ships. The truth will never be known now. At any rate, all of the Swiftsure's guns which would bear were directed to fire upon the seat of combustion. It was soon evident that they were firing with precision—for the French could not approach the spot. The Bellerophon, much damaged by her powerful opponent, and fearing fire for herself, now cut her stern cable, loosed her sprit-sail, and wore clear of the Orient's guns. The Orient was keeping up a splendid and uninterrupted fire from the first deck in particular, even after the upper part of the ship was entirely involved in flames. Scarcely had the Bellerophon effected her escape when her foremast fell over her port bow, killing a lieutenant and several men by its fall. The fact that the Bellerophon could thus drop clear shows that the French line continued to lay head to the wind, although many statements to the contrary were made.

At about ten the Orient blew up, with a tremendous explosion, which seemed, for the time, to paralyze every one, in both fleets. It must have been an awful sight, of which description would fall short; for certainly, no vessel of such a size had blown up before, and none so large has blown up since. The effect produced upon the adjacent ships was different. The Alexander, Swiftsure and Orion, the three nearest English ships, had made every preparation for the event which they saw was inevitable. They closed their ports and hatchways, removed from their decks all cartridges and combustible material, and had their firemen ready, with buckets and pumps. The shock of the explosion shook the ships to their very keelsons, opened their seams, and did considerable other

injury. A flaming mass flew over the Swiftsure. Some burning fragments fell into her tops, but the wise action of her commander in not hauling further off probably saved her. A part of the blazing mass fell on board the Alexander, much further off than the Swiftsure, and a port-fire set fire to some of the upper sails of the Alexander, as well as to her jib. The crew extinguished the flames, after cutting away the jib-boom and other spars. The Alexander then dropped to a safer distance.

Among the French ships, the Franklin received the greatest share of burning wreck from the Orient. Her decks were covered with red-hot pitch, pieces of timber, and burning rope. She caught fire, but they succeeded in putting it out. The Tonnant, a near neighbor, just before the explosion, slipped her cable and dropped clear. The Heureux and Mercure did the same.

After the explosion it was full ten minutes until a gun was fired again. On both sides there was a sort of paralysis, and a waiting for what next was to occur. The wind seemed to have been lulled by the concussion, but then freshened up again, whistled about the rigging of the ships, ruffled the surface of the water, and aroused, by its cool breath, the benumbed faculties of the combatants.

The first ship to renew the fire was the much damaged French ship Franklin. She had only her lower battery, but opened with that, upon the Defence and Swiftsure; and they returned it, with full effect. Being surrounded by enemies, the gallant Franklin, fighting until her main and mizzen masts had gone by the board, and having scarcely a serviceable gun left, and half her crew dead or wounded, hauled down her colors.

It was now midnight. The Tonnant was the only French ship which kept her battery in active play. Her shot

annoyed the Swiftsure, particularly; while the latter, owing to the position of the Alexander, could make little or no return.

At 3 A.M the formidable and unremitting fire of the Tonnant shot away the main and mizzen masts of the Majestic; and shortly after, the Tonnant herself had all three masts shot away, close to the deck. The wreck of the masts falling over her battery caused her to cease firing, but, for all that, she did not strike. Indeed, by veering cable, she had dropped to leeward of her second position, and there lay, like a lion at bay.

The Heureux and Mercure having, as stated, withdrawn from the line, left room for the Tonnant to take a position ahead of the Guillaume Tell and the two ships in her rear. This she did; and then a second interval of silence occurred in this awful battle.

Just as day broke, about four o'clock, the fire opened again, between the Tonnant, Guillaume Tell, Généreux and Timoléon, on the French side, and the Alexander and the Majestic on the other. This firing soon brought down the Theseus and Goliath.

Soon after these ships arrived, the French frigate Artémise fired a broadside at the Theseus, and then struck her colors. A boat was dispatched from the English ship, to take possession; but the frigate was discovered to be on fire, and soon after blew up. In the meantime the four French line-of-battle ships, and the two frigates inside of them, kept dropping to leeward, so as, presently, to be almost out of gunshot of the English vessels that had anchored to attack them.

At about six o'clock in the morning the Goliath and Theseus got under way, and, accompanied by the Alexander and Leander, stood towards the French Mercure and Heureux. These, on quitting the line, had first

anchored within it, and then had run on shore on the southerly side of the bay. These two ships, after interchanging a few distant shots, struck their colors.

About an hour before noon the Généreux and Guillaume Tell, with the frigates Justice and Diane, got under way, and made sail to the northeast, the absence to leeward of the three English ships which were in a condition to carry sail giving them an opportunity to get clear. The Timoléon, being too far to leeward to fetch clear, ran herself on shore, losing her fore-mast by the shock. The four other French ships now hauled close, on the port tack, and the Zealous, the only other English ship in a condition to make sail, stood after them. After some distant firing, the four French ships stretched on, and escaped. In this affair the Zealous had one man killed, who had already been wounded on the day before.

And now to sum up. Of the thirteen French ships-of-the-line, one had been totally destroyed, with nearly all on board; eight had surrendered, and two had got clear. Of the two remaining, one, the Timoléon, was on shore, with her colors flying; the other, the indomitable Tonnant, having had her second cable cut by the fire of the Alexander, was lying about two miles away, a mere wreck, but with her colors flying on the stump of her main-mast.

Things remained in this state until the following morning, the 3d of August, when the Theseus and Alexander approached the Tonnant, and, further resistance being utterly hopeless, the gallant French ship hauled down her colors, replacing them with a flag of truce, and was taken possession of by a boat from the Theseus.

The principal part of the crew of the Timoléon had, during the night, escaped on shore, although a few had been taken off in the four vessels which escaped. Between three and four hundred of those who reached the

shore were murdered by the Bedouins, while a few fought their way to a French camp. Those who remained by the ship set her on fire, and she soon after blew up, making the eleventh line-of-battle-ship lost by the French in the battle of Aboukir, or the Nile.

As for the British ships engaged in this great battle, their damages were chiefly aloft. The Bellerophon was the only British ship entirely dismasted, and the Majestic the only one, beside her, which lost a lower mast. The Alexander and Goliath lost top-masts; but the lower masts, yards and bowsprits of all the British ships were more or less damaged. And we must remember, that such damage was almost equivalent to loss of propellers or boiler in ships of our day.

The Bellerophon's hull was very much shattered, and many of her guns broken to pieces. The Vanguard had received very great injury in her hull, while the Swiftsure had received from the Tonnant shots under water, which kept four feet of water in her hold during the entire action, in spite of the pumps. The Theseus was hulled seventy times, and the Majestic was in nearly as shattered a state as the Bellerophon.

The loss of the English was 218 killed and 678 wounded. Admiral Nelson was struck by a splinter a little above his right, or blind eye, causing a piece of skin to hang down over the lid. This was replaced and sewed up.

The Bellerophon suffered most in killed and wounded, and the Majestic next.

As regards the captured French ships, the statistics of loss were never properly given. Five of them were entirely dismasted, and were rendered unseaworthy as to their hulls.

The Peuple Souvérain and the Franklin, though not

NELSON WOUNDED AT TENERIFFE (page 270).

DUTCH MAN-OF-WAR, 17TH CENTURY.

entirely dismasted, were not in much better plight than the others. The Mercure and Heureux were principally damaged by running on shore, where they lay with their top-gallant yards across, to all appearance as perfect as when the action commenced.

As no official account of the French loss was given, the matter was left open to conjecture. One of the lowest estimates makes the French loss 2000. It was probably more.

The French commander-in-chief, Admiral Brueys, while upon the Orient's poop, received three wounds, one of which was in the head. Soon afterwards, as he was descending to the quarter-deck, a shot almost cut him in two. He asked not to be carried below, but to be allowed to die on deck—which he did, in a few minutes.

Casa Bianca, the captain of the Orient, is said, by some accounts, to have died by the Admiral's side; but, by the account most generally received, he died, with his son, who was only ten years old, in the great explosion. Captains Thévenard, of the Aquilon, and Dupetit-Thouars, of the Tonnant, were killed, and six other captains were dangerously wounded.

Mention must be made of the Culloden, which had run on a reef of rocks, off the Island of Aboukir, and did not get into the action. Her running on shore saved the Alexander and Swiftsure—both of which ships did such good service. Every effort was made, with the assistance of the Mutine brig, to get the Culloden off. But the swell increased, and she lost her rudder, and began to leak badly. Next day she came off, much damaged, and with seven feet of water in her hold, but was eventually saved, by good seamanship.

In this great action the number of line-of-battle-ships was the same on both sides; but the weight of metal, the

gross tonnage, and number of men were on the side of the French. The French ships were conquered in detail, by a masterly and bold manœuvre of Nelson's. Had the unengaged French ships got under way, they would have no doubt captured the Culloden, prevented the two other English ships from entering the bay, and, possibly, turned the tide of battle.

The great disaster which befell the huge three-decker, the Orient, no doubt gave a decided turn of the action in favor of the English.

With respect to the behavior of the French, nothing could be more gallant than the defence made by each of the six van-ships; by the Orient, in the centre, and by the Tonnant, in the rear. The Heureux and Mercure appear to have been justified in quitting the line, by the great danger of fire ahead of them—however precipitate in running themselves on shore. No instance of personal misconduct was ever reported, in either fleet.

The engagement and its consequences ruined the French hopes of receiving the reinforcement of troops destined for Egypt; it left the Porte free to declare war against them; it rekindled the war with the German States; it opened the Mediterranean to the Russians, and occasioned the loss of Italy and the Adriatic possessions, which had been won by Bonaparte in his great campaigns. Finally, it put the English at ease concerning India, while the Egyptians became more inimical, and the French there, isolated as they were, were put upon a strictly defensive policy.

On the morning of the 14th of August, after an incredible deal of labor in refitting the ships, the prizes, rigged with jury-masts and weakly manned, proceeded to the westward, except the Heureux, the Mercure and the Guerrier, which were in too bad a state to be refitted,

and which were burned. A fleet was left, under Captain Hood, to cruise off Alexandria. Nelson, himself, in the Vanguard, with two other ships, went to Naples, which he had better never have seen, for events there occurred which have always more or less tarnished his fame.

The English public had all summer been reproaching Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson for his *tardiness* in finding the French fleet, and the news of his great action (owing to the capture of the Leander, which had been sent with the news) did not reach England until the 2d of October, and then the English people thought they could not do enough to make amends for their complaints against the brightest ornament of their favorite service. On October 6th Nelson was made a peer, with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the County of Norfolk. Thanks of Parliament, of course, followed, and a pension of £2000 per annum, to him and his two next heirs male, was granted by the Parliament of England, and £1000 from that of Ireland. Gold medals were presented to Lord Nelson and his captains, and the first lieutenants of all the ships were promoted to commanders. In regard to the Culloden, which ran on shore, and, of course, was not engaged, Nelson wrote: "I sincerely hope it is not intended to exclude the first lieutenant of the Culloden; for heaven's sake, for my sake, if it be so, get it altered."

Strictly speaking, only the captains *engaged* were to have medals, but the King himself expressly authorized Lord Spencer to present one to Captain Trowbridge, of the Culloden. Nelson wrote to Earl St. Vincent concerning this officer: "The eminent services of our friend deserve the very highest rewards. I have experienced the ability and activity of his mind and body. It was Trowbridge who equipped the squadron so soon at

Syracuse; it was Trowbridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Trowbridge who saved the Culloden, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it; it is Trowbridge whom I have left as myself at Naples; he is, as a friend and as an officer, a *non-pareil.*"

The East India Company presented Lord Nelson with £10,000, and Liverpool, London and many other cities voted him rewards. The Sultan presented him with a diamond aigrette and robe of honor; and instituted a new Order, that of the Crescent, and made Nelson the first knight companion of it, while many other foreign powers presented tokens of respect for his talents and bravery. The finest of the French prizes which the captors succeeded in getting home was the Franklin. Her name was changed to Canopus, the ancient name of Aboukir.

The following is Nelson's official letter to Lord St. Vincent, announcing the victory. It is the letter which was captured in the Leander, on her way to the westward, by the Généreux.

"VANGUARD, off the Mouth of the Nile,
"August 3d, 1798.

"MY LORD:—Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms, in the late battle, by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile.

"The enemy were moored in a strong line-of-battle for defending the entrance of the Bay (of shoals), flanked by numerous gunboats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van, etc.

"The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted, and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape; nor was it in my power to prevent it, etc.

"Captain Berry will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the commander-in-chief being burned in L'Orient, etc."

As personal remarks and details by eye-witnesses of celebrated actions are always of interest, we may, at the risk of being prolix, add some extracts from a private letter of Sir Samuel Hood to Lord Bridport, and terminate the account by a report from a French officer who was present.

Sir Samuel Hood says, "After completing our water at Syracuse, in Sicily, we sailed from thence on the 24th of July, and arrived a second time off Alexandria, on the 31st, where we found many more ships than were there before; amongst which were six with pendants, and appearing large, so that we were convinced the French fleet had been there. I immediately kept well to the eastward of the Admiral, to see if I could discover the enemy at Bequir (Aboukir).

"About one o'clock the man at the mast-head called down, and said he saw a ship, and in a few minutes after announced a fleet, at anchor. I sent a glass up, and eighteen large ships were clearly ascertained, thirteen or fourteen of which appeared to be of the line; which I made known by signal to the Admiral, who instantly pressed sail up, and made the signal to prepare for battle. The wind being to the N. N. W. and sometimes more northerly, we were obliged to haul to the wind. The Alexander and Swiftsure, which were to leeward, were called in, and the Culloden ordered to cast off the prize which she had in tow, as she was somewhat astern.

"As we advanced towards the enemy we plainly made out 13 sail-of-the-line, 4 frigates, with several small armed vessels, all at anchor in the road of Bequir, or Aboukir, very close in, and in order of battle. The Admiral then

made the signal to anchor, and for battle, and to attack the *van* and *centre* of the enemy; and soon after for the line ahead, as most convenient."

"As we got pretty nearly abreast of the shoal at the entrance, being within hail of the Admiral, he asked me if I thought we were far enough to the eastward to bear up clear of the shoal. I told him I was in eleven fathoms; that I had no chart of the bay, but if he would allow me, would bear up and sound with the lead, to which I would be very attentive, and carry him as close as I could with safety. He said he would be much obliged to me. I immediately bore away, rounded the shoal, the Goliath keeping upon my lee bow, until I found we were advancing too far from the Admiral, and then shortened sail, and soon found the Admiral was waiting to speak to a boat.

"Soon after he made the signal to proceed, the Goliath leading, and as we approached the enemy shortened sail gradually, the Admiral allowing the Orion and others to pass ahead of the Vanguard.

"The van-ship of the enemy being in five fathoms, I expected the Goliath and Zealous to stick fast on the shoal every moment, and did not imagine we should attempt to pass within her, as the van, with mortars, etc., from the island, fired regularly upon us.

"Captain Foley intended anchoring abreast of the van-ship, but his sheet anchor, the cable being out of the stern port, not dropping the moment he wished it, he brought up abreast of the second ship, having given the first one his fire. I saw immediately he had failed of his intention; cut away the Zealous' sheet anchor, and came to in the exact situation Captain Foley meant to have taken.

"The enemy's van-ship having her bow toward the

Zealous (which had received very little damage, notwithstanding we received the fire of the whole van, island, etc., as we came in), I directed a heavy discharge into her bow within musket-shot, a little after six. Her foremast went by the board in a few minutes, just as the sun was closing with the horizon; upon which the squadron gave three cheers, it happening before the next ship astern of me had fired a shot, and only the Goliath and Zealous had been engaged, and in ten minutes more her main and mizzen masts went (at this moment also went the main-mast of the second ship, closely engaged by the Goliath and Audacious); but I could not get her to strike for three hours after, although I hailed her several times, seeing she was totally cut up, and only firing a stern chase, at intervals, at the Goliath and Audacious.

"At last, being tired of killing men in this way, I sent a lieutenant on board, who was allowed, as I had instructed him, to hoist a light and haul it down, as a sign of her submission. From the time her foremast went, the men had been driven from her upper decks by our canister-shot and musketry, and I assure your Lordship that, *from her bow to the gangway, the ports on her main deck were entirely in one;* and the gunwale in that part entirely cut away, which caused two of her main deck beams to fall upon her guns, and she is so terribly mauled that we cannot move her without great detention and expense, so that I imagine the Admiral will destroy her. In doing this execution I am happy to say that the Zealous had only seven men wounded and not one killed.

"The Bellerophon, unfortunately alongside the Orient, was in two hours totally dismasted, and, in consequence, cut her cable and went off before the ship took fire; but she was most gallantly replaced by the Alexander and

Swiftsure, our worthy friends. She (the gallant Sir Samuel means L'Orient, but he does not say so) soon after took fire and blew up.

"The Alexander and Swiftsure, having been sent to look into Alexandria, was the cause of their being so late in the action. Poor Trowbridge, in trying to make the shortest way to the enemy, being too far astern, struck upon a reef; his ship is since got off with the loss of her rudder and some damage to her bottom, so that he had no share in the glorious victory. I believe, had not the Culloden struck, the Alexander and Swiftsure, in the dark, would probably have got into her situation, so that the accident may be fortunate, as she was a buoy to them.

"On the blowing up of L'Orient a part of the wreck fell on board of, and set fire to the jib and fore-top-mast-stay-sail of, the Alexander, but the great exertion of her officers and people soon got it under, with the loss of some men. Captain Westcott was killed by a musket-ball early in the action, but his loss was not felt, as the first lieutenant, Cuthbert, fought the Majestic most gallantly during the remainder of the action. The Bellerophon and that ship have suffered much. In the morning, the Theseus, Goliath, Audacious and Zealous were ordered into the rear, having sustained but little damage; but as I was going down, the Admiral made my signal to chase the Diane frigate, which was under sail and attempting to escape. She, however, returned and closed with the ships of the enemy that had not submitted, and I was called in and ordered to go to the assistance of the Bellerophon, who lay at anchor on the other side of the bay; but in going to her, I perceived the Guillaume Tell, of 80 guns, and the Généreux, of 74, the Diane and Justice, of 40, pressing to make their escape, being the only ships not disabled, and immediately directed the

Zealous to be kept close upon the wind, in the hope I should be able to bring them to action and disable them, so as to allow assistance to come to me, or so far cripple them as to prevent their working out of the bay. I weathered them within musket-shot and obliged them to keep away to avoid being raked; and although I did them a great deal of damage, they were so well prepared as to cut away every brace and bowline, with topmast and standing rigging. I meant to have boarded the rear frigate, but could not get the ship round for a short space of time, and whilst I was trying to do it, I was called in by signal, seeing I should get disabled, without having it in my power to stop so superior a force. The Admiral was very handsome in his acknowledgments for my zealous attempt" (we suppose the gallant Sir Samuel intended no pun here, but he made a very good one), "as well as for my gallant conduct. I told him I only did my duty, and although the ship was very much cut in her sails and rigging, having forty cannon-shot through her main-sail, I had lost but one man killed and none materially wounded.

"The Audacious was sent to the Bellerophon in my room, and I am now quite to rights. Ben Hallowell has written to your Lordship, so has our brave Admiral, who, I am sorry to say, is again wounded, but is doing well; the wound is in his head, not dangerous, but very troublesome. Some of our ships have suffered much. Your Lordship, as well as the whole world, will believe and think this the most glorious victory that ever was gained, and it will certainly prove the ruin of the French army.

"A courier has been taken, charged with despatches from Bonaparte and the other Generals, for France. * *

"Amongst the French letters * * is one from young Beauharnais, B's step-son, who is with him, to his

mother; in which he says Bonaparte is very much distressed, owing to some disputes with Tallien and others, and particularly with Berthier, which he did not expect. These are favorable events, and will make our victory the more important."

To give an idea of the important events we have been speaking of from the point of view of the losing side, we give an account of the action written by the Adjutant of the French fleet, while a prisoner on board the Alexander.

Beginning with the advance of the English fleet, he says, "The Alert then began to put the Admiral's orders into execution, namely, to stand towards the enemy until nearly within gunshot, and then to manœuvre and endeavor to draw them towards the outer shoal, lying off the island; but the English Admiral no doubt had experienced pilots on board, as he did not pay any attention to the brig's track, but allowed her to go away, hauling well round all danger.

"At five o'clock the enemy came to the wind in succession; the manœuvre convinced us that they intended attacking us that evening. The Admiral got the topgallant yards across, but soon after made the signal that he intended engaging the enemy at anchor; convinced, no doubt, that he had not seamen enough to engage under sail. * * * *

"After this signal each ship ought to have sent a stream cable to the ship astern of her, and to have made a hawser fast to the cable, about twenty fathoms in the water, and passed to the bow on the opposite side to that expected to be engaged, as a spring. This was not generally executed. Orders were then given to let go another bower anchor, and the broadsides of the ships were brought to bear upon the enemy, having the ships' heads S. east from the Island Bequir, forming a line about

1300 fathoms, northwest and southeast, each with an anchor out S. S. east. * * * *

"All the (French) van were attacked on both sides by the enemy, who ranged close along our line; they had each an anchor out astern, which facilitated their motions and enabled them to place themselves in a most advantageous position. * * * *

"At nine o'clock the ships in the van slackened their fire, and soon after it totally ceased, and with infinite sorrow we supposed they had surrendered. They were dismasted soon after the action began, and so damaged, it is to be presumed, they could not hold out against an enemy so superior by an advantageous position, in placing several ships against one. * * * *

"At ten o'clock the main and mizzen masts of the ship (on board of which the officer who writes the account was—the flag-ship of Admiral Blanquet) were lost, and all the guns on the main deck were dismounted. At half-past ten this ship had to cut her cables to avoid the fire of her consort, L'Orient. The English ship that was on L'Orient's port quarter, as soon as she had done firing upon her, brought her broadside to bear upon the Tonnant's bow, and kept up a very heavy raking fire.

"The Mercure and Heureux conceived that they ought likewise to cut their cables; and this manœuvre created so much confusion amongst the rear ships that they fired into each other, and did considerable damage; the Tonnant anchored ahead of the Guillaume Tell; the Généreux and Timoléon got ashore, etc. * * * *

"The Adjutant General, Montard, although badly wounded, swam to the ship nearest L'Orient, which proved to be English. Commodore Casa Bianca and his son, only ten years of age, who during the action gave proofs of bravery and intelligence far beyond his age,

were not so fortunate. They were in the water, upon the wreck of the Orient's masts, neither being able to swim, and seeking each other, until the ship blew up and put an end to their hopes and fears.

"The explosion was dreadful, and spread fire to a considerable distance. The decks of the Franklin were covered with red-hot pitch, oakum, rope, and pieces of timber, and she was on fire for the fourth time, but luckily got it under.

"Immediately after the tremendous explosion the action everywhere ceased, and was succeeded by a most profound silence. * * * * It was a quarter of an hour before the ships' crews recovered from the stupor they were thrown into.

"Towards eleven o'clock the Franklin, anxious to preserve the trust confided to her, re-commenced the action with a few of the lower-deck guns; all the rest were dismounted. Two-thirds of the ship's company were killed, and those who remained most fatigued. She was surrounded by the enemy's ships, who mowed down the men at every broadside. At half-past eleven, having only three lower-deck guns which could defend the honor of the flag, it became necessary to put an end to so disproportionate a struggle, and Citizen Martinel, *Capitaine de Frégate*, ordered the colors to be struck."

Of the French officers in command at the Nile, one Admiral and two Captains were killed, and Rear-Admiral Blanquet and seven Captains were wounded. They were all taken on board the Vanguard, and hospitably entertained by Nelson.

The following anecdote of them is said to be true. While on the passage to Naples, in the Vanguard, they were, as usual, dining with Nelson. One of the French

captains had lost his nose, another an eye, and another most of his teeth, by a musket ball. During the dinner, Nelson, half blind from his wound, and not thinking what he was about, offered the latter a case of toothpicks, and, on discovering his error, became excessively confused, and in his confusion handed his snuff-box to the captain on his right, *who had lost his nose.*

LEANDER AND GÉNÉREUX. 16TH AUGUST, A.D. 1798.

IN connection with the Battle of the Nile, it may be interesting to give some account of an action between single ships which closely followed it, in which Admiral Nelson's dispatches describing his victory were captured by one of the two French line-of-battle ships which escaped from Aboukir Bay.

It will be remembered that the Généreux and Guillaume Tell, with two frigates, made sail and escaped, on August 2d.

On the 5th the Leander, 50, Captain Thompson, was despatched, with Captain Berry, of Admiral Nelson's flag-ship, to convey to Earl St. Vincent the report of the great action.

The Leander, making the best of her way to the westward, was, at daybreak on the 18th of August, within a few miles of the Goza di Candia. As the sun rose a large sail was discovered in the south, evidently a ship-of-the-line, and standing directly for the Leander, which latter ship was becalmed, while the stranger was bringing up a fine breeze from the southward. The Leander being some eighty men short of her complement, and having on board several who were wounded in the late action, Captain Thompson very properly took every

means to avoid a contest with a ship so superior in size and force. But the inferiority in sailing of the Leander rendered an action inevitable; and it was only left him to steer such a course as would enable her to receive her powerful antagonist to the best advantage.

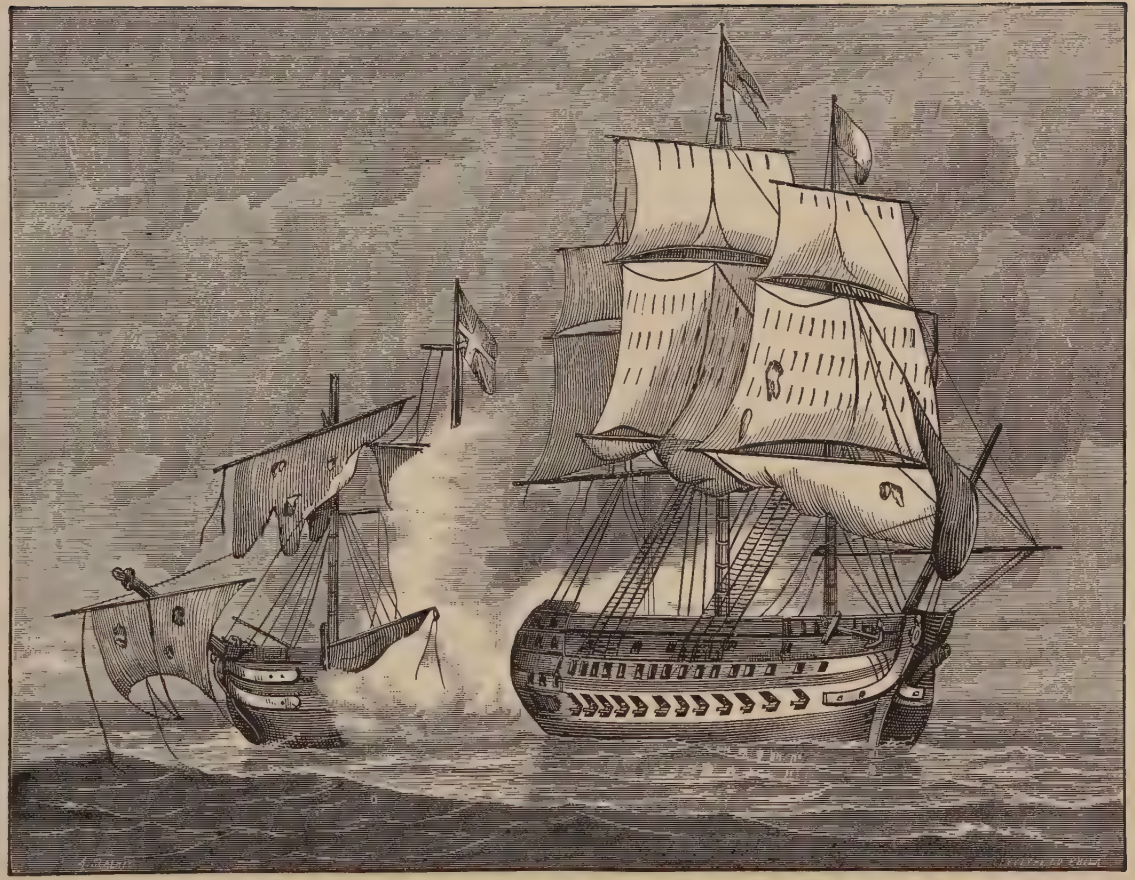
The line-of-battle ship soon turned out to be French, and no other than the Généreux. She still had the breeze to herself, and came down within distant shot, when she hoisted Neapolitan colors. These she soon changed for Turkish, but had not at all deceived the English officers as to her nationality. About nine o'clock she ranged up on the Leander's weather quarter, within half gunshot. The English ship at once hauled up until her broadside would bear, and then opened a vigorous fire, which was returned by the Généreux. The ships contrived to near each other, keeping up a constant and heavy fire, until half-past ten, when it was evident the Généreux intended to lay her opponent on board. The Leander's sails and rigging were so much cut up, and the wind was so light, that she could not avoid the shock, and the French ship struck her on the port bow, and, dropping alongside, continued there for some time. The French crew were, however, prevented from boarding by the musketry fire of the Leander's few marines, upon her poop, and the small-arm men on the quarter-deck. They made several attempts, but were each time beaten off, with loss.

Meanwhile the great guns of both ships, that would bear, were firing most actively, and the action was very severe. Presently, an increase of breeze occurring, the Leander took advantage of it to disengage herself, and, being ably handled, was able to pass under her enemy's stern, at but a few yards distance, while she deliberately raked her with every broadside gun. Soon after this the

breeze entirely died away, and the sea became as smooth as glass; but the cannonade between the two ships continued, with unabated fury, until half-past three in the afternoon. A light breeze then sprang up, and the Généreux had passed the Leander's bows, and stationed herself on the latter's starboard side. Unfortunately, a great wreck of spars and rigging had fallen on that side of the Leander, and disabled her guns. This checked the English ship's fire, and the French now hailed to know if she had surrendered. The Leander was now totally unmanageable, having only the shattered remains of her fore and main masts standing, while her hull was cut to pieces, and her decks covered with the killed and wounded. The Généreux, on the other hand, having only lost her mizzen-top-mast, was about to take up a position across her opponent's stern, where she could finish her work by raking her with deadly effect, without a possibility of reply. In this condition she had no choice but surrender, and the Généreux, took possession of her hard-won prize.

In this six hours' close and bloody fight the Leander had thirty-five killed, and fifty-seven wounded, a full third of all on board. The loss of the Généreux was severe. She had a crew of seven hundred, and lost about one hundred killed, and one hundred and eighty-eight wounded. This defence of a fifty-gun ship against a seventy-four is almost unparalleled.

Captain Le Joille, the commander of the French ship, was not, if we may believe the English accounts, a very good specimen of a French naval officer, even of those peculiar times, when rudeness was considered the best proof of true republicanism. Captain Thompson and his officers were allowed to be plundered, as soon as they arrived on board the Généreux, of every article they



CAPTURE OF ADMIRAL NELSON'S DESPATCHES.

possessed, hardly leaving the clothes which they wore. In vain they expostulated with the French Captain, reminding him of the very different treatment experienced by the French officers taken prisoners at the battle of the Nile. With great *nonchalance* he answered, "I am sorry, but to tell the truth, our fellows are great hands at pillage." Captain Berry, the bearer of dispatches, who was a passenger in the Leander, was plundered of a pair of pistols which he valued. The man who had taken them was produced, when the French Captain himself took the pistols, telling Berry that he would give him a pair of French pistols when he was released, which he never did. This incident is related by Sir Edward Berry himself, in a letter. In fact, the French behaved very much like Barbary corsairs, and even took the instruments of the surgeon of the Leander, before he had performed the necessary operations. Captain Thompson's severe wounds nearly proved fatal, from their preventing the surgeon from attending to them. When the Leander arrived at Corfu, where she was taken, the French there treated the English very badly, and some of them nearly perished of privation. Had Captain Thompson fallen into the hands of Captain Bergeret, or many other French officers who could be named, his obstinate and noble defence would have secured him the respect and esteem of his captors.

Bergeret was of a very different type of French officer. He was, during this war, a prisoner in England, and was given his parole, to go to France, and endeavor to effect an exchange between himself and the celebrated Sir Sidney Smith, then a prisoner in Paris. Failing in his object, he promptly returned to his imprisonment in England. Sir Sidney had, in the meantime, made his escape; and the British government, with a due sense of

Bergeret's conduct, restored his liberty, without any restrictions.

It is a pity that such a man as Le Joille should have been in command of one of the finest 74s in the French navy.

When Captain Thompson's wounds healed, and he at length reached his native country, he received not only an honorable acquittal from the court held upon the loss of his ship, but also the honor of knighthood, for the defence which he had made against so superior a force.

Another striking incident connected with the battle of the Nile, and we shall have done with that action.

Just a month after the battle, while the squadron under Captain Hood, of the Zealous, which had been left off Alexandria, by Nelson, was cruising close in with that place, a cutter made her appearance, standing towards the land. The Swiftsure and the Emerald frigate fired several shots at her, but the cutter would not bring to, and at length ran aground a little to the westward of the Marabout tower. The English boats were at once despatched to bring her off; but in the meantime the crew of the cutter had made good their landing, and the vessel herself was shortly afterwards beaten to pieces by the high surf. The shore, at this time, presented nothing but barren, uncultivated sands as far as the eye could reach; but soon several Arabs were seen advancing, some on horseback and some on foot. The French, who had quitted the cutter, now perceived their mistake; but, for nearly the whole of them, it was too late. The Arabs were upon them.

The British boats pulled for the shore, in hopes of saving their unfortunate enemies, but the breakers were too heavy to effect a landing in safety. A midshipman of the Emerald, Mr. Francis Fane (who afterwards rose high in the service), with a high sense of humanity, threw

himself into the water, and swam through the surf to the shore, pushing before him an empty boat's breaker, or small cask, to which a line had been made fast. By this means Citizen Gardon, the commanding officer of the French cutter, and four of his men, were saved. The cutter was the Anémone, of four guns and sixty men, six days from Malta, and originally from Toulon, having on board General Carmin and Captain Vallette, aide-de-camp to General Bonaparte; also a courier, with despatches, and a small detachment of soldiers.

The General, perceiving no possibility of escape from the English, had ordered Captain Gardon to run the cutter on shore. The sailor represented to the soldier the danger to his vessel and those on board, from the high surf, and particularly to all who should succeed in landing, from the hordes of wild Arabs who infested that coast.

The General said he would cut his way through them, to Alexandria, which was not much more than ten miles off. No sooner, however, did the French land, than they perceived the Bedouins, who, up to that time, had concealed themselves behind the numerous sand hills in the neighborhood.

Terror and dismay now seized upon the General and the unfortunate victims of his rash resolve; and their enemy, the British, viewed their probable fate with commiseration, for the Arabs never spared any French who fell into their hands. Although the crew of the cutter, by refusing to surrender, and by firing upon the British boats long after all hopes of escape were at an end, had brought the disaster on themselves, still the English could not help mourning their sad fate.

What followed was a melancholy spectacle. The French officers and men were seized and stripped, and

many of them murdered at once, in cold blood, as they made no resistance on being pillaged. An Arab, on horseback, unslung a carbine, and presented it at the General, in full sight of the boats. The General and the aide-de-camp appeared to be on their knees, begging for mercy. The Arab drew the trigger but the piece missed fire, and the man renewed the priming, very deliberately, and again fired at the General. He missed him, but shot the aid-de-camp, in his rear, and then he drew a pistol and shot the General, who instantly fell.

The French courier endeavored to escape, but he was pursued and killed, and the Arab who got possession of his despatches at once rode off with them. It was learned, afterwards, that they were restored to the French for a large sum of money.

On the appearance of a troop of French cavalry, from Alexandria, the Arabs retired to the desert, taking with them their surviving prisoners, while the British boats, with their five rescued prisoners, returned to the squadron.

ACTION BETWEEN THE AMBUSCADE AND BAYONNAISE. A. D. 1798.

SINGLE ship actions are often as decisive as those between fleets; and they are, as a rule, even more characteristic and interesting. Of course, we mean by *decisive* that they have often affected, for good or evil, the *morale* of nations, thereby encouraging one and depressing the other, and thus in no small degree affecting the progress of a war.

The frigate actions of our last war with Great Britain were very pre-eminently of this nature, and some of them will, in due time, be given.

The action of the Ambuscade and Bayonnaise has always been a fruitful source of discussion, as well as of lively contradiction, between the French and English naval writers, the latter being as much depressed by allusions to it as the French are elated. Where so much discussion and rejoinder have taken place in regard to the collision of a comparatively insignificant force, we may expect to find many contradictory statements.

In what follows we shall give the account of the beaten side, the British, in the main points, premising, of course, that they would make the best of a poor story. The *facts* of the capture are not disputed, and are given in

about the same terms by both sides. It is the manner of telling which differs.

On December 5th, 1798, the British 32-gun frigate Ambuscade, Captain Jenkins, sailed from Portsmouth (to which port she had escorted a prize, and on board the latter had left a few of her men as a prize crew), for a cruise on the French coast. Not long after sailing she made prizes of a brig and a lugger, and received on board from the two vessels some thirty prisoners, while she sent to the prizes her Second Lieutenant and a sufficient number of men to man them. Her Third Lieutenant was at this time ill in his bed, and the Ambuscade was reduced in her complement, by the sending of prize crews, from 212 to 190. Of this one hundred and ninety the English accounts claim that a large number were boys. It is quite likely that she had many landsmen and boys, as most English ships had at that time, but that she had such a proportion of boys as to effect her efficiency is not very likely. She was not a school-ship or a training-ship, but an active 32, engaged in winter cruising on a notoriously rough station, and doing her best to cripple the enemy by taking and sending in prizes.

On the morning of December 14th, while lying to off the mouth of the Garonne, and momentarily expecting to be joined by the 32-gun frigate Stag, a sail was made out, to seaward, standing in. The stranger was directly end-on to the Ambuscade, and all on board the latter ship seem to have taken it for granted it was her consort, the Stag, because the latter was expected at that time. December mornings are not apt to be clear and fine in the Bay of Biscay, and the new comer was some distance off. They could see but little of her hull, from her position, neither could they make out any colors, for the same reason.

This being the state of affairs, on an enemy's coast, in time of active war, the officers and men of the Ambuscade left her hove to, and went unconcernedly to breakfast, with only a few hands on deck to observe the approach of the strange sail, which came rolling down at her leisure. Before nine o'clock she was within gunshot, and then she suddenly hauled by the wind, and made all sail, apparently to escape. She was now seen to be French, and the Ambuscade's hands were turned up, and a press of sail at once made in chase of what proved to be the French 24-gun corvette, the Bayonnaise, commanded by Captain Richer, and coming from Cayenne, with some 30 troops and an officer as passengers; these raising the number on board to between 240 and 250 men.

The English ship seems to have been faster than her opponent, for she soon placed herself within comfortable firing distance, when she hoisted her colors, and the Bayonnaise did the same. The French ship then shortened sail, and the action began; the interchange of broadsides continuing for about an hour, the English account stating that, at the end of that time, the Bayonnaise was suffering very much. It is certain that the Ambuscade was suffering, for one of her main-deck twelve-pounders, just abreast of her gangway, had burst. Now James, and other English naval historians scout the idea that such an accident should have any effect upon an action, when it relates to so dauntless a spirit as that of Commodore Rodgers, in command of an American frigate, outnumbered by an English squadron. But in this case it is *their* ox which is gored, and they make the most of it, even going so far as to trace the capture of the English ship to that cause. By this unfortunate accident her gangway was knocked away, the boats on the boom were stove, and other damage done; while eleven men were wounded.

It is true that the bravest and best disciplined ship's company has its ardor dampened by an occurrence of the kind, as they feel that the next gun may, at any moment, in its turn sacrifice its crew. The good fame of a gun is as important as that of a woman, and the bursting of a gun during an engagement is one of the most unfortunate accidents which can occur to any ship, be the destruction great or small. In addition to this, all the English naval historians combine in saying that the Ambuscade had an exceptionally bad crew; and James devotes as much space to proving this, and also that this 24-gun corvette ought not to have taken an English ship of 32 guns, as he does to most general actions. The accident to the gun seems to have caused so much confusion on board the English ship that the French corvette made sail to take advantage of it, and make her escape from a disagreeable predicament. This act on her part seems to have recalled the Ambuscade's Captain to a sense of his duty, and that ship soon overtook the Bayonnaise again—coming up to leeward, to recommence the action—but at first, owing to a press of sail, shooting a little too far ahead.

The Bayonnaise was, at this time, much damaged in hull, rigging and spars, and had suffered a heavy loss in officers and men—among others, her Captain and First Lieutenant—wounded. The commanding officer of the troops who were passengers then suggested to the only sea-officer left on deck the trial of boarding the English ship, which was so much the more powerful in weight of metal. The plan was assented to, the boarders called away, the corvette's helm was put up, and she was allowed to drop foul of the Ambuscade, carrying away with her bowsprit the quarter-deck barricade, wheel, mizzen-rigging and mizzen-mast of the English frigate. It is evident

that the latter must have been in a bad state to permit this to be done.

The Bayonnaise then swung round under the Ambuscade's stern, but still remaining foul of her, having caught the English ship's rudder chain, either by a grappling iron or by the fluke of an anchor, and the French now, by a vigorous use of musketry, commanded completely the quarter-deck of the Ambuscade.

The marines of the Ambuscade kept up a fire in return, but were overpowered by the steady, close fire of the French soldiers, and in a very short time the First Lieutenant was handed below, wounded in the groin, when he almost immediately expired.

Almost at the same moment Captain Jenkins was shot in the thigh, breaking the bone, and was necessarily removed from the deck, as was the Lieutenant of Marines, from wounds in the thigh and shoulder.

Scarcely had these left the deck when the Master was shot through the head, and instantly killed. The only surviving Lieutenant, who had left his sick bed to take part in the defence, was now wounded in the head.

The gunner at this moment came on deck, and reported the ship on fire below and abaft, which so alarmed the uninjured portion of the crew, on account of the neighborhood of the magazine, that they left their quarters on the gun-deck, and went below.

The fire was occasioned by some cartridges which had been carelessly left upon the rudder head, and which, on the discharge of a gun through the cabin window or stern port, into the bows of the Bayonnaise, had exploded, badly wounding every man at the gun, besides blowing out a part of the Ambuscade's stern, and destroying the boat which was hanging there.

In the height of all this confusion on board the Ambus-

cade the French soldiers, who, throughout, had behaved splendidly, charged across the bowsprit of their vessel, which formed a bridge to the quarter-deck of the Ambuscade, now undefended, and, after a short struggle on the main deck, found themselves in possession of the frigate. There is no doubt that this result was most humiliating to a nation who had grown to consider themselves irresistible by sea, when the odds were not too great. The great advantage of the Ambuscade, her gun force, was not made the most of; and although she was evidently the faster vessel, the Frenchman, from superior tactics, was enabled to make his superiority in musketeers tell. In fact, the whole story shows that the English ship was sadly deficient in discipline and drill. It was immediately given out that the majority of her crew "were the scum of the British navy," but the great trouble appears to have been with the captain himself. This officer had been promoted to the command of the Ambuscade from the Carnatic, 74, where he had been first lieutenant, and he had brought with him from that ship a party of seamen whom he chose to call the "gentlemen Carnatics," and distinguishing those men whom he found on board the frigate by the very opprobrious epithet of "blackguard Ambuscades." One can hardly speak calmly of the fact that such an idiot as this was placed in such a responsible position; and, as he himself had raised two parties in his ship, the only wonder is that she made so good a defence. When Captain Jenkins and his surviving officers and ship's company were, some months later, exchanged, a court-martial was, of course, held upon him, for the loss of the Ambuscade. The Captain was suffering still from the effects of his dreadful wound, and he and the rest were acquitted, in spite of the evidence showing that his ship was in bad discipline, and that the

action had been conducted in a lubberly manner, on the part of the English, from first to last. No questions appear to have been pressed as to why the Bayonnaise's character was not earlier ascertained, whereby confusion would have been avoided in the opening of the engagement, and the Ambuscade might have obtained the weather-gage, and kept her adversary from boarding; while in that position, her superiority in metal should have told. It was proved that the hammocks were not in the nettings, in spite of the musketry being so much used, and other equally shameful points were made manifest. Yet Jenkins was acquitted, and the sentence of the court avoided even naming the ship by which he had been captured. The French took their prize into Rochefort, and great were the rejoicings, not without cause, for a French corvette had captured an English frigate. Richer was promoted by the French Directory, over one grade, to that of *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, and the crew properly rewarded. The gallant officer in command of the troops, to whom so much of the credit of the action is due, was killed on the Bayonnaise's deck.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH AND HIS SEAMEN AT ACRE. A. D. 1799.

IN March, 1799, Commodore Sir William Sidney Smith, in command of the English 74-gun ship, Tigre, then lying off Alexandria, was invested by the British government with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Porte.

In consequence of an express received from Achmed Djezzar, Governor of Syria, with the information that Bonaparte had invaded that country, and had carried Jaffa by storm, and that the French were also preparing an expedition by sea, Sir Sidney sent off the Theseus, Captain Miller, to Acre, as well as a small vessel to reconnoitre the Syrian coast and rejoin the Theseus at Caïffa.

Acre was the next town and fortified place on the coast, north of Jaffa, and was in a bay of the same name, the southern port of which was the headland celebrated from very ancient times as Mount Carmel. The bay is very much exposed to winds from every quarter but the east and south, and at all times is a rough and uncertain anchorage. Just within the southern cape of Carmel, where the Mount drops away and the country becomes flat, is the town of Haïffa or Kaïffa, and beyond that, at the turn of the bay, before one comes to Acre, is the mouth of the river Kishon. This mouth, except when the

river is in flood, is obstructed by sand bars, and is generally to be forded, with care.

On the 13th of March the Theseus, a 74, arrived at Acre, and on the 15th the Tigre, Alliance and Marianne also anchored in that port; and Sir Sidney Smith, finding that the Turks were disposed to defend the place, used every exertion to put the walls in a state to resist an attack. On the 17th the Theseus was sent to the southward, and Sir Sidney, with the boats of the Tigre, proceeded to the anchorage of Caïffa, under Mount Carmel. That evening, after dark, the advanced guard of the French was discovered, mounted on asses and dromedaries, and passing along the coast road, close to the seaside, and a launch, with a 12-lb carronade, was sent to the mouth of the river, to defend the ford.

At daybreak the next morning this launch opened a most unexpected fire on the French column, and compelled it to change its route, so that when they took the Nazareth road they became exposed to the attacks of the Samaritan Arabs. The guns of the British ships preventing the French from making an attack from the north, they invested Acre on the northeast side, where the defences were much stronger. As no artillery was used in replying to the British boats, it was evident that the French had none with them. Expecting that a flotilla was to bring artillery up to them, a lookout was kept, and, on the morning of the 18th a French corvette and nine sail of gun vessels was seen from the Tigre. They were promptly chased and the gun-boats taken, but the corvette escaped. The prizes were full of battering cannon, ammunition and siege stores, which they had brought from Damietta.

These guns, which had been intended for the destruction of Acre, were now landed for its defence, and the gun-

boats employed to harass their late owners, and cut off supplies.

That same day an English boat expedition met with a disastrous repulse in an attack upon four French transports, which had come into Caïffa anchorage with supplies for the French army, losing heavily in officers and men; and soon after all the English vessels were obliged to put to sea, on account of bad weather, and were not able to return again until the 6th of April.

In the meantime Bonaparte had been pushing the siege operations with the energy peculiarly his own, and it seemed impossible for the Turkish garrison and the English sailors to resist his determined approach. During the absence of the British ships he had pushed his approaches to the counter-scarp, and in the ditch at the northeast angle of the town was mining the towers to widen a breach already made by his field pieces. As much danger was apprehended from this approach, a sortie was determined on, in which the English seamen and marines were to bear a prominent part. They were to force their way into the mine while the Turks attacked the enemy's trenches on the right and left. The sortie took place just before daylight, but the Turks rendered abortive the attempt to surprise the enemy by their noise and impetuosity. The English sailors, armed with pikes and cutlasses, succeeded in entering the mine, and destroyed its supports, and partly filled it up. The marines supported and protected them while doing this, and the party was covered on its return by a cross fire from one of the ships. This sortie much delayed Bonaparte's operations; but, in the meantime, Rear-Admiral Perrée of the French navy, who had been hovering about the coast with a squadron, succeeded in landing supplies and some 18-lb guns, at Jaffa, which were immediately

brought up, overland. Napoleon attached the utmost importance to the speedy capture of Acre, which was necessary to the success of his plans, and he pushed the siege with tremendous energy, and reckless disregard for the lives of his troops. The garrison continued to make sorties, under cover of the boats of the English squadron, but the 1st of May found the French successful in establishing a breach, from the concentrated fire of twenty-three pieces of artillery. They then made a desperate attempt to storm the place.

The Theseus was moored on one side of the town, and the Tigre on the other, while the gun-boats and launches flanked the enemy's trenches.

Notwithstanding a tremendous fire from the shipping, and in the very face of a heavy fire from the walls of the town, the French bravely mounted to the assault; but, in spite of all their efforts, were repulsed with great slaughter. Several English officers and seamen were killed in this affair, and Colonel Philipeaux, a French Royalist officer of engineers, serving with the English against Bonaparte, died of excessive fatigue.

The French continued to batter in breach, and continued their attempts to storm; in spite of which Sir Sidney Smith managed to construct two ravelins, within musket shot of the besiegers. All this involved the most extreme fatigue on the part of both the besiegers and the besieged. Frequent sorties were made, which impeded the French in their work; and on May 7th a reinforcement of two Turkish corvettes, and twenty-five transports with troops, arrived.

Bonaparte determined to make one more effort to capture the place before these troops could be landed. Although the British fire from the vessels was kept up, Bonaparte had succeeded in throwing up epaulements

and traverses, with his great engineering ability, which in a great degree protected his working parties from the naval party. The pieces which annoyed him most were in the light-house tower, and in the north ravelin, and two 68-pounders, mounted in native flat-bottomed vessels and throwing shells. These were all manned by the English seamen.

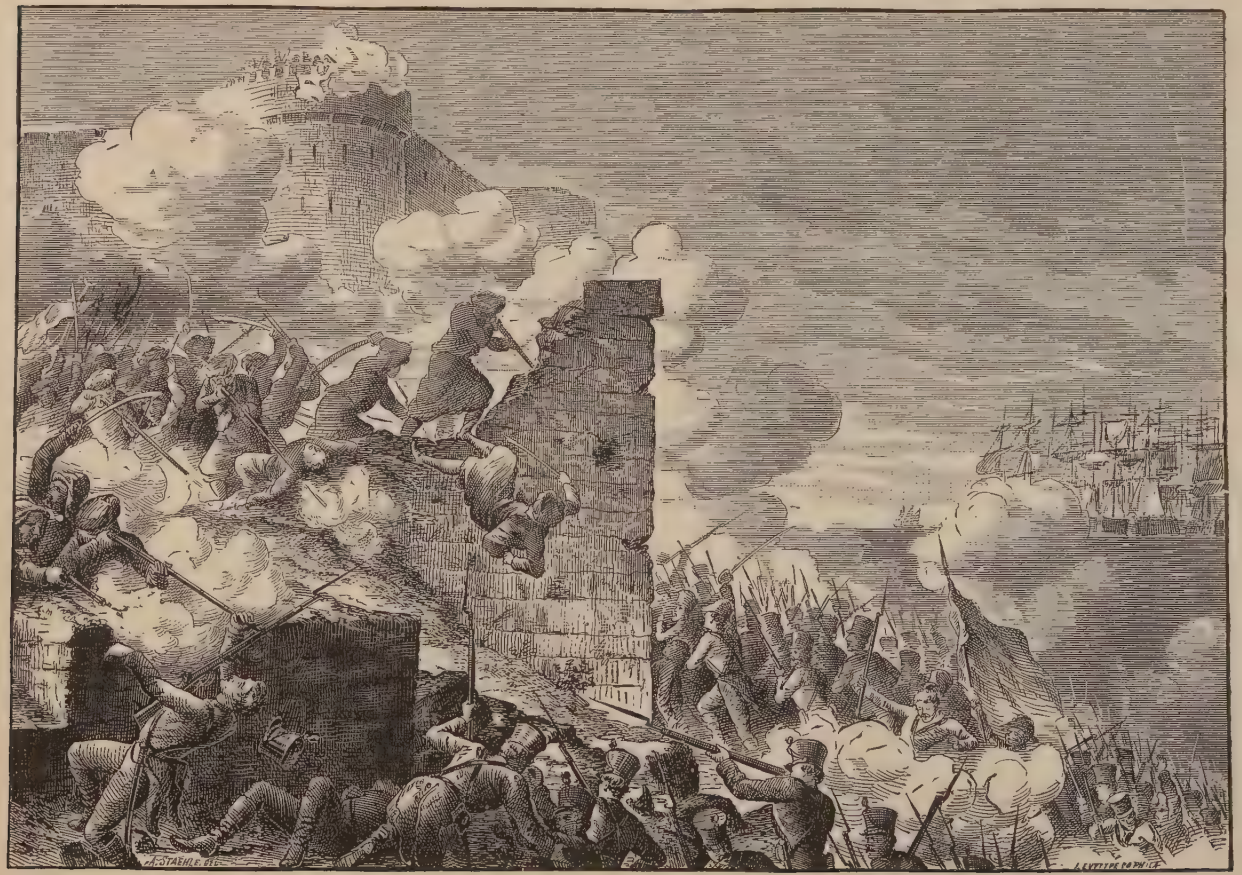
In spite of all this, Bonaparte gained ground, and having battered down the northeast tower of the walls, the ruins formed a sort of ladder, and at daylight on the 8th of May the French stormed again, and succeeded in planting their colors on the outer angle of the tower.

Their position was sheltered by two traverses, which they had constructed during the preceding night, composed of sand-bags and bodies of the dead built in with them, and forming a wall so high that only their bayonets could be seen above them.

In the meantime the reinforcement of Turkish troops, under Hassan Bey, were being debarked, which only increased Bonaparte's endeavors to get possession of the place before they could be put in position.

It was a most critical moment, and Sir Sidney, to gain time, himself led the British seamen, mostly armed with pikes, to the defence of the breach. Here he found a few Turks, who were hurling huge stones down upon the French. The latter, being reinforced, charged up, and the fight became a hand-to-hand one.

According to the ancient custom of the Turks, Djezzar Pasha had been sitting in his palace rewarding such as brought to him the heads of his enemies; but when he heard that Sir Sidney was on the breach he hastened there to persuade him to retire, saying that "if harm befell his English friends all would be lost." Hassan's troops were now close at hand, and Sir Sidney led up the



SIEGE OF ACRE, 1799.

Chifflic regiment, armed and disciplined in the European style, and made a determined sally. They were beaten back, however, by the desperate fighting of the French, with great loss; but in doing so, the latter were obliged to expose themselves, and suffered terribly from the flanking fire of the English guns.

Napoleon had entered Syria with about fifteen thousand men, and many of his best generals, but by this time his losses had been so great that he feared he should be unsuccessful in his undertaking of seizing the whole of that country, for which undertaking he had made such exertions and sacrifices. But he was not the man to retire from any enterprise before he had exhausted all his resources.

On the 9th and 10th he continued to batter the defences, day and night, in preparation for one final, desperate effort. Every shot brought down large pieces of the wall, which was less solid than the tower they had been so long battering, and a new breach was effected, to the southward of their first lodgment. Bonaparte was now distinctly seen by the defenders most energetically directing operations from an elevated mound called after Richard Cœur de Lion, addressing his generals with great energy of gesture, and sending off aides-de-camp in every direction. The night before he had himself inspected the breach closely, rousing the enthusiasm of his veteran troops by the way in which he exposed himself, at the very foot of the walls, to the hottest fire. About noon he made dispositions for storming. Kleber's grenadiers were to lead, their chief, Venoux, saying, "If Saint Jean d'Acre is not taken this evening you may be certain that Venoux is dead." And he did, indeed, die, that evening, at the breach.

Just before sunset a massive column of the French was

seen advancing, and it was suffered by the Turks to mount the breach, but, in the Pasha's garden, came upon a second and almost impregnable line of defence, erected by Philipeaux in view of just such an event. Here the Turks rushed upon them in overwhelming numbers, and the advance of the French were massacred almost to a man. The rest retreated precipitately, leaving General Rambeaud dead, and carrying off General Lannes wounded. A reinforcement of English coming up, the officers very nearly suffered the fate of the French advance, for many of the newly arrived Turkish troops did not know the English uniform, and took them for French. The fighting consequent upon this assault did not terminate until the next day.

Kleber's division had been ordered to the assault again, but were met by a sortie, in which the besieged gained the third parallel of the attack, and spiked some of the French guns, and Kleber, instead of storming the fortress, was occupied in recovering their works, which involved great loss on both sides. During the progress of the siege, a dreadful accident occurred on board the English ship Theseus—seventy large shells exploding on her poop—killing and wounding eighty-seven of her officers and ship's company. The ship herself was dreadfully shattered.

After the failure of Kleber's attack the French troops could not be brought to mount the breach again. The plague, which had committed such ravages among them at Jaffa, broke out again, probably from the horribly putrid stench of the great number of unburied bodies, and especially of those built into the epaulements and traverses, added to fatigue and shortness of provisions; a flag of truce was sent in, to propose a cessation of hostilities, to allow them to bury the dead. This Djezzar

would not permit. The flag had hardly performed its duties and withdrawn, when a shower of shot and shell from the French batteries announced the commencement of another attack, which was made with fury and desperation. But the garrison was prepared, and the French were once more driven back, with great slaughter. In the night of the 20th of May the French raised the siege, and made a precipitate retreat, leaving twenty-three pieces of battering cannon behind them.

Sir Sidney Smith remained at Acre until the middle of June, rendering the Turks all assistance in once more placing the fortress in a state of defence.

This celebrated siege lasted sixty-one days. The besiegers had marched to the assault no less than eight times, while the besieged made eleven desperate sallies. Bonaparte, in his reports to the French Directory, gave many flimsy reasons for his want of success.

Speaking of it afterwards, at St. Helena, he attempted to put the whole blame of his non-success upon the French naval officers who had failed to engage and drive away Sir Sidney Smith and his squadron. He said that if he had succeeded in his plans the whole face of the world would have been changed. "Acre," he said, "would have been taken; the French army would have gone to Damascus and Aleppo; in the twinkling of an eye they would have been on the Euphrates; the Syrian Christians would have joined us; the Druses, the Armenians, would have united with us." Some one remarked, "We might have been reinforced to the number of one hundred thousand men." "Say six hundred thousand," Bonaparte replied; "who can calculate the amount? I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies; I would have changed the face of the world!"

FOUDROYANT AND CONSORTS, IN ACTION WITH THE GUILLAUME TELL. 1800.

DURING the early part of the year 1800, a British squadron, composed of the eighty-gun ship Foudroyant, Captain Sir Edward Berry (the same who was captured in the Leander, after the battle of the Nile, as bearer of despatches), and bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, the 74-gun ship Alexandria, Captain Ball, the 64-gun ship Lion, Captain Dixon, and the 36-gun frigate Penelope, Captain Blackwood, with two or three sloops and smaller vessels, was stationed off Malta, then in French possession, to prevent succors from being thrown into that island, and to watch the movements of the French ships which were in that safe port.

Among the latter, lying in Valetta, was the French 80-gun ship Guillaume Tell, Rear-Admiral Denis Décrès, and Captain Saunier.

The Guillaume Tell was one of the two French line-of-battle-ships which had escaped from the battle of the Nile, and she had taken refuge at Malta.

Décrès occupied so exalted a position, afterwards, that it will be necessary, before beginning the account of a very remarkable battle, to give some account of his life.

This very distinguished French naval officer was born in 1762, and died in 1820. He entered the navy early,

and won his first promotion under Count De Grasse, in America, while he afterwards distinguished himself in the frigate squadron which France sent to the East Indies to annoy the English commerce. In 1793 he was a "*capitaine de vaisseau*," but was deprived of his rank by the Revolutionists, because he was a noble. Escaping the guillotine, when thousands of others perished, he was restored to his rank in the navy in 1795. In 1798 he attained the rank of Rear-Admiral, and in that capacity was present at the capture of Malta. He then served at the battle of the Nile, and came back to Malta with the few French vessels that escaped. These were soon blockaded by the English in the harbor of Valetta. Décrès, in conjunction with General Vaubois, conducted the defence of Malta, which continued for seventeen months.

In March, 1800, provisions fell short, and much sickness appeared in the French garrison, and Décrès concluded to embark about twelve hundred men on board the Guillaume Tell, and force the blockade. The English frigate Penelope followed him, but was able to offer no resistance. The next day Décrès fell in with more English ships, and the celebrated engagement which we shall relate further on ensued. Although conquered at last, Décrès received a sword of honor from the First Consul, Bonaparte, for his conduct, and the English "Naval Chronicle" says that this was the warmest resistance ever made by a foreign man-of-war against a superior British force.

Upon his return from captivity in England, Décrès was successively appointed Prefêt Maritime, Commandant of the Western Fleet, and Minister of Marine. He continued to act in this capacity as long as the French Empire lasted; and in it he showed great administrative ability.

During his administration the great works at Cherbourg were materially advanced; as well as those at Nieuwe Dieppe and Flushing, while the docks and construction yards of Antwerp were wholly created. He managed to keep up, and even increase, the strength of the French navy, in spite of their great losses; and he collected the great flotilla of Boulogne, which circumstances rendered useless, however.

Napoleon, who made him, in succession, a Count, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and finally, a Duke, recalled him to his old position during the Hundred Days; and when the Emperor finally fell, he was retired by the Bourbon government.

Duke Décrès survived many bloody battles, to be at last assassinated by his valet. This man, who had been robbing him for a long time, placed a quantity of powder, with a slow match, under Décrès' mattress. Stealing into the Duke's bedroom at night, he blew him up. The valet, in his perturbation at what he had done, threw himself out of the window, and was killed. His master died a few days after, aged 58 years.

And now to return to this celebrated action.

At eleven o'clock at night, on the 30th of March, 1800, the Guillaume Tell, taking advantage of a strong southerly gale, and the darkness that had succeeded the setting of the moon, weighed anchor and put to sea.

About midnight the English frigate Penelope, which was on guard off the harbor, discovered the French ship, under a press of sail, with the wind on the starboard quarter. The Penelope at once made the necessary signals to the other blockading ships, and then tacked, and stood after the Tell. In half an hour she was close up with the chase, and luffed up, and gave the Tell her

whole broadside; receiving in return, only the Tell's chase guns.

The French ship, aware that if she brought to, she would soon have upon her the whole of the English blockading ships, whose lights could be already seen on the horizon, wisely kept her course to the northward.

The Penelope was faster than the Tell, and was commanded by an experienced seaman, and she continued to follow her, and to occasionally luff, and pour in a broadside, so that, just before daybreak, the Guillaume Tell's main and mizzen-top-masts, and her main-yard came down. She was thus reduced, except her mizzen, to her head-sails; and these were greatly damaged by the Penelope's shot. She had also lost many men from the English frigate's raking shots.

The Penelope skillfully avoided exposing herself to a broadside from so powerful a ship, and had the good fortune to escape much damage to her sails and rigging. She had lost her master, killed, and a few wounded.

About five in the morning the Lion, 64, after pressing sail, arrived up. Steering between the Penelope and the crippled Guillaume Tell, and so near to the latter that the yard-arms of the two ships barely passed clear, the Lion ranged up on the port side of her opponent, and poured in a destructive double-shotted broadside. The Lion then luffed up across the bow of the Guillaume Tell, the jib-boom of the latter passing between the main and mizzen shrouds of the former. Of course, with an inferior complement of men, the Lion did not wish to be boarded, and, fortunately for her, the Tell's jib-boom soon carried away, leaving the Lion inaccessible to boarders, but in an excellent position across the Guillaume Tell's bows. Here the Lion, aided by the Penelope kept up a heavy fire, for about half an hour, when the Tell had so damaged

the Lion that she was forced to drop astern; still firing, however, as did the Penelope, whenever an opportunity offered.

At six o'clock the Foudroyant came up. Lord Nelson was not on board, having been left, sick, at Palermo; and Captain Dixon, of the Lion, was the senior officer to Captain Sir Edward Berry, of the Foudroyant. The latter ship, under a crowd of sail, ranged up so close to the Guillaume Tell that her spare anchor just cleared the Tell's mizzen-chains, and called to her to strike; accompanying the summons by a treble-shotted broadside. The only answer of the French ship was a similar broadside, which cut away a good deal of the Foudroyant's rigging. The latter, having so much sail set, necessarily shot ahead, and did not again get alongside the Tell for several minutes. Then the two large ships engaged, and the Guillaume Tell's second broadside brought down many of the English ship's spars, and cut her sails to pieces. She then dropped alongside the Tell, still firing occasionally; as did the Lion, on the Tell's port side, and the Penelope, on her port quarter. Under this unremitting and galling fire the gallant French ship's main and mizzen masts came down; and the Foudroyant, having cleared away the wreck of her fallen spars, and to some extent refitted her rigging, again closed with the Guillaume Tell, and after a few broadsides, was nearly on board her. At eight o'clock the foremast of the Tell fell, and she was totally dismasted. At a few minutes after eight the gallant Frenchman was rolling, an unmanageable hulk, with the wreck of her masts disabling her port guns, and the violent rolling, in her dismasted state, requiring the lower deck ports, on both sides, to be closed.

The Foudroyant was on one quarter, the Lion on the

other, and the Penelope close ahead. Under these circumstances the Guillaume Tell struck her colors.

Both the Foudroyant, 80, and the Lion, 64, were in too disabled a state to be able to take possession of the French 80-gun ship. That duty devolved upon the Penelope. The other vessels had enough to do to take care of themselves. Some English brig sloops and a bomb-vessel witnessed this singular engagement, but appear to have taken no part in it.

A more heroic defence than that of the Guillaume Tell is not be found in the record of naval actions; and the defeat in this case was more honorable than half the single ship victories which have been so loudly praised. To the Penelope belongs the special credit, next to the Guillaume Tell herself. Next to the frigate, credit is due to the Lion. It was, of course, the arrival of the Foudroyant which turned the scale. Had that ship, single handed, and so nearly matched, met the Tell, the contest would have been between two of the most powerful ships that had ever so met, and the chances are that the Guillaume Tell, so gallantly manned, and so ably commanded, would have come off the conqueror. This is conceded by all the English accounts.

All of the vessels engaged, except the Penelope, were so damaged that it was with difficulty they reached port; the Penelope towing the prize into Syracuse.

The Guillaume Tell was eventually taken to England, and received into the Royal Navy under the name of Malta, and she long remained one of the finest ships in the English service.

NAVAL OPERATIONS AT ABOUKIR BAY, AND CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA. A.D. 1801.

IT being determined to effect the expulsion of the French from Egypt, a joint expedition was agreed upon between England and Turkey. On March 2d, 1801, the English part of the expedition anchored in the bay of Aboukir, which had already been the scene of two momentous battles within a very short time. The Turkish part of the expedition did not make its appearance, having been dispersed by bad weather. The English force consisted of seven sail-of-the-line, and several frigates and sloops, under the command of Admiral Lord Keith, in the Foudroyant, 80. These escorted a large number of disarmed men-of-war and transports, which conveyed about 17,000 English troops, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The whole day of arrival was taken up in anchoring this numerous fleet, and then a succession of high northerly gales, with a heavy surf, prevented the landing of the troops until the 8th of March. This gave the French time to muster all the force which they could spare to oppose the landing. This is stated in the British account to have been about 3000, while the French put it down at not more than 1200 men. There is every probability, however, that the French left out of their estimate the cavalry and artillery, which were certainly engaged in disputing the English

CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA, 1801.

landing. The French troops were under the command of General Friant, who, with great judgment, had stationed a part of his men and several pieces of artillery on an almost inaccessible hill that commanded the whole place of disembarkation, while other parties, with field pieces and mortars, occupied excellent positions afforded by the neighboring ground.

In good season, on the morning of the 8th, the boats of the fleet formed in line abreast, in the same order in which the troops, consisting of the first division of about six thousand men, were to form when landed. They then pulled rapidly towards the beach, which extends between the Castle or Fort of Aboukir and the river Sed. The whole of the landing arrangements were in charge of Captain Cochrane, of the Ajax; and the boats were partially protected, in their landing, by the guns of armed cutters, gun-boats, and launches, as well as by three sloops and two bomb-vessels.

As soon as the boats got near the shore a very sharp and steady fire of grape and musketry was opened upon them from behind the sand hills, while Aboukir fort, on the right, kept up a very galling fire of heavy shot and shell. But the boats pushed on, without check or confusion, the beach was gained, and a footing on dry land obtained. They then formed and advanced, and soon obtained possession of all the points from which the French were annoying them. The boats then returned, without delay, for the second division; and before night the whole army, with sufficient stores for present wants, was safely landed. Few except naval men can appreciate the difficulties to be encountered in such an operation as this, especially when the landing is upon an open coast, and such an undertaking, accomplished quickly and in

good order, and without loss, is always considered extremely creditable.

A detachment of 1000 seamen, under Captain Sir Sidney Smith, formed part of the landing force. Their duty was to drag the cannon up the sand hills, a service which they performed in a manner which called forth the applause of the army, and in which they suffered considerably. The French, when driven from the hill, left behind them seven pieces of artillery and a considerable number of horses.

On the 12th the British army moved forward, and came in sight of the French position, which was an advantageous one, along the ridge, their left resting upon the sea and their right upon the canal of Alexandria, better known to us, in late operations there, as the Mahmoudieh canal.

The French had received reinforcements, under General Lanusse, and numbered about 7000. The following day a battle was fought, in which the seamen, under Sir Sidney Smith, and the marines of the fleet, under Colonel Smith, bore a full share. At the termination of the action the English took up a position within three miles of Alexandria. This movement caused the capitulation of Aboukir castle.

On March 21st occurred the decisive battle of the campaign. The French made a desperate attack upon the English lines, about an hour before daylight, but, after a bloody and desperate contest against greatly superior numbers, were forced to retire. The British sustained a very heavy loss, however, and the Commanding General, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was mortally wounded, living only a few days. In this battle the seamen again participated, and Sir Sidney Smith was among the wounded.

Alexandria was now completely shut in; and no very important event took place until August 16th, when a naval force under Sir Sidney Smith made a demonstration of attack upon the city, and the French set fire to their flotilla, lying in the harbor. A week after this the fortified castle of Marabout, which protects the entrance to the western harbor of Alexandria, surrendered to a combined naval and military attack. This fort is about eight miles west of the city, and is one of those about which we heard so much in the late bombardment by the British iron-clads. On the nearer approach of the combined forces the garrison of Alexandria sank several vessels to block up the channel, and brought their few remaining ships nearer to the town. But these were expiring efforts. On the 27th of August General Menou sent to Lieutenant-General Hutchinson, who had succeeded Abercrombie, to request a three days' armistice. This was granted, and on September 2d, Alexandria and its garrison capitulated.

Recent events have made these operations once more interesting. General Hutchinson (afterwards Lord Donoughmore) was, like Sir Garnet Wolseley, an Irishman, and their careers are, in many respects, alike.

Hutchinson entered the English army in 1774, as a cornet of dragoons, and in nine years rose to the rank of colonel. A Major-General in 1796, he became second in command in Egypt in 1801, as a Lieutenant-General, and succeeded to the command on Abercrombie's death. He advanced, like Wolseley, as far as Cairo, when a capitulation took place, and the war ended.

THE CUTTING OUT OF THE CHEVRETTE. JULY, A. D. 1801.

THE cutting out of vessels from harbors and from under the protection of shore batteries, belongs exclusively to a past condition of naval warfare. Even under the peculiar conditions of our late civil war and blockade, cutting-out expeditions, when the object was the capture of an armed vessel, were not so numerous as might have been supposed, although most remarkable and gallant actions were performed in this way by both sides.

As an example of a "cutting-out expedition," we are tempted to give that of the French 20-gun corvette Chevrette. Such actions are decisive, on account of the discouragement and destruction of *morale* brought upon the defeated side, and by the corresponding confidence and elation of the victors.

In the summer of 1801 the French and Spanish combined fleet was lying in Brest harbor, with Admiral Cornwallis and a British fleet watching them. The more effectually to prevent the Franco-Spanish fleet from getting to sea without his knowledge, the Admiral had detailed a squadron of three frigates, under Captain Brisbane, of the Doris, to lie off Point Mathias, in full view of the combined fleet.

During the month of July these frigates observed the

French corvette Chevrette at anchor in Camaret Bay, under some batteries; a position considered by the French almost as secure as Brest harbor, and a capital place for a cruiser to lie and watch the chances of the blockade to get to sea. In spite of her position under the batteries, the British resolved to attempt her capture. Accordingly, on the night of the 20th of July, the boats of the Beaulieu and Doris frigates, manned entirely by volunteers, and all under the orders of a Lieutenant Losack, who had been sent in from the flag-ship, by Admiral Cornwallis, to take the command, proceeded on the enterprise. The boats soon separated, the crews of the faster ones being too zealous and excited to slacken their efforts, so that the heavier boats could not keep up with them. We can readily imagine, too, that a strange officer, sent in by influence, to command such an expedition, would not receive as cheerful support as would one of their own. Some of the boats got lost, and returned to the ships; the rest, after reaching the entrance to the bay, where they expected to be joined by their companions, lay upon their oars until daybreak. They then pulled back to their ships. But the mischief was done; they had been discovered from the corvette and from the shore, and the effect was to put them on their guard, and prevent any good being got from a surprise, in case of a renewed attempt.

On the 21st the Chevrette got under way, and after running about a mile and a half further up the bay, moored again, under some heavy batteries on the shore Here she took on board a number of soldiers, sufficient to bring up her number on board to about three hundred and forty.

Her guns were loaded with grape, and every preparation made to resist to the last. The shore batteries were

also prepared; and temporary redoubts were thrown up at adjacent points, while a gun-boat was moored as a guard-boat at the entrance of the bay. All these precautions taken, the corvette saucily displayed, in defiance, a large French ensign above an English one, which could be plainly seen from the anchorage of the English frigates.

The English now had their pride aroused, and that very night, about ten o'clock, the boats of the three frigates, with the barge and pinnace of the Robust, 74, and numbering fifteen in all, and still commanded by Lieutenant Losack, proceeded to try the French corvette a second time.

Shortly after starting Lieut. Losack, with his own and five other boats, went in pursuit of a lookout boat of the French, which it was important to secure. The rest of the boats were directed to await the return of the commanding officer. After waiting for a considerable time, without his return, the officer next in command, Lieut. Keith Maxwell, of the Beaulieu, considering that the boats had at least six miles to pull, and that the night was already far advanced, resolved to proceed without him.

They did so at once, after he had given orders that, while one party was engaged in disarming the enemy's crew on deck, the smartest top-men of the Beaulieu should fight their way aloft and cut loose the sails; others were detailed to cut the cables, and others to go to the wheel. Some other arrangements made, the nine boats, under Maxwell, bent to their oars, and steered for the enemy.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 22d, the nine boats came in sight of the Chevrette, and the latter, after hailing, opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry upon her assailants, and this was seconded by a fire of

musketry from the shore. But the boats pulled steadily on, and the Beaulieu's boats, under Maxwell himself, boarded the vessel on the starboard bow and quarter. Those of the Uranie, one of the Robust's, and one of the Doris' boarded on the port bow. These latter had been cheered on by the gallant Lieut. Martin Neville, who was conspicuous throughout, and who was wounded. The attempt to board was most obstinately resisted by the French, with fire-arms, sabres, tomahawks and pikes; and they, in their turn, boarded the boats. During this formidable opposition over the side of the vessel the English lost most of their fire-arms; but, by obstinate fighting, at last forced their way on board, mostly armed with their cutlasses alone. Those who had been ordered to go aloft fought their way to the rigging; and, although some were killed, and others wounded, the remainder gained the corvette's yards. Here they found the foot-ropes strapped up, but they soon managed to loose the sails, and, in the midst of the fight still going on for the possession of the deck, down came the Chevrette's three top-sails and courses. The cable having, in the mean-time, been cut outside the ship, she began, under a light breeze from the land, to drift out of the bay.

No sooner did the Frenchmen (who had up to that time, been fighting most gallantly), see the sails fall, and their ship under way, than they lost heart. Some of them jumped overboard, and made for the shore; while others dropped their arms, and ran below, so that the English got possession of the quarter-deck and forecastle; but the corvette's crew that had fled below still maintained a hot fire from the main deck, and from up the hatchways, and it took a considerable time before these were over-powered, and compelled to submit.

It is related in the Naval Chronicle that Mr. Brown

Boatswain of the Beaulieu, in boarding, forced his way into the Chevrette's quarter gallery, but found the door so securely barricaded that he could not force it. Through the crevices in the planks he could see men, armed with pikes and pistols, who frequently shot at him through the panels, as he attempted to burst in. Failing in the quarter gallery, he tried the quarter, and after a great deal of resistance, gained the vessel's taffrail. The officer in command of the party was at this time fighting his way up on the quarter, but not yet on board. The boatswain stood up for a moment, a mark for the enemy's fire, seeing in which direction he should attack. Second nature then directed him to make for the forecastle, where he felt most at home; and gathering a few men, and waving his cutlass, with "Make a lane there!" dashed in, and fought his way the whole length of the ship. Then, with the men animated by his example he soon cleared the forecastle, which he held for the rest of the contest, although frequently assailed. Here, after the vessel was carried, he was seen attending to orders from the quarter-deck, and assisting in casting the ship and making sail, with as much coolness as if he had been on board the Beaulieu.

On her way out of the bay, during a short interval of calm, the Chevrette became exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries on shore; but the fair, light breeze soon arose again, and carried her clear of them. Just at this time the six boats under Lieut. Losack joined her, and Lieut. Maxwell, was, of course, superseded in his command, but not until he had accomplished all that there was to be done.

Three two-deckers got under way and came out from Brest Roads with the view of recapturing the Chevrette; but the near approach of the British in-shore squadron compelled them to return to their anchorage, and the

captors carried off their prize safely. In this spirited engagement the English had eleven killed, fifty-seven wounded, and one drowned. The latter was in one of the English boats sunk by the French shot.

The Chevrette lost her captain, two lieutenants, three midshipmen, one lieutenant of soldiers, and eighty-five seamen and troops killed; and one lieutenant, four midshipmen, and fifty-seven seamen and troops wounded; total, 92 killed and 62 wounded.

BOAT ATTACK UPON THE FRENCH FLOTILLA, AT BOULOGNE. A. D. 1801.

ANOTHER boat attack of the English upon the French, in the same year as the cutting-out of the Chevrette, did not result so favorably for the attacking party, even if their exertions were directed by no less a person than Lord Nelson himself.

The fall of the year 1801 was the season decided upon by Napoleon for putting in execution his famous plan for invading England. As this became known it was thought desirable, by his vigilant and powerful enemies on the other side of the Channel, to attack the flotilla of gun-boats and small craft which he had collected at Boulogne, and other ports, for the conveyance of his army. Accordingly, on July 30th, Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the frigate Medusa, 32, then lying in the Downs, as commander-in-chief, not only of the squadron for the special service, but of all the defences constructing along the south shores of England, from Orfordness to Beachey Head.

On the 3d of August Lord Nelson, having with him about thirty vessels, great and small, stood across to Boulogne, the port whence it was supposed the main attempt would be made against England, and which the

French, fearing attack themselves, had recently been fortifying with considerable care.

On the morning of the 4th the English bomb-vessels threw their shells among the French flotilla, which consisted of twenty-four brigs, many lugger-rigged flats, and a schooner, anchored in line in front of the town. These brigs were vessels of about 200 tons, and generally armed with from four to eight heavy long guns. The lugger-flats drew but about three or four feet of water, had very stout bulwarks, and were armed with a 13-inch mortar, a long gun, swivels and small arms. They each carried about thirty men in crew, and one hundred and fifty soldiers besides. Bonaparte had an immense number of these lugger-flats constructed, all along the northern coast of France, for the conveyance of his army. It is hard to see how they were to be successful in accomplishing the object, in that spot of swift, uncertain tides, irregular currents, and most changeable weather. Nelson's bombardment of Boulogne, on the morning of the 4th of August, amounted to nothing, and he retired.

On the night of August 13th, however, Nelson dispatched the armed boats of his squadron, formed into four grand divisions, and commanded by four captains, and accompanied by a division of mortar-boats, to attempt to capture and bring off the French flotilla at Boulogne, which had been very much strengthened since the last attack.

The boats put off from Nelson's flag-ship at about half past eleven at night, in perfect order; but the darkness of the night coöperating with the tides and currents, soon separated the divisions. One of them, indeed, was obliged to return, and never reached the scene of action at all. Another division was carried by the currents far to the eastward, but at length, by dint of great exertion,

reached the French flotilla just before daylight. Some portion of the boats then attacked, and after a short contest carried, a brig lying close to the pier head, but were prevented from towing her off, in consequence of her being secured with chains, and partly because of a heavy fire of musketry and grape-shot from the shore, and from other vessels moored close to.

In fact, the English "caught a Tartar," and, abandoning their single prize, as the day broke pushed out of the range of French fire. They had accomplished nothing, and this division, which was commanded by Captain Somerville, had eighteen killed and fifty-five wounded.

Another division, under Captain Parker, had less trouble from the current, and got to the scene of action half an hour after midnight. They attacked one of the largest of the French brigs, most gallantly and impetuously, but a very strong boarding netting, triced up completely to her lower yards, baffled the British in their endeavors to board, while a general discharge of her great guns and small arms, the latter from about 200 soldiers on board, dashed the assailants back, bleeding and dazed, into their boats. Some other vessels were attacked, with a like result, and this division had also to retire, with a loss of twenty-one killed, and forty-two wounded.

The third and last division of Nelson's boats which succeeded in reaching the enemy attacked with the same gallantry, and were repulsed as decidedly. They had five killed and twenty-nine wounded. Grand total, 44 killed, and 126 wounded. In addition the English had to leave behind them not a few of their boats; and the affair was in every respect a triumph for the French, in spite of the master mind which conceived it.

COPENHAGEN. A. D. 1801.

IN the year 1800 the surrender of Malta to the English fleet gave it the mastery in the Mediterranean; and General Abercrombie, with a British force, landing at Aboukir Bay, defeated the French army which Bonaparte had left in Egypt, and which soon after found itself forced to surrender.

By the evacuation of Egypt, India was secured, and Turkey was prevented from becoming a dependency of France.

England now turned her attention to the Northern coalition.

The treaty of Luneville had left her alone in the struggle against France.

The Northern powers, wishing to secure their commerce from insult and capture by the always increasing naval power of England, had formed a coalition, headed by the Czar Peter, and revived the claim that a neutral flag should cover even contraband of war.

Denmark, which had been very active in the combination, was the first to feel the weight of the anger of the British Cabinet.

The Danish naval force consisted of about ten sail of seventy-fours and sixty-fours, in fair order, and of about as many more which were unserviceable. The Russians had about twenty sail available, and the Swedes eleven sail.

In the month of March, 1801, before the fleets of Sweden and Russia could join that of Denmark, and thus form a combined fleet which could hope to resist English encroachments, England dispatched a fleet to the Cattegat, under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Lord Nelson as second in command.

This fleet carried a commissioner, with full powers to treat, and charged to offer to the Danes peace or war. *Peace*, if they abandoned the Northern confederation, by opening the passage of the Sound to England, and by forbidding their men-of-war to protect their merchant convoys from the arbitrary and insolent visits of English men-of-war; *war*, if Denmark wished to preserve her maritime independence. The Danish government indignantly repelled the insulting ultimatum; and the English fleet at once forced the passage of the Sound, in spite of the batteries erected to prevent it. The King of Denmark had hastened to prepare his Capital and its surroundings for defence; and the Prince Royal took command of the whole of the operations, military and naval. As regards the operations of the British fleet, we shall now follow the English accounts, as they do not materially differ from those which come from Danish and French sources. The severe action which followed redounded to the glory of Nelson (the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hyde Parker, being quite a secondary character), as well as to the conspicuous and stubborn courage of the Danes.

We must remember that the great genius of Nelson directed the best efforts of some of the best and hardiest men-of-war's men of the time; while the Danes, after a long peace, were little accustomed either to stand fire, or to naval evolutions. But, nevertheless, they fought with devoted bravery; and made a most gallant, though

ineffectual resistance; seldom equaled, and never excelled.

To return to the action. The pilots, who were to take the fleet in, through very shallow waters, and channels between dangerous sand-bars, and who were not to share the honors, found it well to magnify the dangers of the shallow Sound; and their conduct caused some delay.

During this time, Sir Hyde Parker sent a flag of truce to the Governor of Elsinore, to inquire if he meant to oppose the passage of the fleet through the Sound. It is almost impossible to imagine a greater insult to a weak nation, than such an inquiry. Governor Stricker, to his honor, replied that the guns of the Castle would certainly be fired at any British ships of war which approached. At length, on the morning of the 30th of March, the British fleet weighed anchor, from a point at the entrance of the Sound, and, with the wind about northwest, and consequently fair, proceeded into the Sound, in line ahead. The English fleet was composed of the 98-gun ship London, Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship, and the St. George, 98, with the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson. There were, in addition, eleven 74s, five 64s, one 54, one 50, one 38, two 36s, and one 32.

Of these, six 74s, three 64s, and all the smaller vessels were afterwards placed under Nelson's orders, and bore the brunt of the battle.

As the fleet entered the Sound, the van division was commanded by Lord Nelson, in the Elephant, a 74 (into which ship, as a lighter and more active one than the St. George, he had, on the preceding day, shifted his flag), the centre division by the Commander-in-chief, and the rear division by Rear-Admiral Graves. At seven the batteries at Elsinore commenced firing at the Monarch, which was the leading ship, and at the other ships, as they

passed in succession. The distance was, however, so great, that not a shot struck the ships; and only the van ships fired in return, and even those did not fire more than three broadsides. A gun burst on one of the English ships, and killed seven men, and this comprised the whole loss in the passage of the Sound. The English bomb-vessels, seven in number, threw shell at the Danes, however, and thereby killed and wounded a few in Cronenberg and Helsingen. As the Strait at Elsinore is less than three miles across, a mid-channel passage would have exposed the ships to a fire from Cronenberg Castle on the one side, and from the Swedish town of Helsinborg on the other; but the latter had very inconsiderable batteries, and did not make even a show of opposition. On observing this, the British inclined to the Swedish shore, passing within less than a mile of it, and thus avoiding a fire that, coming from nearly one hundred pieces of cannon, could not fail to have been destructive.

About noon the fleet anchored at some distance above the Island of Huën, which is about fifteen miles distant from Copenhagen.

Sir Hyde Parker, Vice-Admiral Nelson, and Rear-Admiral Graves, then proceeded, in a lugger, to reconnoitre the Danish defences; and they soon ascertained that they were of considerable strength. In consequence of this discovery a council of war was held in the evening, with the usual result, a majority urging an abandonment of the enterprise, or, at least, a delay in the attack. But Nelson prevailed, and offered, if given ten sail-of-the-line, and all the small craft, to accomplish the business before them.

Admiral Parker complied, without hesitation; and he, moreover, granted Nelson two more ships of-the-line than he had asked for. It required light-draft ships for the

work in hand, for the force at Copenhagen was not the only obstacle to be overcome. It was approached by an intricate channel, but little known.

To increase the difficulty, the Danes had removed or misplaced the buoys. That same night Lord Nelson himself, accompanied by Captain Brisbane and some others, proceeded to sound and buoy the outer channel, a narrow passage lying between the Island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground. This was a very difficult and fatiguing duty, but was duly accomplished.

An attack from the eastward was at first contemplated; but a second examination of the Danish position, on the next day, as well as a favorable change in the wind, determined Nelson to commence operations from the southward.

On the morning of the 1st of April the British fleet weighed anchor, and soon came to again to the northwest of the Middle Ground, a shoal that extends along the whole sea front of the City of Copenhagen, leaving an intervening channel of deep water, called the Konig-stiéfe, about three-quarters of a mile wide. In this channel, close to the town, the Danes had moored their block-ships, radeaus, praams (or armed lighters), and other gun-vessels. In the course of the forenoon Lord Nelson reconnoitred, for the last time, the position he was about to attack; and upon his return, about one in the afternoon, the signal to weigh appeared at the Elephant's mast-head, and the division set sail, with a light and favorable wind. Nelson had, in addition to his force already given, been joined by one 28, two 24s, and two 18-gun sloops, making his whole force to consist of thirty-two sail, large and small.

Captain Riou led, in the Amazon, 38, and the ships entered the upper channel, and coasted along the edge

of the Middle Ground, until they reached and partly rounded the southern extremity. Here they anchored, about eight o'clock in the evening, just as it grew dark; and they were then about two miles from the southernmost ship of the Danish line of defence.

The same northwesterly wind that had been fair for passing along the outer channel, was now as foul for advancing by the inner one. It was also necessary to wait for daylight, in such intricate navigation. The night was passed in taking soundings, and the depth was ascertained, up to the Danish line.

The additional vessels, consisting of seven bomb-ships, two fire-ships, and six gun-brigs were brought in; and then there was nothing to do but wait until morning, as the few shells thrown by the Danes burst harmlessly.

We must now look at the Danish force. It consisted of eighteen vessels, of different kinds. Some old and dismantled two-decked ships, frigates, praams and radeaus, mounting, altogether, 628 guns, were moored in a line of about a mile in extent. These were flanked at the north end, or that nearest the town, by two artificial islands, called the Trekroner batteries, one of thirty 24-pounders, and the other of thirty-eight 36-pounders, with furnaces for heating shot; and both of them commanded by two two-decked block-ships.

The entrance to the docks and harbor, in the heart of the city, was protected by a chain, and by batteries; while, in addition, the 74-gun ships Dannemark and Trekroner, a frigate, and some large gun-vessels (some of them with furnaces for hot shot), were moored about the harbor's mouth. Several batteries were built along the shore of Amaag Island, to the southward of the floating line of defence; while the indignant Danes flocked to man the

works, animated by the desire to repel the invaders by every possible means.

Morning dawned, on the second of April, with a south-easterly wind, which was favorable to the English. As soon as signals could be seen, one was made for all Captains to repair on board the flag-ship, when their stations were assigned them. The line-of-battle ships were intended to anchor by the stern, abreast of the vessels of the enemy's line. Most of the frigates and the fire-ships were to operate against the vessels at the harbor's mouth. The bomb-vessels were to take their stations outside the British line, so as to throw their shells over it; while two frigates and some gun-vessels and brigs were to take a position for raking the southern extremity of the Danish line. The 49th English Regiment, which was on board some of the vessels, and five hundred seamen, under Captain Freemantle, of the Ganges, were intended, at the proper time, to storm the principal of the Trekroner batteries. Of course this was to be when the ships had silenced its fire.

By nine o'clock everything was ready; a silence reigned before the storm began, and "the stoutest held their breath for a time."

But now Nelson was hampered by the hesitation and indecision of the pilots.

At last Mr. Briarly, the Master of the Bellona, undertook to lead the fleet in, and for that purpose went on board the Edgar; and at half-past nine the ships began to weigh, in succession. The Edgar led. The Agamemnon was to follow, but was unable to weather the shoal, and was forced to bring to again, in only six fathoms of water. Although she tried again, by warping, the current was such that Nelson's old and favorite ship was utterly unable to get any nearer.

Two more ships succeeded in following the Edgar, but the third, the Bellona, 74, got aground, abreast of the Danish block-ship Provesteen, and the Russell, 74, following her, had the same mishap. They were within long gun-shot. In compliance with the wish of the pilots, each ship had been ordered to pass her leader on the starboard side, from a supposition that the water shoaled on the other shore; in fact, the water kept deepening all the way to the Danish line. The Elephant came next, and Lord Nelson, perceiving the situation of the ships aground, by a happy stroke, ordered his helm to be put to starboard, and passed within those ships, as did, in safety, all those who came after him. Had it not been for this, most of the large vessels would have run ashore, and been practically useless. As soon as Lord Nelson's squadron weighed, Sir Hyde Parker's eight ships did the same, and took up a new position to the north, but too far off, on account of shoal water, to effect much by their fire.

At ten o'clock the fire opened, and by half-past eleven, as the ships came into their stations, the action became general. Owing to the strength of the current, the Jamaica, 28, and many of the English gun-boats were unable to get into a position to be of much service, while the fire of the bomb-vessels was not nearly so destructive as had been expected.

The absence of the Bellona and Russell, 74s, and of the Agamemnon, 64, was much felt, as it caused some of the British vessels which got in to have more than their share of fire.

And now the two lines were enveloped in powder smoke and flame for three long hours. Horrible scenes, and dreadful wounds and destruction always follow a bombardment by the heavy guns which ships carry, as

compared with the field artillery of a land battle. During all this time the fight was maintained with a courage and persistence seldom equalled, and never excelled.

At the end of three hours' very heavy firing, few, if any, of the Danish block-ships, praams, or radeaus had ceased firing; nor could the contest be said to have taken a decisive turn for either side. To use a vulgar but expressive saying, the English had "a hard nut to crack" in the Danes. At this time signals of distress were flying at the mast-heads of two English line-of-battle ships, and a signal of inability on board a third.

Sir Hyde Parker, from his distance from the scene of action, could judge but imperfectly of the condition of affairs. Observing the slow progress, and zig-zag courses of the Defence and Ramillies, 74s, and the Veteran, 64, which he had despatched as a reinforcement to his Vice-Admiral, he argued that matters were not progressing favorably for the attacking force; and so he threw out the signal for discontinuing the engagement. Had this been done, the last ships to retire, of the English, as well as those on shore, would have been placed in a most dangerous predicament. Lord Nelson chose, on this occasion, to disobey orders. It is a remarkable fact that, with regard to discipline, some of the greatest leaders have been the most recusant. No one can deny Lord Nelson's genius as a leader of fleets, but all who are interested in navies must regret the example he set upon this occasion. He, himself, would have had any man shot who disobeyed orders, under fire, as he did Sir Hyde Parker's. The result obtained by his disobedience justifies the act, in the civil mind; but the far-reaching effects of disobedience of the kind can only be estimated by those who have served in fleets or armies.

The three frigates and two sloops nearest to the

London and her division, did, without question, obey the signal, and hauled off from the Trekroner batteries. The gallant Captain Riou, of the Amazon, was shot in two, and that frigate sustained her greatest loss in obeying Sir Hyde Parker's order, which required him to present his stern to one of the Trekroner batteries.

When Sir Hyde Parker made the signal to retire, it was reported to Nelson by his signal lieutenant. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked him if he should repeat the signal, as is usual with those coming from a Commander-in-chief to a second in command.

"No," said Nelson, "acknowledge it."

Presently, Nelson asked the signal lieutenant if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so!"

"He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner that, with him, always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he, what is shown on board the Commander-in-chief?' 'Number 39!' Mr. Fergusson asked him what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action.' Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words 'leave off action? now d—n me if I do! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain of his flag-ship, 'I have only one eye, I have a right to be blind sometimes,' and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal.' Presently he exclaimed 'D—n the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast.'"

About two o'clock in the afternoon the fire of the Danes had begun to slacken; and soon after it had ceased along

BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

nearly their whole line. Some of their light vessels and floating batteries had got adrift, and some had struck their colors, but could not be taken possession of for the reason that the nature of the action was such that the crews were continually reinforced from the shore; and fresh men coming on board did not inquire whether the flag had been struck, or, perhaps, did not heed it; many, or most of them, never having been engaged in war before, and knowing nothing, therefore, of its laws, thought only of defending their country to the last extremity. The firing on the boats which went to take possession of those Danish vessels whose flags were not flying greatly irritated Nelson; who, at one time, had thoughts of sending in the fire-ships, to burn such vessels.

During the pause in the action, he sent a letter to the Danish Crown Prince, in which he said, according to Southey, "Vice-Admiral Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." The account goes on to say that a wafer was given him to close this letter, but he ordered a candle to be brought from the surgeon's quarters, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried or informal."

Nelson's letter is probably correctly given in Southey, but the French say that he asked for Denmark to consent at once to leave the Northern Confederation, to permit the English to caulk and refit their ships in the Danish dock

yard; and to receive the English wounded in the Copenhagen hospitals.

Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger, with a flag of truce, carried the letter on shore, and found the Crown Prince at the sally-port. The fire of a part of the English line against the Danish block-ships was still kept up, and about this time silenced them. But the great Trekroner battery was comparatively uninjured. This battery therefore continued its fire; and, having had a reinforcement thrown in from the shore, was considered too strong to be stormed.

It was now deemed advisable to withdraw the English ships from the intricate channel while the wind continued fair; and preparations to that end were making, when the Danish Adjutant-General appeared, bearing a flag of truce. Upon this, the Trekroner ceased firing, and the action, after continuing five hours, during four of which it had been very warmly contested, was brought to a close.

The message was to inquire the particular object of Lord Nelson's note. The latter replied that he consented to stay hostilities from motives of humanity. He wished the Danish wounded to be taken on shore; to take his prisoners out of the prizes; and to burn or carry off the latter, as he should think fit. He also expressed a hope for reconciliation between the two countries; a bitter thing, under the circumstances.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, who had returned with the Danish Adjutant-General, was again sent with this reply, and he was referred to the Crown Prince for a final adjustment of terms. It is said that the populace were so excited that the flag-of-truce officer was in danger of his life. The interval was taken advantage of to get the leading British ships, all of whom were much crippled in

rigging and sails, out of their very precarious position. The Monarch led the way out, but touched on the shoal; but the Ganges, striking her amidships, pushed her over it. The Glatton passed clear, but the Elephant and the Defiance grounded about a mile from the formidable Trekroner battery, and there remained fixed, for many hours, in spite of every exertion. The Désirée also grounded, close to the Bellona. Soon after the Elephant grounded Lord Nelson left her, and followed the Danish Adjutant General to the London, Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship.

Here an important conference was held. It is said that Nelson remarked to the Danish officer that "the French fight well, but they would not have borne for one hour what the Danes have borne for five. I have been in many battles, but that of to-day is by far the most terrible."

During the whole of the night of April 2d the British were occupied getting out their prizes, and in floating their grounded ships. On the morning of the 3d all of the latter but the Désirée were got off.

The negotiations lasted five days, and during that time all the prizes, except the 60-gun ship Holstein, were set on fire and destroyed. Most of those so destroyed were not worth carrying away.

On the 9th of April an armistice of fourteen weeks was agreed upon; Denmark agreeing, in that time, to suspend all proceedings under the treaty of armed neutrality which she had entered into with Sweden and Russia.

The prisoners were sent on shore, to be accounted for in case hostilities should be renewed; and the British fleet had permission to purchase fresh provisions and supplies at Copenhagen, and along the coast adjoining.

In the action before Copenhagen the loss, in killed and

wounded, of the British fleet, was about twelve hundred. The Danish loss is put down at between sixteen and eighteen hundred, and, with prisoners taken, at about six thousand.

Although the affair, as a mere fight, might be considered a drawn battle, the first overture having come from the English, the victory clearly remained with the latter, for they got almost everything they demanded. The Danes were much inferior in number of guns, and are entitled to every credit for the splendid resistance they made.

On the 12th of April Admiral Parker despatched to England the prize ship Holstein, of 60 guns, conveying most of his wounded men, and also one or two of his own ships which had been much disabled. He then transhipped the guns of his heavy ships into chartered vessels, and managed to get his fleet into the Baltic in this way, instead of going round by the Belts. This feat astonished the Swedes, Russians, Danes and Prussians, who had not imagined that such ships could be brought into the Baltic by that channel.

Parker's first object was to attack the Russian squadron, at Revel, before the breaking up of the ice should enable it to join the Swedish fleet at Carlscrona. The movement resulted in no battle, but in negotiations, by which a peaceable solution of the existing difficulties could be had.

A characteristic action of Lord Nelson may here be related. The St. George, his flag-ship, had had great difficulty in passing the shoals, and was among the last to get over, while Sir Hyde Parker had proceeded, with most of the fleet. A head wind set in, and the St. George was again detained. Hearing that the Swedish fleet had come out, Lord Nelson instantly quitted the St.

George, accompanied by the master of the Bellona, Mr. Briarly, in a six-oared cutter, to join the Admiral, who was twenty-four miles off. They had to pull in the teeth of a strong wind and current, and Nelson had not stopped even to get a boat-cloak, so necessary at that early season of the year. He was in this boat nearly six hours, refusing to put on a great coat offered him. "No," he said, "I am not cold; my anxiety will keep me warm. Do you think the fleet has sailed?" "I should suppose not, my Lord," said Briarly. "If they have," said Nelson, "I shall follow them to Carlscrona in the boat, by G—d!" Now, the distance to Carlscrona was about one hundred and fifty miles.

At midnight Nelson reached the fleet, which had not sailed.

The Emperor Paul had now died, and his successor, Alexander 1st, was disposed to make overtures looking towards peace, so that the succeeding movements of Parker and Nelson, in the Baltic, do not come within our province.

COPENHAGEN, 1807.

In this connection we must refer to another attack made by the British upon the luckless city of Copenhagen.

This is not the place to raise the question as to whether governments, as such, should be governed by a different code of morality from individuals; or whether "reasons of State" (which are generally the will of one man) should be substituted with impunity for common humanity, justice, and the rights of man.

But the impropriety of discussing the question in this place should not prevent us from declaring that there never was a greater abuse of force than in the second

attack of England on the comparatively feeble State of Denmark, in 1807. It is only fair to say that a large body of English subjects condemned it then, and condemn it now; and it is the English ministry of that day which must bear the blame, in the eyes of succeeding generations.

In the treaty of Tilsit (1807), France and Russia were put upon a most intimate and friendly footing; and Russia undertook to act as mediator between France and England, for the conclusion of a peace, at least as regarded maritime operations. In accordance with his engagements, the Emperor Alexander addressed a note to the English government; but his overtures were very coldly received. Castlereagh, Canning and Percival, the inheritors of Pitt's policy, and of his hatred of the French (but not of his great abilities), saw their power and influence upon the Continent of Europe decreasing, while Napoleon's was growing.

They, therefore, determined upon an expedition of magnitude, which, while it would occupy the minds of the people at home, and thereby disconcert the plans of the opposition, would renew the terror in which their arms had been held abroad.

The plan was to renew the attack upon Denmark, as in 1801, but the operations were to be carried out in an even more thorough and ruthless manner.

Denmark had joined the new coalition against England, and Napoleon was at the bottom of it; but no declaration of war was made by England against Denmark, and that small kingdom, not suspecting any such design at that moment, was to see all the horrors of war suddenly let loose upon her. Her sole wrong, in the eyes of the British Cabinet, was the possession of a navy, still of some

strength, which might be used by the coalition against England.

Denmark was, at the time, observing a strict neutrality, and, although forced to acquiesce in the condition of things consequent upon Napoleon's occupation of northern Europe, had not joined in the Continental blockade. Mistrusting France even more than England, she had sent most of her army into Holstein, with a view to causing the French to respect her frontier. The best policy of England, under the circumstances, would have been to keep on terms with Denmark, and if there was any pressure to be exercised to make her take sides in the great events then transpiring, to leave the odium of such a measure upon Napoleon. But the British Cabinet resolved to secure the Danish fleet, at all hazards, and so put it out of the power of that nation or of Napoleon ever to use it against England.

To give color to their aggression upon the sovereign rights of Denmark, the British Cabinet alleged that they had knowledge of a stipulation in the Treaty of Tilsit, which brought Denmark fully into the Continental coalition; and, as we have said, the expedition was undertaken to carry off from Napoleon the Danish naval resources, and it was therefore said to be an act of legitimate defence on the part of England.

In the latter part of July, 1807, Admiral Gambier sailed from England, with twenty-five sail-of-the-line, forty frigates, and three hundred and seventy-seven transports, carrying 20,000 troops, commanded by General Cathcart. The latter was to be joined by seven or eight thousand more troops, returning from the siege of Stralsund. At this time almost all the Danish troops were in Holstein; and the English plan, a well conceived one, was to seize the Belts, with a portion of the fleet, intercept the passages

and prevent the return of the Danish army to the relief of Copenhagen. Then a strong land force was to be landed near Copenhagen, and that city to be destroyed by bombardment, in case she should refuse to surrender.

The English fleet appeared in the Sound on the 3d of August; and Admiral Gambier at once despatched Commodore Keats, with a suitable force, to secure the Belts, and prevent all passage from the mainland to the Danish islands. The fleet then proceeded down the Sound, and anchored in Elsinore Road. The Admiral sent Commissioner Jackson to the Crown Prince, then acting as Regent of Denmark, to propose an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England. He was also to demand the surrender of Kronberg Castle to the English army, and the port of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet to the navy, protesting that they were only to be held until the return of general peace in Europe, and then to be *loyally* returned. These outrageous proposals were too much for the Crown Prince's diplomatic reserve. "Never in history," he cried out, "was seen so odious an attack as is contemplated against Denmark." "We may expect more honorable ideas from the Barbary pirates than from the English government. You propose an alliance! We know what alliance with you means. We have seen your allies waiting a whole year, in vain, for promised assistance!"

The Commissioner said that England would pay, cash down, for any injuries which Denmark might receive in consequence of such an alliance. "And with what," said the indignant Prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we acceded to so humiliating a proposition?" Upon receiving this answer Jackson withdrew, and hostilities at once began.

The garrison of Copenhagen consisted of about eight

thousand men. There were some regular troops, but the most of the defenders were volunteers, students and citizens. Entrenchments and batteries were raised, and armed; hulks were moored in the passes, and others sunk, to prevent the English ships from coming in. The fleet, the main object of the attack, was sheltered in the inner basins of the dock-yard. But the Danish preparations were only intended to resist assault, and were powerless against bombardment.

The Prince Regent, having taken all precautions which circumstances permitted, committed the charge of the city and its defences to General Peyman, a brave and worthy soldier, with orders to resist to the last; and then hurried away into Holstein, to endeavor to find some means of bringing the Danish army to the rescue. At the same time General Castenskiod was ordered to assemble the military of Zealand. But these untrained levies could be of very little use against the veteran English troops, and the devoted city was left to the defence of General Peyman's small force.

When Jackson returned to the British fleet the word was given, and a shocking scene of slaughter and destruction ensued. The troops debarked to the north of Copenhagen. Most of them were Hessians and other Germans in English employ. It was known that the city could not be carried by assault without fearful loss to the attacking party, so the English troops approached, threw up some works, but did not attempt a regular siege. A bombardment was the means resorted to; and by this dreadful means the city was to be burned and ruined, until the Danes submitted. It was now that Colonel Congreve made the first trial, in actual warfare, of the destructive rockets which bear his name.

On the 1st of September the English preparations were

completed. Cathcart had erected a battery of sixty-eight pieces, forty-eight of which were mortars. He then summoned the city, demanding the port, arsenal and fleet, on pain of burning the place. In his letter he prayed General Peyman to yield, and not force him to extremity against a place filled with non-combatants, women and children. Peyman, true to the trust confided in him by the Crown Prince, and sustained by the indignant citizens, answered the summons in the negative.

On the 2d of September, in the evening, the bombardment commenced, and a hail of shell, rockets, and other missiles fell upon the city. The best answer possible was made, but the English were so sheltered by their defences that their loss was nothing. It continued all night and part of the next day; and was then suspended to see if Peyman yet thought of surrender.

Hundreds of Danes had been killed, and many destructive fires had occurred. Many of the finest buildings were destroyed, and the whole of the male population who were not in the trenches were exhausted by the labor which they had undergone in trying to extinguish the flames. Peyman resolved to hold out still, and the bombardment was renewed on the evening of the 3d, assisted by the bomb-vessels of the English fleet. With a short interval it was continued until the morning of the 5th; a population of 100,000 being all this time exposed to a rain of missiles. The destruction was, of course, very great. About two thousands persons were killed, many of them old people and children, while some of the finest buildings and several hundred dwellings were destroyed. At last, having made an heroic defence, General Peyman, to save the rest of the city, determined to capitulate. By the articles agreed upon the English were to remain in possession six weeks, the time estimated as necessary

to fit out the vessels which were to be taken away. The Danes saw this spoliation with helpless rage and anguish, and when they turned away, they had the sight of their half ruined city before their eyes.

The English fitted out, and carried off, sixteen ships of the line, about twenty frigates and brigs, and all the stores, rigging, timber, and ship-building tools from the dock-yard. The ships on the stocks, and the condemned hulks were burned. It took 20,000 tons of transport shipping to carry off the stores which were taken.

The casualties of both the British army and navy, in this expedition, amounted to only fifty-six killed, one hundred and seventy-five wounded, and twenty-five missing.

TRAFALGAR. OCTOBER 21ST, A.D. 1805.

THE year 1805 was a momentous period in the history of Europe. Napoleon had long meditated the invasion of England, saying "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours, and we are masters of the world."

A skillfully combined plan, by which the British fleet would have been divided, while the whole French navy was concentrated in the Channel, was delayed by the death of the Admiral designated to execute it. But an alliance with Spain placed the Spanish fleet at Bonaparte's disposal, in 1805, and he formed a fresh scheme for its union with that of France, the crushing of the fleet under Cornwallis, which blocked the Channel ports, before Admiral Nelson could come to its support, and a crossing of the vast armament so protected to the British shores. The plan was to draw Nelson away in pursuit of the French fleet, which was then suddenly to return and crush the English Channel squadron.

Nelson, now in command of the Mediterranean and Cadiz fleet, had been scarching diligently for the French Toulon fleet, and was much concerned that he could not find it.

In February, 1805 he had been down as far as Egypt, but found nothing there, and, half distracted with anxiety, steered for Malta. Soon after arriving there he received

from Naples intelligence of what had, in reality, become of the French fleet.

At that time he wrote to the Admiralty, to say "I have consulted no man, therefore the whole blame of ignorance in forming my judgment must rest with me. I would allow no man to take from me an atom of my glory had I fallen in with the French fleet, nor do I desire any man to partake of any of the responsibility. All is mine, right or wrong. * * * * "I consider the character of Bonaparte, and that the orders given by him on the banks of the Seine would not take into consideration wind or weather."

In a letter to Captain Ball, at Malta, of April 19, 1805, when the fleet, going to the westward, was buffeting with head winds, he says, "My good fortune, my dear Ball, seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind—dead foul! dead foul! but my mind is fully made up what to do when I leave the Straits, supposing there is no certain information of the enemy's destination. I believe this ill luck will go near to kill me; but, as these are times for exertion, I must not be cast down, whatever I feel."

At this very time Nelson had before him a letter from the Physician of the fleet, enforcing his return to England before the hot months, such was his bad state of health.

"Therefore," he writes, in spite of this, "notwithstanding, I shall pursue the enemy to the West or East Indies, if I know that to have been their destination; yet, if the Mediterranean fleet joins the Channel, I shall request, with that order (from the Physician), permission to go on shore."

On April 8th, 1805, the French fleet passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and the same afternoon entered Cadiz,

driving off the small British squadron then there, under Sir John Orde.

Here a number of Spanish men-of-war joined the French Admiral; and on the 9th the combined fleet—five Spanish and twelve French ships-of-the-line, seven frigates, a corvette and three brigs, stood to the westward, to rendezvous in the West Indies, at Martinique, at which island they arrived on May 12th.

On the 4th of May, Nelson was watering and provisioning his fleet at Mazari Bay, on the Barbary coast, and, the wind coming east, was enabled to proceed to the westward; but he did not get through the Straits of Gibraltar till the night of the 7th, when his enemy was almost at Martinique. He had supposed that the Allied fleet was bound to the Irish coast; but received certain information, at this time, from a Scotch officer, named Campbell, in the Portuguese service, that they had gone to the West Indies. Campbell was afterwards complained against by the French Ambassador, for giving this information, and his career ruined.

Nelson determined to follow the enemy, without orders, and at the risk of professional censure, for to do so he must abandon his station without leave. He went into Lagos Bay, and having received five months' provisions, sailed, on May 11th, and, at Cape St. Vincent, detached a line-of-battle ship to escort some transports and 5000 troops through the Straits. With ten sail-of-the-line and three frigates, Nelson then crowded sail to the westward, in pursuit of his enemy's fleet, which he knew consisted of eighteen sail-of-the-line, at the least, besides nine frigates.

Nelson was now Vice-Admiral of the White, in the 100-gun ship Victory, Captain Hardy. He had one 80, the Canopus, Rear-Admiral Louis, and Captain Austen, and

eight 74's, with three frigates. Lord Nelson has been accused of rashness in seeking to engage a force nearly double his own, but he expected to be joined by six sail-of-the-line at Barbadoes.

On the passage to the West Indies, Nelson prepared an elaborate plan of battle, the most striking feature in which was, "The business of an English Commander-in-chief being first to bring an enemy's fleet to battle, on the most advantageous terms to himself (I mean, that of laying his ships close on board those of the enemy as expeditiously as possible, and, secondly, to continue them there until the business is decided), etc., etc.

On May 15th Nelson's fleet reached Madeira, and a frigate was sent on to Barbadoes, to have Admiral Cochrane's vessels ready for a junction. He, himself, with the main fleet, did not arrive at Barbadoes until June 4th. All this time he had many qualms about his course in leaving his station, and, upon his arrival, was met by many conflicting reports.

But he soon learned that the French had gone north again. (At this time he was thought by Napoleon and the French authorities to be still in European waters.) Nelson's swift movements had quite outstripped the Emperor's calculations.

Nelson left the West Indies again, with eleven sail-of-the line, and cautiously pursued the large fleet in advance of him, in hopes that better tactics would enable him to reach the shores of Europe before them; and, at any rate, by his presence there he had stopped the career of victory of the French, in the West Indies. He said to his Captains, "My object is partly gained. * * * * We won't part without a battle. I think they will be glad to let me alone, if I will let them alone; which I will

do, either till we approach the shores of Europe, or they give me an advantage too tempting to be resisted."

The French Admiral Villeneuve's orders as to his proceedings in the West Indies are interesting, as well as the events which followed his arrival there, but he was ordered to return soon, and to carry out a project, as the ultimate object of the assembling of his allied fleet, which was, in the eyes of Napoleon, infinitely more important than the capture and pillage of the English West India Islands. In returning to Europe Villeneuve was only obeying the Emperor's orders, although the latter blamed Villeneuve for not carrying out his orders in full, attributing his hasty leaving the islands, to fright.

Afterwards, at St. Helena, he acknowledged that Villeneuve was a brave man.

On the way to Europe the French fleet made one or two important captures and re-captures, and came off Cape Finisterre about the latter part of July.

And now let us follow Lord Nelson for a time.

He quitted Antigua on June 13th, having received information that the enemy's fleet was seen steering north, but he had no very definite information, and had to rely on his own intuition. On July 17th he sighted Cape St. Vincent, having sailed about 3500 miles on this one passage.

There seems to be no doubt that Napoleon intended to attack Ireland, or at least effect a landing there, and the best military and naval minds considered that Villeneuve's voyage to the West Indies was principally intended to draw off the British naval force from the Channel, to admit of an attack upon Ireland, a preliminary step in Napoleon's plan.

On July 19th, 1805, the English fleet anchored in Gibraltar, and on the 20th Lord Nelson says, in his

NELSON'S VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

diary, "I went on shore for the first time since June 16th, 1803, and, from having my foot out of the Victory, two years, wanting ten days."

He remained only three days on shore at Gibraltar, and then received information that the allied fleet had been seen, five weeks before, steering N. N. west, in latitude 33°, longitude 58° west. This was stale news, but the earliest, of a positive nature, which he had received. He, therefore, passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and at first went to the westward, but afterwards he went off Cape St. Vincent, to be ready to steer in any direction that circumstances might direct. On the third day of August the English fleet was in 39° north, and 16° west longitude.

Here Lord Nelson got some information from an American merchant ship, which had taken the log of a vessel which had been set on fire and abandoned, but not destroyed, and, from a scrap of paper containing a reckoning, he derived the fact that the vessel had been taken by the French fleet.

Nelson then proceeded north, but finding no news, either from Admiral Cornwallis, off Ushant, or the Channel fleet, proceeded, with the Victory, and another ship, to Portsmouth, leaving the rest of his fleet as a reinforcement to the Channel fleet.

In the meantime the combined fleet had had a most important action, on July 22d, with Sir Robert Calder's squadron, between Ferrol and Finisterre, not necessary to be here gone into. It was a sort of drawn battle, with numbers in favor of the French. Sir Robert Calder was much blamed for the result.

Napoleon was terribly vexed that Villeneuve had not rendered a better account of Sir Robert Calder's fleet, to which he was superior.

Bonaparte said that "Villeneuve was one of those men who require more spur than bridle," and asked if it "would not be possible to find, in the navy, an enterprising man, with cool views, as one ought to see, either in battle, or in the manœuvres of a fleet."

Villeneuve was ordered to go to Brest; but, in spite of that, went to Cadiz, the details of the reasons and movements being too long to be recounted here. The Emperor was furious, and charged him with dereliction in duty, disobedience of orders, refusing to fight the enemy, etc.

Part of Bonaparte's vexation with Villeneuve no doubt arose from the loud complaints of the Spaniards, at having lost two ships in Calder's action; and this was aggravated by the apparent unwillingness of the French Admiral, even with a powerful fleet under his command, to sail out, in the face of eleven English sail-of-the-line, cruising off Cadiz; and so enable the Spanish squadron at Carthagena to form a junction with Admiral Gravina, who commanded the Spanish portion of the allied fleet.

The fact is, to quote a French authority, "Villeneuve, like others, was impressed by the inferiority of the French marine, in comparison with the English. The French seamen, brave enough, but inexperienced at sea, looked with a sort of terror upon the necessity of meeting the redoubtable victor of Aboukir, knowing well his genius and audacity, commanding, as he did, a well prepared fleet and thoroughly drilled and sea-hardened crews. Villeneuve's personal courage is above suspicion, but he lacked energy, decision, and power of organization. Exasperated by the reply of the Emperor, who accused him of cowardice, in consequence of his perpetual hesitations, Villeneuve replied to the Minister of Marine, in these bitter words, "If all the French Navy lacks is audacity, as is pretended,

the Emperor will soon be satisfied; and he may count upon brilliant successes."

On September 17th, 1805, Napoleon directed his Minister of Marine to order Villeneuve to sea, on a new expedition. He was to proceed off Naples, and disembark, at some point on the coast, a number of troops, in order that they might join the army of General St. Cyr. He was then to proceed to Naples, and capture the English ship Excellent, and a Russian ship-of-the-line, lying there; to do all possible injury to English trade; to intercept an expedition bound to Malta; and then to come to Toulon, where everything was to be ready to re-victual and repair his ships.

Napoleon seemed to have feared the failure of Villeneuve to carry out these orders; and had actually ordered Vice-Admiral Rosily to supercede him. But the fact remains that Villeneuve's written orders had always been to avoid an engagement, and at last to bring his fleet, fresh and entire, into the British Channel. In his movements he was, moreover, retarded by the supineness of the Spaniards, who, when their long voyage to the West Indies was over, felt inclined to remain snugly in port.

In the meantime, Vice-Admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz, was joined by four sail-of-the-line, under Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton; and soon after by seventeen more, under Sir Robert Calder, in the Prince of Wales.

Some of these ships were occasionally detached to Gibraltar, for water and provisions; and with the rest Collingwood continued to cruise before Cadiz. On the 28th of September, Lord Nelson arrived, to take command of the English fleet; having left Portsmouth in the Victory, on the fifteenth. The Ajax and Thunderer, line-of-battle ships, had come with him.

The Euryalus frigate had preceded him, to inform

Collingwood that, on his assuming command again, no salute should be fired, or flags displayed, in order that the Allies should not be apprised of the arrival of a reinforcement.

The force under Lord Nelson now consisted of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, twenty-two of which cruised about fifteen miles off Cadiz; and the remaining five, under Rear-Admiral Louis, in the Canopus, were stationed close off the harbor, watching the motions of the combined fleet. Lord Nelson considered that if he kept the main body of his fleet out of sight of land, the French Admiral, being ignorant of the exact British force, might perhaps put to sea, so that he kept the bulk of his fleet at a long distance west of Cadiz.

The force close in with the city was then relieved by two frigates, the only ships left there. Beyond these, further out, and at a convenient distance for signalling, were three or four ships-of-the-line, the westernmost of which could communicate directly with the easternmost ship of the main body.

The new station of the English fleet had a great advantage in case of westerly gales, usual at that season, as they would not be forced into the Mediterranean; in which event the combined fleet, on the first change of wind, might easily put to sea, unmolested.

On October 1st, the Euryalus frigate reconnoitred the port of Cadiz, and plainly discovered, at anchor in the outer harbor, and apparently ready for sea, eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish ships-of-the-line, frigates and two brigs.

The next day Lord Nelson sent Rear-Admiral Louis with five sail-of-the-line, to Gibraltar, for provisions and water; and on the same day, a Swedish ship, from Cadiz, bound to Alicante, informed the Euryalus that the com-

bined fleet had reëmbarked the troops a day or two before, and intended to put to sea the first easterly wind.

Rear-Admiral Louis got this intelligence on the 3d of October, and at once returned to the main fleet with his squadron; but Lord Nelson, conceiving the news to be a stratagem to draw him nearer to Cadiz, so as to obtain a knowledge of his force, ordered Louis to proceed in the execution of his orders.

On the 4th the weather was very calm, and some Spanish gunboats pulled out from Cadiz and attacked the two English frigates which were on duty close in; but they soon retired again. By the 8th of October two more line-of-battle-ships had joined the English fleet, and the same day the Euryalus again counted thirty-four sail-of-the-line in Cadiz harbor.

The possibility that the Cadiz, Carthagena and Rochefort ships might effect a junction, and thereby present a force of forty-six sail-of-the-line, induced Lord Nelson to draw up and transmit to his second in command a plan of attack in which he supposed that, by the junction of a squadron under Sir Richard Strachan, and other ships, from Gibraltar and elsewhere, he might be able to assemble a force of forty sail-of-the-line.

His plan was regarded by naval men as a master-piece of naval strategy, and agreed in principle with that pursued in the great battle then impending. Condensed, it was as follows: Taking it for granted that it was next to impossible to form a fleet of forty sail-of-the-line in line of battle, with varying winds, thick weather, and other difficulties which might arise, without so much delay that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to render it decisive, Lord Nelson resolved to keep the fleet in such a position that, with the exception of the first and

second in command, the order of sailing would be the order of battle. The fleet was to be placed in two lines, of sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing, two-decked ships, which latter would always make, if wanted, a line of twenty-four sail, on any line the Commander-in-chief might direct.

The second in command would, after this latter intention was made known to him, have the entire direction of his line, and was to make the attack, and to follow up the blow, until the enemy's ships were captured or destroyed.

Should the enemy's fleet—supposed to consist of forty-six sail-of-the-line, be seen to windward, in line of battle, and the two British lines and the advanced squadron be able to fetch it, the ships of the former would probably be so extended that their van could not succor their rear.

The English second in command would then probably be signalled to lead through, at about the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear, or wherever he could fetch, if not able to advance so far.

The Commander-in-chief's line would lead through at the centre, and the advanced squadron cut through at about three or four ships ahead of the centre, so as to ensure getting at the enemy's Commander-in-chief, whom every effort should be used to capture.

The whole impression of the British fleet was to be made to overpower from two to three ships ahead of the enemy's Commander-in-chief (supposed to be in the centre) to the rear of his fleet.

Admitting twenty sail of the enemy's line to be untouched, it would be some time before they could perform a manœuvre, so as to bring their force compact, to attack any part of the British fleet engaged, or to succor their companions; and this they could not do without mixing with the ships engaged.

If it happened that the two fleets were of less force than here contemplated, a proportionate number only of the enemy's fleet were to be cut off, and the British were to be one-fourth superior to the enemy so cut off.

Lord Nelson, making due allowance for what chance might effect, looked with confidence to a victory, before the van of the enemy could succor his rear; and then he expected that the British ships would most of them be ready to receive the enemy's other twenty sail, or to pursue them, should they endeavor to make off.

If the van of the enemy tacked, the captured ships were to run to leeward of the British fleet; if the enemy wore, the British were to place themselves between the enemy and the captured, as well as their own disabled ships; and should the enemy close, his Lordship made no doubt of the result.

The second in command was to direct the movements of his line and to keep the ships as compact as circumstances permitted. Captains were to look to their own line as their rallying point; but, in case signals could neither be seen nor perfectly understood, *no captain could do wrong who placed his ship close alongside that of an enemy.*

So far with regard to the attack from to leeward. Next followed the plan of attack from to windward.

Supposing the enemy formed in line-of-battle to receive the British fleet, the three divisions of the latter were to be brought nearly within gun-shot of the enemy's centre, when the signal would most likely be made for the lee line to bear up together, under all sail, in order to reach the enemy's line as quickly as possible, and then to cut through; beginning at the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear.

Some ships might not get through at their exact place,

but they would always be at hand, to assist their friends; and if any British ships were thrown round the rear of the enemy, they would, it was considered, effectually complete the business of twelve of the enemy's ships.

Should the enemy wear together, or bear up, and sail large, still the twelve ships of the enemy's rear were to be the object of attack of the British lee line, unless otherwise directed by the Commander-in-chief, an interference not contemplated in the plan, as the entire management of the lee line, after the Commander-in-chief had signalized his intentions, was to be left to the judgment of the Admiral commanding that line.

The remainder of the English fleet were to be left to the management of the Commander-in-chief; who, as he rather modestly expressed himself, would endeavor to take care that the movements of the second in command were as little as possible interrupted.

This plan and instructions have been given rather at length, because they have always been looked upon as models, and have been copied into foreign historical works, and adopted upon several other occasions.

Cadiz became much straightened for provisions, in consequence of having so large a fleet to victual. To remedy this evil, especially in regard to his own fleet, Napoleon had ordered shipments to be made to Nantes, Bordeaux, and other ports in the Bay of Biscay. The carriers were vessels under the Danish flag, that landed their cargoes at small ports in the south of Spain, whence they were easily conveyed to Cadiz. As some check to this, a vigorous blockade had been adopted by Collingwood, and maintained by his successor, who considered it a more likely way of driving the combined fleets to sea than a bombardment of Congreve rockets, as had at one time been contemplated. The arrival of a number of

frigates enabled Nelson to prosecute this blockade of the coasting trade more successfully. On the 10th of October two line-of-battle ships, and on the 13th two more, joined Nelson; and he had now twenty-nine sail-of-the-line off Cadiz, and five at Gibraltar. This was the highest number his fleet reached.

On the 10th the allied fleet had moved out to the entrance of the harbor, and evinced a disposition to put to sea at the first opportunity.

Four days after, Lord Nelson was obliged, owing to orders from England, to send there Sir Robert Calder, in the Prince of Wales; and on the 17th was obliged to send the Donegal to Gibraltar, for water. This done, he had twenty-seven sail-of-the-line (not all in very good order, or well manned), four frigates, a schooner, and a cutter. There were in his fleet three 100-gun ships; the Victory, his own flag-ship; the Royal Sovereign, Vice-Admiral Collingwood; and the Britannia, Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk. Then came four 98-gun ships; one 80, sixteen 74s, and three 64s, which formed the line-of-battle.

On the very day on which Lord Nelson took command of the fleet a courier had arrived at Cadiz, with the order of the French Emperor for Villeneuve to put to sea. These orders had been issued about the middle of September, and required that the French ships should pass the Straits of Gibraltar, land the troops on the Neapolitan coast, sweep the Mediterranean of all British commerce and cruisers, and then enter Toulon, to re-fit and re-victual.

Although Villeneuve's instructions contained no mention of the Spanish fleet, it is natural to suppose that they would be glad to avail themselves of the exit of a formidable French fleet to effect a junction with seven sail-of-

the-line of theirs, which were blockaded in the port of Carthagena. Every exertion was, therefore, made to fill the complements of the fleet, which had otherwise been ready for some time. Of the vessels which had been in Sir Robert Calder's action, one, the Argonauta, had been repaired and refitted, but the damage to the other, the Terrible, proved of so serious a nature that she was disarmed, and her crew divided among the short-manned ships.

All these details may seem tedious, but are necessary to a correct understanding of this, the most important naval battle of the century.

To return a little. On the 10th of October, the French troops having re-embarked, the combined fleet moved to the entrance of Cadiz harbor, to be ready for a start at a moment's warning. Hard westerly gales continued until the 17th. At midnight of that date the wind shifted to the eastward, and on the 18th of October Admiral Villeneuve informed the Spanish Admiral Gravina of his intention to put to sea on the following day; and had a strong line of gunboats drawn up across the mouth of the harbor.

On October 19th the Allied fleets, by signal from the Commander-in-chief, began getting under way, at seven o'clock in the morning. There was a fair breeze, but light, and the British reconnoitring frigates at once saw and reported the movement. Owing to the light wind, only twelve ships got out, and these lay becalmed until afternoon, when a breeze sprang up from the west-north-west, and the twelve stood to the northward, accompanied closely by the two English frigates on guard. At day-light the next morning the rest of the combined fleet left Cadiz, making, with the twelve already outside, thirty-three sail-of-the-line, five frigates, and two brigs. They

had a light southeast wind, while the ships in the offing, as is frequently the case on this coast, had the wind south-southwest.

The French had four 80-gun ships, and fourteen 74s, with the frigates and brigs. The Spanish had one 130-gun ship; two of 112 guns; one 100; two 80s; eight 74s, and one 64.

Villeneuve's flag-ship was the Bucentaure, 80, and Gravina's the Principe de Asturias, 112.

Scarcely had the fleet cleared the harbor when a south-west wind and thick weather began to delay their progress. Meantime the two English frigates carefully watched their every manœuvre.

The first effect of the thick weather was that the English ship Agamemnon, with a merchant brig in tow, was unconsciously running into the midst of the enemy's ships, but was, after some difficulty, warned off by the frigates. Then one of the English frigates was in danger of capture by her stopping too long to examine an American ship; she was chased and fired upon.

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and the wind shifted to north-northwest; whereupon Admiral Villeneuve ordered his fleet to form in five columns, in accordance with a plan previously communicated to his Admirals and Captains.

The Allied fleet then divided itself into two parts. The first part was of twenty-one sail, and was denominated the line-of-battle, and this was again subdivided into three squadrons, of seven ships each; of which the centre was commanded by Villeneuve himself; the van by Vice-Admiral Alava; and the rear by Rear-Admiral Dumanoir.

The second part of the Allied fleet, the reserve, was divided into two squadrons, of six ships each, the first

under Admiral Gravina, and the second under Rear-Admiral Magon.

Villeneuve's instructions to these officers were as follows: in case of being to windward, the line to bear down together, and each ship to engage her opponent in the English line; to engage closely, and to board, if possible.

If, on the contrary, the English fleet was to windward, the allied fleet was to await attack in close order of battle.

The French Admiral said, "the enemy will not confine himself to forming a line-of-battle parallel to ours, and engage us with his cannon, when success often attends the most skillful, and always the most fortunate; he will endeavor to turn our rear, to pass through our line, and will endeavor to surround such of our ships as he succeeds in cutting off, and reduce them with numbers of his own."

Villeneuve adds "there is nothing to alarm us in the sight of the English fleet; their 74-gun ships have not five hundred men on board; their seamen are harassed by a two years' cruise; they are not more brave than we; and have infinitely less motives to fight well, and have less love of country. They are skillful at manœuvring. In a month we shall be as much so as they are. In fine, everything unites to inspire us with hopes of the most glorious success, and of a new era for the Imperial marine."

The most remarkable feature of the French Admiral's plan was, that it persisted in ordering the movements of his fleet to be conducted in close line-of-battle, even while he admits that his enemy will adopt a different mode of attack, that of cutting off the rear of the line, and making it an easy conquest. Such, however, was the ancient

rule of sea-tactics, and France had not yet had a Rodney to break through them.

Shortly after the combined fleet had formed in five columns, one of their advanced frigates made the signal for eighteen sail of British ships in sight. On this the fleet, still on the port tack, cleared for action, and at about five P. M. tacked, and stood for the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. They had continued so long on the other tack that Lord Nelson thought it was Villeneuve's intention to proceed to the westward.

About this time the four British frigates came down to reconnoitre, and were chased by some of the Allied fleet, which latter, however, rejoined the main body at night-fall.

Just before dark the French ship Aigle made signal for eighteen British ships in line-of-battle, to the southward; and shortly after the combined fleet wore and stood to the northwest.

On the 21st, a little before daylight, the French Admiral, abandoning his plan of forming line-of-battle of twenty-one ships (as the enemy were now to windward, and of nearly equal force to himself), ordered the three columns, composed of the twenty-one ships, without regard to priority of rank among them, to form in close line-of-battle, on the starboard tack, upon the leeward-most division of twelve ships, and then to steer south-east. The manœuvre executed, daylight found the two fleets fairly in sight of each other, for the first time. The centre of the Franco-Spanish fleet bearing about east by south of the centre of the British, and distant about ten miles.

The wind was then light, from west-northwest, and a heavy swell setting in from the westward.

Let us now look at the movements of the British fleet

during the period just before the momentous battle now impending.

About half-past nine A. M., on the 19th, while the British fleet was lying to, fifty miles west-southwest from Cadiz, the line-of-battle ships which formed the cordon of communication between the fleet and the reconnoitring frigates, inshore, repeated the signal that the enemy was coming out of port.

Lord Nelson immediately made sail to the southeast, with light breezes, mostly from south-southwest. At three P. M. the signal was repeated, that the enemy was at sea.

That afternoon Lord Nelson directed that the fleet should observe the motions of his flag-ship, the Victory, during the night, and that the best sailing ships should stand ahead, and steer for the mouth of the Straits.

On the 20th of October, at daylight, the English found themselves near the entrance of the Straits, but saw nothing of their enemy.

Thereupon the fleet wore, and made sail to the northwest, with a fresh breeze at south-southwest.

At seven A. M., one of the frigates signalled the Allied fleet, bearing north; and by noon the Victory and the English fleet were within twenty-five miles of Cadiz, standing to the west-northwest, on the port tack.

Early in the afternoon they were taken aback, by a breeze from the west-northwest, and at 4 P. M. wore, and again came to, on the port tack, steering north.

It was now telegraphed that the Allied fleet seemed determined to go to the westward, and Lord Nelson replied that he relied on the frigates keeping them in sight during the night. The frigates then signalled "thirty-one sail of the enemy, bearing north-northeast."

When night fell the British fleet wore, and stood to the

southwest, and at 4 A. M. of the 21st wore again, and steered north by east, under easy sail.

To the general reader these details of manœuvres, (which precede any great battle, whether on sea or land), may appear tedious, but it is absolutely necessary to a description of this great event, and could not be omitted by any one who tried to give an account of the battle.

At six in the morning the flag-ship Victory had a view of the combined fleet, bearing about east by south, distant, as has been said in the account of the manœuvres of the Franco-Spanish fleet, about ten or twelve miles.

At this time Nelson was about twenty miles from Cape Trafalgar, which bore east by south.

Soon after this the English fleet, by signal, formed in two columns, in the order of sailing, and bore up to the eastward, under all sail.

This was according to Nelson's previous orders; to avoid delay and inconvenience of forming line-of-battle in the usual manner.

THE BATTLE.

The near approach of the British fleet rendering an action unavoidable, the French Admiral, at 8.30 in the morning, made signal for his ships to wear together, and form line, in close order, on the port tack.

This brought the port of Cadiz on his lee bow.

It was fully ten in the morning before this manœuvre, involving so many great ships, and such a long line, was completed; and even then, from the light and flawy wind, the line was not very regularly formed.

Acounts differ as to how the ships were disposed in the Allied line.

Lord Collingwood said that the French ships had an unusual arrangement. They formed a crescent, convex-

ing to leeward, "so that, in leading down their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beam, to leave very little interval between them, and this without crowding their ships."

The French and English accounts and plans of the battle are all rather incompatible with the facts of the action, as developed; and were all, most probably, drawn from memory and influenced by impressions.

Lord Collingwood's is, probably, the only simple and straightforward one.

Owing to the lightness of the wind, the English fleet, after bearing up, made very slow progress toward their enemy. These great two and three-deckers were ponderous affairs, and required a strong breeze to move them.

At the joint suggestion of Captains Hardy and Blackwood, Nelson reluctantly consented that the Téméraire and Leviathan should precede the Victory in going into action; and he himself gave orders to that effect to the first-named ship, which was then just abreast of the Victory, but, it was thought, at too great a distance to understand perfectly the purport of Lord Nelson's hail.

Captain Hardy, Nelson's flag-Captain, therefore, went, in his boat, on board the Téméraire, and gave Captain Harvey the Commander-in-chief's orders. But then the utmost endeavor of the Téméraire to pass ahead of the Victory was frustrated by the latter's carrying all the sail she could set.

No one ventured to suggest shortening sail to Nelson, when going into battle; and he was just then finding fault with the officer of the Victory's forecastle, for not setting the lee studding-sail in a smarter manner.

Subsequently, when it became necessary to keep in line, for mutual support, the Victory signalled the Téméraire to resume her station astern of the flag-ship. Thus the Victory led the Téméraire into the enemy's line, after all.

The manner in which the combined fleet now lay, with a home port only twenty-five miles off, on their lee bow, induced Nelson, about eleven in the morning, to telegraph, "I intend to pass through the end of the enemy's line, to prevent them from getting into Cadiz."

The reversed order of that line had, with the wind prevailing, produced an effect to be guarded against. It had brought the shoals of San Pedro and Trafalgar under the lee of both fleets. Accordingly, at half-past eleven, the Victory made signal to the British fleet to prepare to anchor at the close of the day.

At that time the cables were of hemp, and required a long time to range, and prepare for letting go. They were, in such ships, of immense size. We shall see how Nelson's sailor instinct taught him what was to save his fleet after the battle, although he was not to see it.

This signal having been made, no other seemed necessary, and all they had to do was to wait for the battle to open.

But, a little before noon, Nelson telegraphed again. This time it was his celebrated message, "England expects that every man will do his duty." He had dictated "confides," but the word not being in the signal book, the signal lieutenant suggested "expects," and Nelson adopted it.

This signal was greeted with three cheers from all the ships, as they were slowly bearing down upon their enemy, and aroused the utmost enthusiasm.

They by degrees got so close that, at noon, the French

ship Fougueux opened fire upon the Royal Sovereign (Collingwood's flag-ship), then upon her port bow and well within shot. Immediately upon the first gun-shot, the three British Admirals hoisted their respective flags, and the rest of the ships the white, or St. George's ensign, a measure adopted to prevent any confusion, in the heat of action, from a variety of national flags.

Each British ship also carried a union-jack at her main-top-mast stay, and another at her fore-top-gallant stay. The combined fleet hoisted their ensigns then, and their Admirals their flags.

Soon after the Fougueux and the ships next ahead and astern of her had opened fire the Royal Sovereign returned it, but Nelson made signal to engage more closely, and Collingwood ceased firing.

Soon after midday Collingwood had reached a position close astern of the Santa Anna, 112, and fired into her, with double-shotted guns, and with such precision that, by the subsequent admission of Spanish officers, she killed or wounded nearly four hundred of her crew. With the starboard broadside similarly shotted, the Royal Sovereign raked the Fougueux, but, owing to distance, with less effect. In a short time the British ship Belleisle followed through the combined line, which, owing to some of the ships astern of the Fougueux pressing forward to support the centre, while others kept their sails aback, or shivering, was fast losing the tolerably regular form it had had.

It was about this time that Nelson said, "See that noble fellow, Collingwood, how he carries his ship into action!" while Collingwood was remarking to his flag-Captain, "what Nelson would give to be here!"

The British lee column approached its enemy in such

a slanting direction that it enabled most of them to discharge their starboard guns at the enemy's rear, and an interchange of animated firing took place, the smoke from which, for lack of a strong breeze to carry it off, spread over the combatants, and increased the confusion into which the rear of the combined line had already been thrown, by the crashing charge upon its centre.

Twenty minutes after the Fougueux had opened fire upon the Royal Sovereign, and shortly after the latter had passed under the stern of the Santa Anna, the Bucentaure (Villeneuve's flag-ship) fired a shot at the Victory, which latter had studding-sails set on both sides, and was going through the water very slowly. The shot fell short. Another fell alongside, after an interval, and then a third passed through the Victory's main-top gallant sail. Things were getting warm, but the Victory did not immediately reply; and a minute or two of awful silence followed, the ships *creeping* together, and then, almost as if by signal, the whole Allied van opened fire upon the Victory, conspicuous from bearing Nelson's flag. Such a fire has seldom been directed at a single ship. Almost immediately a round shot killed Nelson's Secretary, Mr. Scott, while he was conversing with Captain Hardy. Shortly after a double-headed shot killed eight marines on the poop of the Victory, on which the Admiral ordered Captain Adair, the Marine Officer, to disperse his men around the ship, so that they should not suffer from being drawn up together. Presently a shot came through a thickness of four hammocks, carried away a part of the launch, as she lay on the booms, struck the fore-brace bitts on the quarter-deck, and then passed between Lord Nelson and Hardy. A splinter from the bitts tore the buckle from one of Nelson's shoes. Dr. Beatty, the Surgeon of the Victory, says "they both instantly stopped,

and were observed by the officers on deck to survey each other with inquiring looks, each supposing the other to be wounded. His Lordship smiled, and said 'This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long!' and he soon after declared to Captain Hardy that, in all his battles, he had never seen cooler courage displayed than that by the Victory's men, on this occasion." To be sure, they were fighting under Nelson's own eye, and well-drilled men can stand almost any fire when well commanded.

The Allied ships directly ahead of the British weather column, seeing, by her movements, that the Victory was about to follow the example of the Royal Sovereign, closed up around her. The Bucentaure came up near the huge Santissima Trinidada, 130, but still left a small opening between herself and the latter. In hopes of passing through this interval in the line, Lord Nelson himself ordered the man at the wheel to steer east by south.

The Victory, by the change thus made in her course, having brought her port guns to bear upon the combined van, commenced firing from that side. She had already, from the concentrated fire she had encountered, lost twenty officers and men killed, and thirty wounded. This loss would have been greater had not the enemy endeavored to disable her by aiming rather at her spars and rigging. In consequence of this every studding-sail boom, on both sides, had been shot away, and every sail riddled.

This shows that if the centre and rear of the Allies had opened fire earlier upon the Royal Sovereign, as she went in, they would, probably, have entirely disabled her.

The Victory, as she moved slowly along, in a slanting direction, kept her port broadside playing upon the Santissima Trinidada and the Bucentaure, and was ably

seconded by the Téméraire, Captain Harvey, which ship still kept close astern of her. In a few minutes the Victory's mizzen-top-mast was shot away; and soon after her wheel was destroyed, and the ship had to be steered, during the rest of the action, in the gun-room, the First-Lieutenant and Master relieving each other at that duty. All this happened in about a quarter of an hour after she had opened fire, and she now found herself close abreast of the narrow opening between the Spanish four-decker and the French Commander-in-chief, the precise spot where Nelson wished to cut the combined line. Just as the Victory was slowly passing astern of the great Spanish ship, with the intention of hauling up under her lee, the Bucentaure ranged ahead, and placed herself upon the four-decker's starboard quarter. Captain Hardy now pointed out to Nelson the impossibility of passing through the line without running on board one of the enemy's ships. Lord Nelson replied, "I can't help it; it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please; take your choice." The Victory, with helm hard a-port, steered for the Redoutable, which had gallantly come to fill a gap caused by the falling to leeward of the French Neptune. (There was a Neptune in each fleet.) Righting her helm—she had just steerage way—the Victory poured a raking fire into the Bucentaure and the Santissima Trinidada, and received a raking fire from the French Neptune, which then set her jib to keep clear.

On coming slowly to the wind the Victory drifted on board the Redoutable, but not until she had given her a broadside, and received some shot in return. The Redoutable then shut her lower deck ports, apparently to prevent the English from boarding through them, and did not again fire a gun from her port side.

The ships came together very gently, and were in the act of rebounding, when the Victory's starboard fore-yard-arm caught the leech of the Redoutable's fore-top-sail. This kept them together for a time, and, with the muzzles of their guns almost touching, the two ships fell off before the wind.

Having accompanied Lord Nelson so far, let us now take a general view of the battle.

Soon after the first four ships of the British lee division had cut the centre and rear of the combined line, the remainder, as they came up in succession, pierced the mass of the Allied ships (for they were no longer in line), and then found opponents as they could.

Meantime the weather division had cut through a little ahead of the centre of the combined line. The action, which had begun at noon, was at its height at about half-past one. At three the fire had begun to slacken; and at five had entirely ceased.

Of the eleven van ships of the Allies, including the huge Sta. Trinidada, only one was captured in her proper place; the remaining ten were out of line. Of the latter, three were captured and seven escaped; four by hauling to windward, and then by running for Cadiz. Of their ten centre ships, five were taken in their line of battle, and five escaped into Cadiz; and of the twelve rear ships, nine, including one burnt, were taken, and three escaped into Cadiz. This made, as the result of the day's proceedings, nine French ships of the line captured or burnt, and nine Spanish ships of the line captured; total eighteen. The French and Spanish ships which escaped were many of them much shattered.

It is impossible to give details of the separate action of so many ships, or of the losses they sustained, without being tedious. But it may be interesting to give some

idea of the French view of the battle—previous to speaking of the death of Nelson.

We now quote from a French source. After enumerating the combined fleet, and its mode of formation, the account goes on to say, that "the vessels" (of the Allies) were most of them rather antiquated, especially the Spanish vessels, and unfitted for the new tactics introduced by Nelson. Soon after going out the two fleets sighted each other off Cape Trafalgar—that low point formerly called by the ancients the promontory of Juno.

"The English Admiral had but twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, but his guns were superior in calibre to those of the Allies. They had, moreover, much greater nautical experience, and a great leader, conditions of success which the Allies could not claim." "Villeneuve formed a single line of battle. Nelson formed in two columns, to cut this line, and then expected to conquer the separate parts in detail." * * * * * *

"October 21st, at eleven A. M., the two fleets came together, and one of the most destructive naval battles ever fought ensued. * * * The English were full of confidence and enthusiasm. * * * Nelson himself set the example. Outsailing his division, he dashed the Victory against the Allied line, in spite of the concentrated broadsides poured upon him. * * * He attempted to take the Bucentaure, the flag-ship of Villeneuve, and for that purpose tried to get in between her and another French ship, the Redoutable, commanded by the brave Captain Lucas. Lucas divined his intentions, and hastened to bar the Victory's way. But Nelson was not the man to be deterred by odds, and immediately laid his ship alongside the Redoutable, and boarded her. Lashed alongside, the two ships fell out of line, fighting." It is

not very often that accounts from opposite sides agree so closely as the foregoing account.

"The ship's company of the Redoutable bravely accepted the unequal combat. From the tops, as well as from the batteries, they answered the fire of the English, and, in this singular fight, one rather of musketry than of great guns, the French had rather the advantage." "The decks of the Victory were burdened with the dead. In the midst of the noise and confusion, and smoke of combat, Nelson and Captain Hardy walked the poop. Not far from them a few men were exchanging a brisk musketry fire with those in the tops of the French ship. Suddenly the Admiral staggered and fell, with his face to the deck. A ball fired from the mizzen-top of the Redoutable had struck his left shoulder, passing through the epaulette, then through the chest, and lodging in the dorsal vertebræ." Admiral Jurien de la Gravière says, "They picked him up at once, the decks being covered with his blood. Hardy, who had not seen him fall, turned, and, paler than Nelson himself, cried, 'I hope, my Lord, that you are not dangerously wounded!' 'They have done for me,' he answered; 'they have succeeded at last; the spine of my back is broken.'"

Thiers, in his history, gives a rather different account, only interesting as showing the way in which this important event was reported by the French. "Nelson, dressed in a coat which he always wore on days of battle, and having at his side his flag-captain, Hardy, seemed to delight in exposing himself. His Secretary had already been killed just beside him. Captain Hardy had had one of his shoe buckles shot away, and a bar shot had killed eight men at once on the poop. The great seaman, just object of both hatred and admiration to us, impassable upon his poop, was looking calmly on at the horrible

scene, when a bullet from one of the tops of the Redoutable struck him on the left shoulder, and passing on, lodged in his loins. Sinking to his knees he fell forward, endeavoring to sustain himself by his hands. In falling he said, 'Hardy, the Frenchmen have finished me.' 'Not yet, I hope,' said Hardy. 'Yes! I am dying,' said Nelson. They carried him to the cockpit, but he had already almost lost consciousness, and it was evident he had but a short time to live. Recovering his consciousness at intervals, he asked how the battle went; and repeated the directions which afterwards proved his foresight: 'Anchor! anchor the fleet before evening.'" He soon died, but he had the consolation of knowing, before he did so, that his triumph was certain. To continue the French account: "This bloody episode naturally created disorder on board the Victory, and Captain Lucas, of the Redoutable, without knowing the cause, wished to profit by it to board the English ship. The boarders were already called away, when a broadside of grape from the Téméraire laid low two hundred of them, either killed or wounded. At the same time another English ship, the Neptune, fired into the Redoutable's poop, and reduced her to a deplorable condition. Two of her masts fell upon the deck, her guns were in great part dismounted, and one of her sides almost beaten in, by which the water entered in torrents. All her staff was wounded, ten out of eleven midshipmen mortally wounded, while 522 men out of 640 were either killed or wounded, and, being unable to resist longer, they were obliged to strike."

To continue the French account: "The other French ships, in equal straits, were menaced with the same fate, although their crews, as well as those of the Spanish fleet, showed no lack of courage. The English guns, ably and

perfectly served, made havoc with their enemy, whose ships, as has been said, were deficient in condition.

"The Bucentaure, attacked by several ships at once, all of whom looked upon her as their special prize, had fouled and caught her bowsprit in the gallery of the Spanish ship Santissima Trinidada, and was incapable of getting clear. In this position she soon had her decks swept, and lay at the mercy of the enemy, with great gaps in her starboard side, her poop demolished, her masts gone by the board, her officers and crew decimated. 'My business on board the Bucentaure is finished,' cried the unfortunate Villeneuve; 'I will try to bring back good fortune on board of another vessel.' But not a boat was able to swim, and it was impossible for him to leave the Bucentaure."

M. Thiers says that the French Admiral thus found himself upon a sinking ship, incapable of taking either the offensive or defensive, unable to transmit orders or to do anything to save the fleet which had been entrusted to him, and unable to answer even a shot to those he was still receiving. In this desperate condition, which could not be worse, he resigned himself to the sad necessity of striking his flag. This took place about four in the afternoon.

"An English boat came and took him on board the Mars, where he was received with all the distinction due to his rank and his courage." "The seven vessels of the centre, which Villenueve commanded, were either captured or disabled. Those at the head of the Allied line had taken little part in the action, owing to light winds. Rear Admiral Dumanoir, who commanded them, feared to be compromised uselessly if he went to the assistance of either Villeneuve or of the rear division, and he decided not to allow his division to become involved in

the disaster which he deemed irremediable. So he drew off, and his conduct has been made the subject of more or less hostile criticism, according as people judged his motives."

"The vessels of the rear division" (we are still following the French account), "commanded by Admiral Gravina and Rear-Admiral Magon, carried on the battle with devoted courage. The Algésiras (flag-ship of the French Rear-Admiral) made as terribly desperate a defence (*always defence*) as the Redoutable. Magon had for opponent the Tonnant, a ship taken from the French, of 80 guns. He was about to board her when the same misfortune happened which occurred to the Redoutable. Another English ship raked the Algésiras, sweeping off a large number of her crew by broadsides of grape. She endeavored to reply to this new enemy, when a third came and joined them. In this Homeric struggle the Algésiras for a time fought all three. The Captain of the Tonnant tried three times to board the Algésiras. Magon himself, at the head of his crew, boarding-axe in hand, set an example to his men, and his decks were stained with blood in this hand-to-hand conflict. Conspicuous for his brilliant uniform, which he refused to lay aside, he was soon wounded by a musket ball, but remained on deck. A second ball hit him in the thigh, and feeling faint he allowed himself to be taken below to have the wound dressed, expecting to return. Unfortunately his ship's sides were so battered that grape could readily enter below, and Magon was hardly below when he was killed by a grape-shot through the chest.

"The sailors of the Algésiras seemed rendered desperate by the news of his death, but all their courage did not avail. Out of 641 men on board of her, 150 were killed and 180 wounded. Her masts were gone, her

battery dismounted, and when the English boarded they overran the ship, and her flag was struck. Admiral Gravina, on board the Principe d' Asturias, and surrounded by English vessels, fought with the fury of despair. Holding out well against odds, he gave time to the Neptune and Pluto to come down to his assistance. Unfortunately, just as this aid arrived he was mortally wounded."

"Another episode in this battle of giants marked its termination. The Achille caught fire, and her crew, instead of attending to that, would not leave her guns, and she blew up, with tremendous violence."

"At five in the afternoon the French fleet was either destroyed or fugitive. Seventeen French and Spanish ships had been taken, and one blew up. The combined fleet lost six or seven thousand men in killed, wounded, drowned and prisoners. A more horrible sight has seldom been seen in a naval battle.

"The English had suffered much. Many of them had lost masts; some were entirely disabled. They lost about three thousand men, a great many officers, and Nelson. And this had the effect of moderating the enthusiasm in England over this great victory. During the following night a heavy gale arose, as Nelson had foreseen. The English, having great trouble to take care of themselves, were forced to abandon the prizes they had in tow, or in company. Many of the prizes were seized by the prisoners, and, after great effort, succeeded in getting into Cadiz. The English retained but four of their prizes and Admiral Villeneuve, whose troubles were not yet ended. The French marine was almost destroyed, *physically* and *morally;* and they have hardly recovered from it at this day.

"Napoleon heard of it when in Germany, in the midst of triumphs, and 'he never forgave Villeneuve.' The

Admiral was placed at liberty by the English, and came home in April, 1806, hoping to justify his conduct. He forwarded a letter to Paris, and soon followed it in person. But while still on the journey, he received a reply, the contents of which caused him to give himself six fatal stabs with a knife, in the region of the heart, causing almost immediate death."

Having seen how fairly and truthfully, upon the whole, the French have described some of the incidents of this great battle, let us now return to some of the details and the result.

It will be remembered that Nelson was urging the Victory into action; and that vessel being fast-sailing for a line-of-battle ship, would probably have been, like the Royal Sovereign, far ahead of the ships in her wake, but that the Téméraire, having on board very little provisions or water, was what the sailors call "flying light." This ship was called the "fighting Téméraire." She had been taken from the French, and was commanded in this action by the gallant Captain Eliab Harvey, a name worthy of a down-east Yankee. She is well known from the celebrated picture, by Turner, of "The fighting Téméraire towed to her last berth."

The great difficulty on the part of the Téméraire was to keep astern of her leader; and to do this she was obliged frequently to yaw, or to make a traverse. Hence the Téméraire shared with the Victory—although not to quite so great an extent—the damage and loss of life sustained by the head of the weather English column, from the Allies' heavy and incessant raking fire.

Shortly after the Victory opened her port guns the Téméraire opened hers; and when the former put her helm aport, to steer towards the Redoutable, the Téméraire, to keep clear of her leader, was compelled to do

the same, receiving a fire as she passed the Santissima Trinidada, that did her much damage.

At last, when the Victory passed through, the Téméraire succeeded. Meanwhile the Victory had got foul of the Redoutable, and the two ships payed off to the eastward. The Téméraire had scarcely begun to haul up, to avoid being raked by the French Neptune, which was in a position to do so with impunity, when the Téméraire discovered, through the smoke, the Redoutable driving down on board her. The wind was too light to work clear of her—and the French Neptune opened on the English ship, in a raking position, and soon shot away most of her spars. Rendered unmanageable, the Téméraire could only continue her cannonade of the Redoutable from her port battery. This she did until the French ship shut in her lower-deck ports, as we have seen she had already done on the opposite side; and then she fell on board the Téméraire—the French ship's bowsprit passing over the British ship's gangway, just before the mizzen-rigging, where, in order to have the benefit of a raking fire, the Téméraire's men lashed it. Then they poured in round after round, with most destructive effect. This fire of the Téméraire is said to have cost the French ship two hundred in killed and wounded. This happened just after the Victory and the Téméraire had got clear of each other—and just after Nelson had received his death wound.

The three ships now lying nearly parallel, the two larger English ships had the French two-decker lying between them and riddled by their shot. The English had to use a diminished charge of powder to prevent their shot from passing through, to injure their friends, and their guns contained three shot each, and were much depressed. Fire was now the common enemy of the

three ships, grappled together in this dogged fight. The seamen of the English ships were actually obliged to throw buckets of water into the holes made by their shot in the Redoutable's sides. All this time the Victory's guns, on the other side, had continued to play upon the Spanish four-decker, until the English Neptune came up and took charge of her. "The Redoutable, although she did not make use of her great guns, kept up a heavy fire of musketry, both from her decks and from her tops. In each of the latter were one or two brass cohorn mortars, which she repeatedly discharged, with great effect, upon the decks of her antagonists. From the diagonal position of the Redoutable, at the time the Téméraire lashed her to her gangway, the quarter-deck and the poop of the Victory became greatly exposed to the top fire of the French ship, whose mizzen-top was just abaft and rather below the Victory's main-yard." About half-past one a musket ball from this top struck Lord Nelson in the left shoulder, as, having walked along the middle of the quarter-deck, from abaft, he was in the act of turning round to the right, near the main hatchway, to walk back, on the left hand of Captain Hardy, then a step or two in advance, giving some necessary orders. Dr. Beatty says, "Lord Nelson fell upon his face, in exactly the same spot where his Secretary had been killed early in the action; and Scott's blood not having been removed, soiled Lord Nelson's clothes. He was raised at once by three of the crew, and Captain Hardy, on turning round, became aware of what had happened. Hardy eagerly said that he hoped he was not severely wounded, and Nelson replied, 'They have done for me at last, Hardy!' 'I hope not,' said Hardy. 'Yes,' replied the Admiral, 'my backbone is shot through.' The men, by Captain Hardy's direction,

bore the Admiral to the cockpit," where we shall leave him for the present.

Although sure to suffer most from the effects of fire, the Redoutable continued to throw hand grenades from her tops and yard-arms, some of which, rebounding, set fire to her fore and main chains and shrouds. This fire communicated to the Téméraire, but was soon extinguished by her people.

The Victory's crew, after putting out a fire on the booms of that vessel, actually assisted in putting out the flames on board the Redoutable, throwing buckets of water from their ship.

For a quarter of an hour after Nelson had received his wound the Victory maintained a steady cannonade at the hull of the Redoutable, receiving in return a fire of musketry which continued to kill or wound many officers and men. It was a little after two when the main and mizzen masts of the French ship fell. This stopped her formidable musketry, and the two English ships prepared to take possession of her. The Victory, however, tumbled home so much that, the Frenchman's ports being shut, her men could not board. The Téméraire, being French built, did not tumble in much, and she had, besides, the fallen mizzen-mast as a bridge—and down the latter the crew of the Téméraire scrambled, and boarded and took possession of the most gallantly fought French ship.

Then another complication took place. The French ship Fougueux, 74, after engaging the Royal Sovereign, Belleisle, and Mars, stood slowly across for the starboard beam of the Téméraire—the latter lying with her head about east. The object of the Fougueux was probably to pass to windward of the Téméraire, and rake her; or perhaps to board her—as the Téméraire's appearance

indicated that she was much disabled—her colors being then down, from having her gaff carried away. But the English ship had her starboard broadside in perfect readiness, and delayed firing until the Fougueux got quite close. Then she fired, and there was a fearful crash on board the French ship. Crippled and confused the latter fell on board the Téméraire, and there she was immediately lashed. Boarders from the Téméraire leaped on board of her at once—finding her Captain mortally wounded, and some of the other officers endeavoring to rally the crew to repel boarders. In ten minutes she was a prize to the Téméraire. Four ships were thus locked together at once, but the Victory soon disengaged herself, and lying with her head to the northward, ceased firing, temporarily. She had been terribly cut up, and had lost fifty-seven killed, and one hundred and two wounded. The Redoutable, which had occupied the exposed position, out of a crew of six hundred and forty-three, had lost three hundred killed, and two hundred and twenty-two wounded—including nearly all her officers. The Téméraire was much damaged, and her loss was forty-seven killed and seventy-six wounded. The Fougueux had not suffered nearly so much as the others.

The Leviathan was the last English ship engaged with the French Commander-in-chief, which latter, upon hauling down her colors, was boarded by the Leviathan's Captain of Marines and five men.

On reaching the Bucentaure's quarter-deck, M. Villeneuve and the first and second Captains presented their swords, but the Marine Officer declined to receive them, and referred them to Captain Pellew, of the Leviathan. Securing the magazine, and putting the key in his pocket, and placing sentries at the cabin doors, the Marine Officer pulled off, with the French Admiral and his two Captains.

His own ship had proceeded in chase and left him, so he took the French officers on board the Mars—and here they remained prisoners.

And now in regard to the huge four-decker, the Spanish Santissima Trinidada. At half-past two she had been so sharply handled by different English ships, that she was dismasted, and lay an unmanageable wreck. The Neptune being called off by an attack from some of the ships of the Allied van, the Africa, 64, bore down ahead of the Sta. Trinidada. Meeting no return to her fire, and seeing no colors hoisted, the Africa concluded that the four-decker had surrendered, and sent a boat to take possession.

On the Lieutenant's reaching the quarter-deck and asking if she had surrendered, a Spanish officer answered "No," at the same time pointing to one Spanish and four French sail-of-the-line then passing to windward. As, owing to being dismasted, the four-decker was fast drifting away from the two fleets, the English Lieutenant, who had only a boat's crew with him, quitted the ship—being, singularly enough, permitted to do so—and returned to the Africa.

The Santissima Trinidada then remained without a prize crew until about half-past five, when the Prince, 98, took her in tow, in obedience to signal. The great ship's loss in killed and wounded was very severe, having sustained, in succession, the raking fire of four different ships, and her hull, especially her stern and quarters, was dreadfully shattered.

It is impossible to follow the fortunes of the other ships, interesting as they are, and remarkable for gallant actions on both sides.

We must, however, mention the collision of the Allied van with some of the English ships.

At about half-past two the whole of the Allied van, except the Sta. Trinidada, began to put about, in obedience to a signal from their Commander-in-chief to come quickly into close action. They did not comply very readily with the signal; indeed, owing to the light wind, they could not do so.

When ten ships got round on the starboard tack, five of them (four French and one Spanish), under Rear Admiral Dumanoir, hauled their wind, and the other five kept away, as if to join Admiral Gravina, then to leeward of the rear, in the act of making off. In the height of this confusion in the combined van, the Britannia, Agamemnon, Orion, and Ajax got intermingled among the French and Spanish ships that had put about and were edging away. Quite a spirited fight now took place between these, and Admiral Dumanoir, with his five ships, interchanged shots with many of the English.

It was just at this moment that Captain Hardy dispatched a Lieutenant to Vice-Admiral Collingwood, to inform him that Lord Nelson was wounded.

The hauling to windward of Dumanoir gave the two rear ships of the English weather squadron, the Minotaur and Spartiate, an opportunity of exchanging broadsides with the French ships Formidable, Duguay-Trouin, Mont Blanc and Scipion, while they succeeded in cutting off the rear ship, the Spanish Neptune, 80, and she was captured, about five P. M. This was not done without a warm resistance from the Spaniard, which was the last ship which struck on that eventful day.

The British fleet, in all this five hours' fighting, had only had 449 killed and 1241 wounded.

While this fleet was securing their disabled and battered prizes, and getting the latter, as well as themselves, in a state to keep the sea, and while the more fortunate

of the French and Spanish ships were profiting by the occasion to effect their escape from the scene of disaster, let us look at the cockpit of the Victory, where lay, dying, the chief hero of the day.

The manner of receiving his wound has been already described. Dr. Beatty, who had the ball in his possession, says it was not fired from a rifled piece, although it was stated, in Southey's life of Nelson, that Tyrolean riflemen were posted in the tops of the French ship.

Dr. Beatty says, "While the men were carrying Lord Nelson down the ladder, from the middle deck, his Lordship observed that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, and sent a midshipman to remind Captain Hardy of the circumstance, and requested that new ones should be immediately rove. Having given this order, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and covered his face, that he might not, at this crisis, be recognized by the crew." These are most thoughtful and touching precautions.

When he was dying Captain Hardy came down, with tidings of the victory being certain. Dr. Beatty says, "Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands, and the Captain congratulated him, even in the arms of death, upon the brilliant victory, which he said was complete, although he did not know how many ships were captured; certainly fourteen or fifteen. Nelson said, 'That is well, but I bargained for twenty,' and then emphatically exclaimed, 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' 'I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs.' 'Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!' cried Nelson; 'No, do you anchor, Hardy.' Captain Hardy then said, 'Shall *we* make the signal, sir?' 'Yes,' answered Nelson, 'for if I live, I'll anchor.'"

In about fifteen minutes Lord Nelson became speechless,

and died at half-past four. His best and truest friends only regretted that he had not died instantly, on the quarter-deck, when he was wounded.

All nations have done justice to Nelson's character, and a celebrated French writer says, he "ought to be held up as a model to Admirals, both for the extraordinary pains he took to know his Admirals and Captains, and by the spirit of the attacks which he resolved to undertake. He unfolded to them his general plan of operations, and the modifications with which the weather or the manœuvres of the enemy might force him to qualify his original determination.

When once he had explained his system to the superior officers of his fleet, he confided to them the charge of acting according to circumstances, so as to lead, in the most favorable manner, to the consummation of the enterprise so planned. And Nelson, who was allowed to choose the companions of his glory, possessed the talent and the happiness to find men worthy of his instruction and confidence. They learned, in action, to supply what had escaped his forethought, and in success to surpass even his hopes."

The immediate result of the Battle of Trafalgar was seventeen French and Spanish ships-of-the-line captured, and one French ship burnt. Four French ships effected their escape to the southward; and Admiral Gravina, with eleven French and Spanish ships-of-the-line, and the smaller vessels, anchored under Rota, in the course of the succeeding night.

At six P. M. Vice-Admiral Collingwood, now Commander-in-Chief, shifted his flag to the Euryalus frigate, and the latter, taking the Royal Sovereign in tow, stood off shore with her.

Most of the British ships were so damaged, either in

spars or hull, that they were not in a condition to carry sail.

Of seventeen prizes, eight were wholly dismasted, the remainder partly so. Some were nearly in a sinking condition.

To add to their perilous condition, they were then in thirteen fathoms of water, with the shoals of Trafalgar only a few miles to leeward. Fortunately the wind, which was west-south-west, and dead on shore, was moderate; but there was a high swell, which was bad for wounded masts. At nine P. M. the Vice-Admiral made the signal to anchor, but few could do so, as many cables were cut by shot. At midnight the wind veered to south-south-west, and freshened, and signals were made to to those under way to wear, with heads to the westward. Four of the dismasted prizes anchored off Cape Trafalgar, and the rest wore, and drifted seaward. Next morning Collingwood issued a general order of thanks to the fleet.

There was then a fresh southerly wind; but thirteen of the prizes, which had remained under way, were got hold of, and towed to the westward. But at five o'clock that afternoon it was found that the Redoutable was sinking, which she did, with many French prisoners and her prize crew on board. Some were saved on a raft, but many were lost. Other fearful casualties occurred during the rough weather of the succeeding night. The Fougueux was lost, with all on board but twenty-five; and the Algésiras was given up to the prisoners, who carried her into Cadiz. The Bucentaure was wrecked, but her crew was saved.

A heavy gale continued, and on the 23d the French Captain, Cosmao-Kerjulien, with five ships and five frigates, recaptured two of the prizes, which were drifting

about. But in doing so one of his own ships, the Indomptable, a fine eighty-gun vessel, was wrecked, with all on board lost; and the Spanish ship St. Francis d'Assis was lost, with most of her crew. Other casualties occurred.

Altogether, of the ships captured by the British, at the end of the operations only four—one French and three Spanish 74's—remained as trophies in the hands of the conquerors. Nor was one of them worth the pains and risk taken to preserve her. The Victory, towed by the Neptune, arrived at Gibraltar on the 28th of October, and on the 3d of November, having been partially refitted, she sailed for England—having Nelson's body, preserved in spirits, on board. At Chatham the Admiralty yacht received the coffin, which was made of the main-mast of the French flag-ship Orient, which was burnt at the battle of the Nile—and which had been presented to Nelson by Captain Hallowell. This was placed in a leaden coffin; and his flag, which had been kept at half-mast on board the Victory, was struck for the last time.

His body, thus encoffined, lay in state at Greenwich Hospital; and on the 9th of January, 1806, was buried, with great pomp, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Lord Nelson was engaged in action with an enemy over one hundred and twenty times, and besides being severely wounded elsewhere, lost his right eye and his right arm.

He had not long passed his forty-seventh birthday when he was killed.

His brother William was made an Earl, with £6000 per annum and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate; while £10,000 pounds were given to each of his sisters.

It was also decided that two ships should be built; one of one hundred and twenty guns, to be called the

Nelson; and one of ninety-eight guns, to be called the Trafalgar. Collingwood was made a Baron, and voted £2000 per annum; and, of course, there were a very large number of minor promotions.

LORD EXMOUTH AT ALGIERS. A. D. 1816.

VISCOUNT Exmouth (Sir Edward Pellew), a celebrated English Admiral, was born at Dover, in 1757. His family was Norman, but had been settled in Cornwall for many centuries. Entering the English navy at the age of thirteen, he soon distinguished himself for his daring, activity, intelligence, and all other qualities which go to make up a good officer.

His first war service was at the battle of Lake Champlain, in our own country, when he succeeded to the command of the schooner Carleton, and won a Lieutenant's commission. The next year he served in Burgoyne's unfortunate campaign, in command of a detachment of seamen, whose tremendous labor in the lakes and rivers was entirely thrown away by Burgoyne's capture.

After this he was employed actively against the French, and was knighted for a very gallant action, when, in command of the Nymphe frigate, he captured the Cleopatra, a much heavier ship. In 1794, in command of the Arethusa frigate, he captured the French frigate Pomone; and in consequence was given the command of a division, when he again distinguished himself.

Always noted for deeds of daring, one of the most remarkable of these was his boarding the wrecked

transport Sutton, shipwrecked on the coast of England. He took charge, and by his personal influence and great exertions, saved the lives of all on board.

In 1798, in command of the Impetueux, of the Channel fleet, he participated in several actions. He then entered Parliament, and was known as a strenuous supporter of the policy of William Pitt.

In 1804 he was made a Rear-Admiral, and appointed Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, when he succeeded in nearly clearing those seas of the French cruisers, which had done so much damage to English commerce.

He returned to England in 1809, and was immediately appointed to the Command in the North Sea. After this he served as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and in 1814 was raised to the peerage.

The atrocities committed by the Algerines, and the barbarous massacre of the crews of more than three hundred small vessels, at Bona, on the 23d of May, 1816, induced the British Government to prepare an expedition to act against the forts and shipping of Algiers. This piratical city had often been attacked and bombarded before, notably by the celebrated French Admiral Duquesne, in the latter part of the 17th century; but it was reserved for Lord Exmouth and an English fleet to give it a final blow.

On the 28th of July, 1816, Lord Exmouth sailed from Plymouth Sound, in command of a fleet bound to Algiers. His flag-ship was the Queen Charlotte, of 100 guns, and Rear-Admiral Milne, his second in command, was in the Impregnable, 98. There were also three 74s, one 50, two 40s, two 36s, five brigs, and four bomb-vessels.

Upon reaching Gibraltar, on the 9th of August, Lord Exmouth was joined by the Minden, 74, and also received offers of co-operation from Vice-Admiral Baron Van de

Cappellen, of the Dutch navy, which Exmouth very cordially received. The Dutch had four forty-gun ships, a thirty, and a sloop of eighteen guns.

On the 13th of August each captain received a plan of the fortifications they were to attack, and definite instructions, and the whole fleet, amounting to twenty-three sail, with five gun-boats, and a sloop, fitted as an explosion vessel, weighed anchor, and proceeded for their destination.

On the passage they were joined by a sloop-of-war, which had taken off the wife and children of the British Consul at Algiers. But the Consul himself had been most arbitrarily detained by the Dey, together with the Surgeon, three Midshipmen, and eighteen men belonging to the sloop-of-war. (Any one curious in regard to these remarkable transactions cannot do better than read the book upon Algiers, by Mr. Shaler, American Consul there at the time of the bombardment. Mr. Shaler, in his work, points out the true way to take Algiers, and his advice was afterwards followed by the French, when they took the place.)

The fortifications of Algiers were deemed almost impregnable, especially by the artillery of that time; upon the various batteries on the north side of the bay eighty pieces of cannon and eight heavy mortars were mounted; but the water was so shoal that a large ship could not come within their reach. Between the north wall of the city and the commencement of the mole (which was about 800 feet long, and which connected the town with the lighthouse) were about twenty guns; and a semi-circular battery, mounting two tiers of guns, about forty-four in all, stood on the northern projection of the mole.

To the southward of that, and nearly in a line with the pier, was the lighthouse battery, of three tiers, mounting

forty-eight guns, next to which was the eastern battery, mounting sixty-six guns in three tiers, flanked by four other batteries, of two tiers, mounting altogether sixty guns, and on the mole-head were two long 68-pounders, described as being twenty feet in length. The total number of guns on the mole and pier was at least 220, composed of 32, 24, and 18-pounders.

The "fish-market" battery, about 300 yards west from the south mole-head, mounted fifteen guns, in three tiers. Between that and the southern extremity of the city were two batteries of five guns each. Beyond the city, in this direction, was a castle and three other batteries, mounting altogether about seventy guns. In the rear of the city, and on the heights, were several other batteries; so that the total number of guns mounted for the defence of this fastness of robbery, oppression, and cruelty, exceeded 1000.

On the 27th of August, at daybreak, the city of Algiers was in sight, but the ships were lying nearly becalmed. A boat in charge of a Lieutenant was despatched to the Dey, to demand compliance with the following conditions: the abolition of Christian slavery; the release of all Christian slaves; the repayment of the money recently exacted for the redemption of Neapolitan and Sardinian slaves; peace with the King of the Netherlands; and the immediate liberation of the English Consul and the officers and boats' crews of the Prometheus.

The boat with the flag of truce was towed in shore, and was met, at 11 A. M., near the mole, by an Algerine boat, in which was the Captain of the Port, who promised a reply in two hours. In the meantime the sea breeze sprang up, and the whole fleet stood into the bay, and hove to, about a mile from the batteries. At 2 P. M., no answer having been received, the boat sent with the

message made signal to that effect, and returned to her own ship.

Lord Exmouth at once demanded, by signal, if all the ships were ready, and being answered in the affirmative, the fleet bore up for the attack, in the order precisely laid down.

About half-past two in the afternoon the flag-ship, Queen Charlotte, anchored, with springs, about fifty yards from the mole-head; and while in the act of making a warp fast to an Algerine brig on shore at the mouth of the harbor, a shot was fired at the ship; and at the same moment two shots from the opposite end of the mole were fired at the Impregnable, and other ships, as they were advancing to take their stations.

Lord Exmouth, unwilling to sacrifice the mass of Algerine townspeople standing on the parapet of the mole, and gazing with astonishment at the strange ships, waved his hand to them to descend, and at once gave orders to commence firing, when the action became general, as soon as the guns would bear.

On the Queen Charlotte's port bow lay the Leander, 50, occupying the place in line of a line-of-battle ship, with her starboard after guns bearing upon the mole, and her forward guns upon the "fish-market" battery.

Ahead of the Leander was the Severn, 40, her starboard broadside bearing full upon the "fish-market" battery. Close to the Severn was the Glasgow, 40, whose port guns bore upon the town batteries. On the port quarter of the Queen Charlotte was the Superb, 74, her starboard broadside bearing on the 60-gun battery next to the one on the mole-head. It was intended that the Impregnable, 98, and Albion, 74, should take their places close astern of the Superb, but the former, not being sufficiently up when the firing began, brought up consider-

ably outside of her appointed station, and beyond the line of bearing within which the attacking force had been ordered to assemble. The Impregnable, in consequence, lay exposed, at the distance of five hundred yards, to the lighthouse battery of three tiers, as well as to the eastern battery of two tiers. The Minden pushed on and dropped her anchor in the space between the Impregnable and Superb, on the port quarter of the latter. The Albion brought up near the Impregnable, but weighed again, and, about three o'clock, anchored close astern of the Minden.

The end of her stream cable was then passed out of the gun-room port of the latter, by which the Albion was hove close to the stern of the Minden.

Thus the line-of-battle ships took their stations in a northerly direction from the mole-head; and the frigates from the "fish-market" battery, in a curved line to the southwest.

The Dutch Admiral intended to have placed his flag-ship, a frigate called the Melampus, in the centre of his squadron, and against the batteries to the southward of the city; but not being able to take this station, in consequence of the Diana being too far to the southward, he ran past that frigate, and anchored the Melampus with her jib-boom over the Glasgow's taffrail.

The Diana and Dageraad anchored astern of the Melampus, and the other two Dutch frigates further out; the corvette remaining under way. The Hebrus, 36, being becalmed, anchored a little without the line, on the port quarter of the Queen Charlotte. The Granicus, 36, hove to, in order to allow the large ships to take their places; after which she steered for the Admiral's flag, which alone could be seen over the clouds of smoke already formed, and anchored in a space scarcely exceed-

ing her own length, between the Superb and Queen Charlotte.

The skill with which Captain Wise, her commander, took up this position elicited the admiration of all who witnessed it. The brigs of the fleet either anchored or kept under way, as most convenient. The bomb vessels anchored about two thousand yards from the Algerine batteries; except one, which took up an inside berth; and the gun-boats and mortar-boats placed themselves where they could most annoy the enemy.

The Leander was especially charged with the Algerine gun-boats and row-galleys, which she was not long in destroying by her fire; and at about four P. M. she ceased firing, that the barge of the Queen Charlotte might set fire to an Algerine frigate which was lying across the mole. This service was gallantly performed, and the frigate was soon in flames; the boat returning with the loss of only two men killed. Lord Exmouth particularly complimented those employed in this service. A young Midshipman, in command of a rocket-boat, followed the barge, but, owing to the slowness of his boat, was much exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries, and was wounded, with nine of his boat's crew; while another Midshipman who was with him was killed.

About half-past four Rear Admiral Milne sent a message to Lord Exmouth, stating that the Impregnable had sustained a loss of one hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, and requesting that a frigate might be sent to divert some of the fire from that ship.

The Glasgow attempted to perform that service, but, it being perfectly calm, the frigate was unable, after an hour's exertion, to reach the intended position, and was obliged to anchor just ahead of the Severn, with her

stern towards that ship, and thus become exposed to a severe fire from the "fish market" and contiguous batteries. Somewhat later the Leander, having also suffered severely from these batteries, ran out a hawser to the Severn, and sprang her broadside round upon them.

The mortar and rocket-boats had by this time set all the vessels within the harbor on fire, and the flames soon reached the arsenal and storehouses on the mole. The city was also on fire in several places, from the shells thrown by the bomb-vessels. The sloop fitted for an explosion vessel was now run on shore, close under a semi-circular battery, to the northward of the light-house, and about nine at night this vessel, charged with about 150 barrels of powder, was exploded. The effect of it is not recorded, and was probably not much, as similar explosions have since failed to produce any great result.

The fleet continued a tremendous cannonade until ten P. M., when, the upper tiers of the batteries on the mole being nearly destroyed, and the lower tiers almost silenced, the Queen Charlotte cut her cables and stood off, with a light breeze from the land, directing the rest of the ships to follow her. The breeze was so light that the Superb and Impregnable, in standing off, suffered much from the raking fire of a fort at the upper angle of the city, which rises up the side of a hill, the walls coming to an angle at the top. When the Leander's cable was slipped she was found to have sustained so much damage aloft that she was unmanageable, and fast drifting down on the mole, where the enemy's ships were burning. Fortunately she got a hawser to the Severn, and was towed off. Had she taken the ground, she must have been destroyed, with the greater part of her crew.

Two or three times the hawser parted, but was as often reconveyed by the boats, under sharp musketry fire from the mole. At length the Severn got a good breeze, and the Leander was saved from her perilous situation.

Before two o'clock in the morning the whole fleet was beyond the reach of the enemy's shot, being greatly assisted in taking up an anchorage by the blaze of the burning Algerine fleet, which illuminated the whole bay, and lighted up the terraced town, with its white houses rising one above the other to the fort, which dominated the whole.

As if to add to the grandeur and wildness of the scene, a storm of thunder and lightning came on, and lasted till daybreak.

At daybreak in the morning the bomb vessels were ordered to again take up their stations, in readiness to resume the bombardment of the city; while Lord Exmouth's Flag-Lieutenant was despatched with a flag of truce, to repeat the demands made on the preceding day. The Algerine officer who came out to meet the flag of truce declared that an answer had been sent the day before, but that no boat could be found to receive it.

On the 29th the Captain of the Port came off, accompanied by the British Consul, who had been imprisoned by the Dey; and the same afternoon an English Captain landed, and had a conference with the Dey, at his palace; which resulted in the delivery to the British of more than twelve hundred Christian slaves, the restoration of nearly $400,000 for slaves redeemed by Naples and Sicily, peace between Algiers and the Netherlands, and $30,000 paid to the British Consul, as compensation for the loss of his property, which had been plundered. The Dey, moreover, made an apology for his detention.

The loss of the attacking party in this successful bombardment was one hundred and forty-one killed and seven hundred and forty-two wounded. The Dutch squadron, which was highly complimented by Lord Exmouth for gallant conduct, lost, of the above, thirteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

This bombardment broke the Algerine power completely, and put an end, almost altogether, to her piratical exploits.

Fourteen years afterwards the country was captured by France, and has ever since remained in the possession of that country.

NAVARINO, 1827.

IN the summer of 1827, an English squadron, under Vice Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, acting in concert with a division of French ships, under Rear-Admiral De Rigny, and a Russian squadron, under Rear-Admiral Count Heiden, assembled in the Mediterranean.

The object this allied fleet had in view was the enforcement of a protocol, signed at St. Petersburg, on April 4th, 1826, for the protection of the inhabitants of the Morea from the cruelties practiced upon them by the Turks, under Ibrahim Pacha. Russia would probably have interfered alone, and England and France were, no doubt, fearful of the possible consequences of allowing Russia to do so, in the war then being carried on between the Greeks and their Turkish oppressors.

A further agreement between the three powers was comé to in London, July 6th, 1827, and they insisted, in the first place, upon an armistice between Turkey and Greece. This was agreed to by the belligerents, but was violated by Turkey almost as soon as her assent was given. This conduct on the part of the Porte led directly to the short but very terrible naval battle of Navarino, on the 20th of October, in the same year.

On the 3d of September an Egyptian fleet, with troops, entered the harbor of Navarino, where they were closely

watched by the combined squadrons. On the 19th, finding that the British squadron alone remained off the port, Ibrahim Pacha, wishing to send relief to Patras, ordered out a division of his fleet, but finding their movements watched, they returned to Navarino.

Rear-Admiral De Rigny having rejoined the blockading squadron, a conference took place on the 25th, in the tent of Ibrahim, who then agreed to suspend hostilities against the Greeks until an answer could be obtained from Constantinople, and that, in the meantime, his fleet should not quit the harbor. Upon the faith of this assurance, nearly all the Allied ships were withdrawn from before Navarino. Part of the squadron was sent to Malta, to refit; the British Admiral went to Zante, and the French to Milo, for provisions. The Dartmouth and Armide, frigates, alone remained off the port.

Scarcely had the English Admiral anchored at Zante when the Dartmouth hove in sight, with the signal flying that the Turks had put to sea; and the Armide, proceeding towards Milo, overtook the French Admiral before he reached that place. Sir Edward Codrington, having with him a frigate and two corvettes only, intercepted the Turkish squadron, consisting of seven frigates, nine corvettes, two brigs, and nineteen transports; which, on his firm remonstrance, all put back. A second division, of six Egyptian frigates and eight brigs, had likewise put to sea, but they also returned, and the whole re-entered Navarino on the 4th of October. By the 15th the different Allied squadrons were again assembled off Navarino; and Ibrahim, thus blocked up, continued his tyrannical proceedings inland. Various attempts were made to communicate with him, but without success; and a final conference was called, on the 18th of October, on board Codrington's flag-ship, the Asia; at which it was

decided to enter the harbor of Navarino, and from thence renew the negotiations. On the evening of the 19th Vice Admiral Codrington issued full instructions to the whole force, pointing out the position for anchoring each division, but concluding with the well known advice of Lord Nelson, "If a general action should take place, no Captain can be better placed than when his vessel is alongside one of the enemy."

The harbor of Navarino was the scene, four hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, of a great naval battle between Athens and Sparta, in which the latter suffered an overwhelming defeat.

The harbor is about six miles in circumference. The mainland bends round three sides of it, almost in a horse-shoe, and the island of Sphacteria, two miles in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, stretches across from one headland to the other. The only available passage into Navarino is at the southern end of the island, and is about six hundred yards in width. On entering the passage there appears at the right a bold promontory dominated by a fort, originally built by the Venetians, and under the fort the small walled town of Navarino, near which Ibrahim's army was encamped.

On the southern extremity of the island, almost opposite to the fortress on the promontory, another fort was placed. The first fortress was very formidable, mounting 125 guns, and, with that on the island, was well placed to defend the entrance of the harbor, as well as to command the anchorage within. At the northern end of the island was a third battery, which also commanded the harbor.

At about half-past one P. M., on the 20th of October, the signal was made by the Asia to prepare for action, and the combined fleet weighed anchor, and stood into

the harbor. The British and French formed the weather or starboard column, and the Russians the lee line.

The following were the vessels composing the allied fleet; The Asia, of 80 guns, Vice-Admiral Codrington's flag-ship; two 74s, the Genoa and Albion; four frigates of various force, from 50 to 28 guns; and one corvette, three brigs, and a cutter.

The French had two 80-gun ships, the Trident and Breslau; one 78, the Scipion; one 60, the Sirène, flag-ship; the Armide frigate, 46 guns, and two corvettes.

The Russian squadron consisted of the Azoff, 80; the Gargoute, Ezekiel, and Newsky, 76; three 46-gun frigates, and one 48.

The Turco-Egyptian fleet consisted of three ships-of-the-line, one razee, sixteen frigates, twenty-seven corvettes, and twenty-seven brigs, with six fire-ships. To these must be added the guns in the forts, on shore, in number about 200, and some armed transports, which brought the number of Turkish guns up to about 2000.

About 2 P. M. the Asia, leading, arrived at the mouth of the harbor, and passed unmolested within pistol-shot of the heavy battery on the starboard hand. The Turks and Egyptians were moored in the form of a crescent, the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, and the smaller ones inside, filling up the intervals. The Asia anchored close alongside a ship-of-the-line bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey, and on the port or inner quarter of a large double-banked frigate with the flag of Moharem Bey, Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian squadron. The Genoa followed within one hundred yards of her leader, and brought up abreast of a large frigate astern of the Admiral; the Albion, in turn, anchored astern of the Genoa. The Russian Admiral was to look out for four ships which were to windward,

part of the Egyptian squadron, and those to leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line closing with the English.

The French frigate Armide was to take her station alongside the outermost frigate on the left, in entering the harbor, and three English frigates next to her. The smaller English vessels were to watch the movements of the fire-ships.

Strict orders were given by Admiral Codrington that not a gun should be fired unless the Allied squadrons were first attacked by the Turks, and these orders were rigidly observed.

The entry of the Allied fleets was silently permitted by the Turks, who did not call to quarters, either with drum or trumpet, and an ominous silence was preserved throughout their line; so it was difficult to suppose that a most bloody battle was about to take place.

The Turkish fleet and batteries were prepared for action, however; and it so proved when the Dartmouth frigate, which had anchored close to the fire-ships, and whose Captain, perceiving certain movements on board of them which induced him to believe that the Turks were about to act on the offensive, sent a boat, under command of a lieutenant, to request that the fire-ships should quit the anchorage occupied by the Allies. Upon the boat's proceeding alongside the fire-ship, a fire of musketry was opened upon her, and the lieutenant and several of the crew were killed. The fire was replied to from the boat, and the sharp report of small arms, echoing from the surrounding rocky eminences, seemed to awake the Turks from a torpor.

Just at this critical moment the French flag-ship, the Sirène, which was close alongside the Egyptian frigate

Esnina, hailed, to say that she should not fire if the Esnina did not. The words had hardly passed the French Captain's lips when the Egyptain fired her broadside slap into the Sirène. So quickly that it seemed an echo, the formidable broadside of the Sirène was heard in reply, delivered point blank into the Esnina. At the same moment the Turkish Admiral fired a shot, and upon this the whole Allied fleet in a position to do so opened fire upon the Turks.

The Asia, though abreast of the ship of the Capitan Bey, was nearer to that of Moharem Bey; and as the latter did not fire at the Asia, the English flag-ship did not fire at her. A messenger was sent to the Asia by Moharem Bey, to say that he did not intend to fire, and Admiral Codrington, still unwilling to believe a serious engagement possible, sent a boat with a Mr. Mitchell, who was acting as pilot and interpreter, to assure Moharem of his desire to avoid bloodshed.

But Mitchell was treacherously shot dead when descending the side of the Egyptian ship. Soon after the Egyptian opened fire, and as Admiral Codrington says, in his dispatch, "was consequently effectually destroyed by the Asia's fire, sharing the same fate as his brother Admiral on the starboard side, and falling to leeward, a complete wreck." The action then became general; and the ships were soon enveloped in dense clouds of powder smoke, only lighted by the rapid flashes of the guns; and very soon these lurid flashes became the only guides by which the gunners could sight their pieces. In this dreadfu turmoil the drill, discipline and experience of th Europeans gave them the advantage. As their shot tola more truly than those of the Turks, each broadside of the Allies tore through the hulls, swept the decks, and wrecked the masts and rigging of the Ottoman fleet.

The Turks, raging, furious and desperate, fought with blind and ill-directed courage. In working their guns they seemed only anxious to fire rapidly, without taking time to point their pieces. Less carried away by rage, and a little more skillful, they should have overwhelmed the Allies, for they had treble the number of guns. In the meantime the Allies kept up a close, cool and accurate fire, and the Turkish losses soon became frightful.

Two fire-ships were soon in flames, and a third blew up, while a fourth was sunk by shot. The forts opened upon the Allies, and that of Navarino, especially, committed much havoc; but almost as much among friends as foes.

The Russian ships did not reach their assigned positions until about three o'clock, when the fire was at its height. The Asia's fire having disposed of her two opponents, that ship became exposed to a severe raking fire from the Turkish inner lines, by which her mizzen-mast was shot away, several guns disabled, and many of her crew killed and wounded. The Master of the Asia was killed in the early part of the action, while bringing both broadsides to bear upon the Turkish and Egyptian Admirals. Captain Bell, of the marines, was also killed, and Sir Edward Codrington was struck by a musket-ball, which knocked his watch out of his pocket, and battered it to pieces. The Genoa, next astern the English Admiral, suffered very severely, being engaged from first to last, and doing excellent service. As the Turks fired high, the carnage among the marines on the poops of the large vessels was so great that it was thought best to remove them to the quarter deck, and their loss was especially great in the Genoa. Commodore Bathurst, of that ship, was wounded three times; the last time mortally, by a grape-shot which passed through his body

and lodged in the opposite bulwark. The French frigate Armide sustained for a long time, and without being disabled, the fire of five Egyptian frigates. The French line-of-battle ship Scipion was on fire no less than four times, from a fire-ship which lay in flames across her fore-foot. Each time the flames were extinguished; and that without any perceptible want of regularity in her fire. The English ship Albion, next astern of the Genoa, was exposed to the united fire of a cluster of ships, including one 74, and two 64-gun ships About half an hour after the action commenced one of the Turkish ships fell foul of the Albion, and her crew made an attempt to board, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The Turkish ship was in turn boarded and taken. The English were in the act of releasing a number of Greek prisoners secured in the hold of this ship, when she was discovered to be on fire. The English, therefore, left her, having cut her cables, and the Turk, enveloped in flames, drifted clear of the Albion, and, shortly after, blew up, with a tremendous explosion.

The two remaining large Turkish ships again opened upon the Albion; but she returned the fire so vigorously that the largest of the two was soon in flames. The Albion was all the afternoon surrounded by blazing ships; but at dusk she got under way, and stood clear of them.

The ships of all three of the Allies seem to have behaved with equal gallantry; but the performance of the little cutter, the Hind, tender to the Asia, deserves especial mention. She was of one hundred and sixty tons, mounted eight light guns, and had a crew of thirty men. She had been to Zante, and only returned as the Allied squadrons were entering Navarino, and her gallant Commander determined, notwithstanding his trifling force,

to have his share in the glories of the day. He accordingly entered with the rest, and, taking up a raking position astern of a large frigate, at only a few yards distance, opened upon her a sharp fire. The cutter was exposed to the fire of several small vessels, and in about three quarters of an hour they cut her cables, and she drifted away between a large corvette and a brig, which she engaged until the brig caught fire and blew up. The Hind then continued to fire into the corvette, until her remaining cable was cut, and she drifted clear of her adversary. Still drifting, in the hottest of the fire, the little Hind fouled a Turkish frigate; her main-boom entering one of the main-deck ports; and the Turks were about to board her. In this they were repeatedly repulsed; and at last the Turks manned a large boat, to try to carry her in that way. The Hind's crew knocked this boat to pieces with her carronades, crammed to the muzzle with grape and canister; and the cutter soon after drifted clear of the frigate, just as a general cessation of fire took place.

Her loss, in all this fighting, only amounted to a Mate and three men killed, and a Midshipman and nine men wounded.

As we have said, the French ships behaved admirably, as did the Russians. In fact, the position of the contending ships was such that the mutual and perfect co-operation of each ship of the Allied squadron was absolutely necessary to bring about a favorable termination. Had the Russians or French not taken their full share in the day's work, the British must have been annihilated.

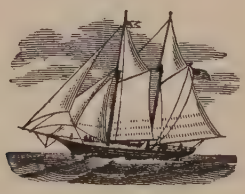
The close and continued cannonade caused complete and dreadful destruction to the Turks. About forty of their vessels, of different rates, fell a prey to the flames,

exploding their magazines in succession, as the fire reached them, and covering the waters of the bay with their fragments and the burned and mutilated bodies of their crews. By five P. M. the entire first line of the Turks was destroyed, and by seven there remained afloat, of all their formidable armament, only a few small vessels which had been furthest in shore. These were mostly abandoned by their crews, who had made their escape to the neighboring hills.

Sir Edward Codrington reported that, on the morning after the battle, "out of a fleet composed of eighty-one vessels, only one frigate and fifteen smaller vessels are in a state ever again to put to sea."

The allied fleets lost 177 killed and 480 wounded. The Turks were estimated to have lost at least six thousand killed.

This action created a great sensation throughout Europe; not only because no great naval action had been fought for some years, but because the friends of Grecian independence saw in the battle the probable freedom of that oppressed State. But politicians were alarmed at what they feared would be the deplorable consequences of leaving Turkey disarmed, in the presence of ambitious and menacing Russia, as the battle had already, it was said, "turned the Black Sea into a Russian lake," and that great opportunity for Greece was lost through the fears and vacillation of diplomatists.



SINOPE, 1853.

SINOPE is a very ancient town, situated mostly upon a peninsula, which juts out from the coast of Anatolia into the Black Sea.

It was once far-famed as the capital city of Mithridates, King of Pontus, as well as the birth place of Diogenes, of whom, perhaps, more people have heard, although he was not a King.

After frequent and honorable mention in very ancient history, we, later on, find it, when it fell into the all-conquering Romans' power, the seat of the government of the celebrated Pliny, and the remains of the aqueduct then built by him are still to be traced in the neighborhood.

In 1470 Mohamet II included it in the Turkish Empire, of which it has ever since remained a part.

The modern town has about ten thousand people, and presents to the view of one arriving before it by sea the peculiar, shabby, picturesque and dilapidated appearance of most third-rate Turkish places, where red-tiled roofs overhang mouldy, moss-covered, wooden buildings. Here and there among the dull red of the roofs rises the bright and graceful minaret of a mosque; while in the background clumps of the funereal cypress show the spots where the faithful lie at rest. Portions of a ruinous, turreted wall are to be seen here and there; but there

are no forts or other defences worthy of the name, although for years it had been a Turkish "military" port, where men-of-war were occasionally built or repaired.

Perhaps Sinope would never have been heard of in modern times, but for a naval action which created an unusual sensation throughout both the Christian and Moslem worlds, and which alienated from the Russians, at the very beginning of the Crimean War, the sympathy of many who would otherwise have been favorable to their designs.

The affair about to be narrated was an abuse of superior force, at a time when war was inevitable, but had not been proclaimed, between Russia and the Ottoman Porte.

On November 30th, 1853, a Turkish squadron, consisting of seven frigates, three corvettes, and two steamers, were driven, by stress of bad weather, into the anchorage of Sinope. In this, their own port of refuge, they were surprised by the arrival of the Russian Vice Admiral Nachimoff, with a fleet of two three-decked ships, four 74s, three frigates, one transport, and three steam-vessels.

Admiral Nachimoff at once summoned the Turkish squadron to surrender to him. But, in spite of the immense disproportion in force, the Turkish Admiral resolved to resist his demands to the last extremity, and to destroy his squadron rather than strike his flag. So about midday, in response to a formal summons, he opened fire upon the Russians. It seemed almost like an act of madness, to which he was goaded by the outrageousness of such a demand made upon him before war was declared; but we cannot help admiring his desperate courage and determination, even if it was that of despair; for he could have had no hope of success against such a force as the Russians had.

This remarkable action, thus begun, was maintained until a full hour after sunset; the termination of the bloody fight being lighted up by the flames of the town itself, which had been set on fire by the Russian shells.

At last the Ottoman squadron was blotted out of existence; and not till then did the reports of the guns cease, and silence fall upon the waters of the harbor.

Of the twelve Turkish vessels, eight were sunk outright, at their anchors, by shot. The Captain of the Mizamiéh, of sixty guns, fought his ship to the last, with terrible energy, and at last fired his own magazine, and blew the vessel, and most of those who had survived the action, to fragments.

The Captain of the Navik, of 52 guns, followed his example, and immediately blew up his vessel.

The Russian fleet, in spite of their superiority, suffered terribly from the desperate defence of the Turks. Several of their vessels, completely dismasted, were obliged to leave Sinope in tow of steamers; and none of them ever did any more service, for after being for a long time blockaded in Sebastopol, by the French and English fleets, they were sunk in that harbor by the Russians themselves.

Although so much of the town was injured by shot and fire, and at least one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants were killed or burned, strange to say, a fine fifty-gun steam-frigate, upon the stocks, escaped destruction. A visitor, soon after the battle, describes the scene as most heart-rending and depressing, and expresses wonder that more of the towns-people were not killed, as the fields, inland, were covered with fragments of the blown up ships, exploded shells, bolts, chains, spars and planks. An anchor weighing fifteen hundred pounds was blown inland more than a quarter of a mile.

fortifications erected by the British were only dismantled in 1870. The island is fertile, quite mountainous, and a conspicuous landmark in the navigation of the Adriatic.

In the course of the war between Austria and Italy, which terminated in the entire liberation of the latter country from the dominion of the hated "Tedeschi," who had occupied Venice and the fairest parts of Lombardy for so many years, Italy suffered two great defeats. One was on land, at Custozza, where their army, though unsuccessful, came out with honor, after proofs of courage and conduct.

The navy of Italy, then comparatively small and untried, was anxious to redeem the Italian honor and arms, by meeting the Austrian fleet. Under the auspices of the navy a descent was therefore made upon the Austrian island of Lissa.

On the 18th of July, 1866, the island was attacked and taken by the fleet under Admiral Persano. But their success was short-lived, for the Austrians came down the next day, and inflicted the terrible defeat which, for the time, completely disorganized the Italian navy.

This fleet was composed of eleven armored vessels (including large and small, and the ram L'Affondatore), two frigates, one corvette and three gun-boats, each mounting two guns, five despatch vessels, and a few smaller craft, hardly fit to enter into action.

Among the Italian vessels was the large ironclad frigate Ré d'Italia, built during our civil war, for the Italian Government, by Webb, of New York. This fleet was commanded by Admiral Persano, and was in three divisions. The first, under the direct orders of Persano himself, consisted of eight armored vessels, and some other lighter steamers; the second division, under Vice-Admiral Albini, consisted of six screw frigates, un-

armored; the third division, under Rear-Admiral Vacca, consisted of three ironclad vessels.

The Austrian fleet, which came down to seek the Italians, and to offer battle, as soon as the news of the capture of Lissa was received, consisted of twenty-two vessels. Seven of them were armored; one was a screw ship-of-the-line, called the Kaiser, of 90 guns; four screw frigates; four gun-boats; one corvette; and a few small craft.

In spite of the fact that the Austrian fleet would, undoubtedly, come to dispute their conquest, the Italians seem to have been taken rather by surprise, especially as Admiral Tegethoff approached rapidly, and engaged very promptly. The engagement, being under steam, commenced as soon as the guns of the opposing fleets would bear, and was, at first, carried on with great resolution on both sides. Very soon after the fight commenced the Ré d'Italia, one of the best ships of the Italian fleet, was rammed by two Austrian ships, also armored, and received fatal injuries, from which she soon sank, carrying down many of her crew.

She had been the flag-ship; but just before she went into action Admiral Persano had quitted her, and gone on board the iron-clad ram, the Affondatore, without notifying the commanding officers of the change, either by signal, or otherwise. The action was then really fought, on the part of the Italians, without a Commander; for they received no signals from the ship from which they had a right to look for them; and, as the Ré d'Italia was soon sunk, many thought that Admiral Persano had perished in her.

The Italian fleet was thus without united action; and their manœuvres were undecided and weak; while the Austrian fleet concentrated all its efforts under the

strong impulse of a skillful and very zealous Commander, whose only thought seemed to be to win or perish. In spite of this the Italian ships were most bravely fought, and the victory was not either an easy or bloodless one.

Many have thought that, had there been a capable Commander, and unity of action, they would have probably gained the battle.

The Italian iron-clad Ré di Portogallo, a sister ship of the Ré d'Italia, especially distinguished herself by the audacity of her movements and the ability with which she was handled. She sank two Austrian vessels; having a long engagement with the Kaiser, sinking this huge ship by a broadside poured into her, at a distance of only a few yards. The Kaiser is said to have carried down with her twelve hundred men; several hundred of whom were Tyrolese sharp-shooters.

At half-past four in the afternoon the battle ceased; having lasted for six hours.

The Italians retired to Ancona, a safe and strongly fortified harbor on their coast, nearly opposite to Lissa. The Austrian fleet had received such damage and loss that they not only were unable to pursue the Italians, but were soon obliged to desert the waters of Lissa, and return to their naval port, Pola.

Although this was not a victory for the Austrians, in the sense of large captures, they were most distinctly the victors, in that the Italians deserted the field. That has always been the test of victory, both by land and by sea. Before the end of the battle the Italians lost a second iron-clad, the Palestro, which blew up, and all on board were lost. On the 6th of August, following, the Affondatore, which had been anchored outside of Ancona, on the lookout for the Austrian fleet, was swamped by the heavy

sea caused by a sudden storm. She endeavored to take refuge inside the mole, but too late. All her crew were saved. The whole affair was a dreadful blow to the Italian navy, and to their cause; and was equally instrumental in advancing the *morale* and reputation of the Austrian navy.

A good deal of light may be thrown upon this event by a slight account of the officer responsible for it.

Admiral Count Charles Persano was born at Vercelli, in 1806. He entered the Sardinian navy, and rose rapidly to high rank; serving under Admiral Bruat, at the bombardment of Odessa, during the Crimean war; and, for the remainder of that struggle, having charge of the transportation and provisionment of the Sardinian troops which joined the Allies; a most responsible post.

In the year 1859, as a Rear-Admiral, he had command of the Adriatic squadron of observation, and of the blockade of Venice. The next year he commanded the fleet at Naples, when Garibaldi seized and turned over to him the Neapolitan fleet. Here he acted with great judgment, and to the satisfaction of all, in distributing the Neapolitan officers among the vessels of the national fleet, and in composing difficulties and overcoming obstacles incident to so sudden and great a change in government. The reputation of no one stood higher than that of Persano, for tact, ability, and firmness of purpose.

In September, 1860, upon the invasion of the Marches and Umbria, the Admiral was sent off Ancona, where he distinguished himself, first in the blockade, and then in forcing an entrance and taking possession of that fine port. General Lamoricière declared that he was discomfited not by the land force opposed to him, but by the work of the fleet; and it was with Persano that he held a parley, and to him he surrendered his sword. During

AUSTRIAN MAN OF WAR, FERDINAND MAX, RAMMING THE ITALIAN IRONCLAD, RE D'ITALIA, AT THE BATTLE OF LISSA.

this siege Persano gained great popularity, on account of his consideration for the sufferings of the inhabitants.

For these actions he was made a Vice-Admiral, and was elected a deputy, from the city of Spezia, to the first Italian Parliament, which was convened in 1861. When the Italian navy was constituted he became the Admiral; there being three Vice-Admirals and ten Rear-Admirals also appointed. Soon after he became a Senator, and Minister of Marine, under Ratazzi.

No man in Italy was more trusted and honored, and few could be said to have had a more successful career.

In expectation of the approaching struggle with Austria for the possession of the Venetian provinces, the Italian government had, at immense sacrifices, devoted some years to the development of its navy; which, much superior to that of Austria, was to secure to the Italian flag the dominion of the Adriatic. In the event of war the command of the fleet fell naturally to the naval officer of highest rank, and so, in March, 1866, Admiral Persano was named to the command of the strong fleet collected at Tarento. But the results accomplished by this naval force fell far below the hopes of those who had conceived and formed it.

Persano began by delaying for a long time the departure of his fleet from Tarento. Then, when he did enter the Adriatic, he refused, although far superior in numbers, and with crews filled with enthusiasm for the cause, to accept the battle offered him by the Austrian fleet, composed of fourteen ships only; and he remained idle, at Ancona, until July 8th.

Only upon repeated and decided orders of the Minister of Marine did he finally leave port, but then only for a few days' cruise in the Adriatic, during which he avoided the Austrian fleet and coast. Another formal order was

needed, from the highest authority, to force him to leave Ancona again, and to proceed to the Island of Lissa. Upon the taking of this island partly depended the success of the naval operations in the Adriatic.

After a rather feeble bombardment of the Austrian works, Persano, although he had certain information that Admiral Tegethoff was hastening to the relief of Lissa, gave the order for landing, and pursuing operations on shore. This ill-conceived proceeding of landing a portion of his men, at a time when he was liable at any moment to be attacked by sea, has been attributed to various motives; none of them worthy ones. At any rate, when the Austrians did appear, coming down from the north, the Italian ships were not ready to meet them, and those of the crews who had been landed had to re-embark, in haste and confusion. Moreover, in presence of the enemy, and while dispositions for battle were actually going on, Persano left the Ré d'Italia, his flag-ship, and went on board the Affondatore, an inconspicuous and untried vessel, built for a ram. His motive in doing so was never explained satisfactorily by him, and is left to conjecture. By his action he delayed the formation of the line-of-battle, and deprived himself of the ability to direct the movements of the fleet, as the officers had not been informed of the change; and, moreover, by his presence, prevented the ram from taking the part in the battle for which she was designed especially. Such being the state of things, it is no wonder that the action, in spite of individual exertions and gallantry, resulted disastrously for the Italians.

This defeat, or disaster, was so mortifying, and so confounded the designs of the Italian government, that a storm of public indignation was aroused against Persano, and the King was forced to order a court of

inquiry upon his actions. It is said that the Admiral himself demanded one, but this does not clearly appear.

The court examined very many witnesses, and the proceedings were very much protracted; so that it was the end of 1867 before their proceedings were reported to the Italian Senate. The Senate then proceeded to give judgment. Persano was acquitted of the charge of cowardice by a small majority, but he was found guilty of disobedience of orders, and negligence in the performance of duty, by a large majority. The Ministry had intended to prosecute him for high treason; but, for some reason, this was abandoned, and he was released from arrest, and suffered to slink into retirement and obscurity, a disgraced man.

By a vote of the Senate, he was required to pay the expenses of the court of inquiry, which had been very heavy, and was dismissed from the navy, and from all his other offices. It was generally thought, in Italy, that the Senate had been very lenient in thus dealing with him; and that he should have suffered death.

The whole of the facts of the case are not accessible in this country, and perhaps would not be, even in Italy.

William, Baron Tegethoff, the Austrian Commander at the battle of Lissa, was a native of Styria, being born in 1827. After passing through the Venetian Naval College, he entered the Imperial Navy, in 1845, and in twelve years became a Commander, serving on the coast of Egypt, the Red Sea, the east coast of Africa, and in the Mediterranean. After this he accompanied the Archduke Maximilian, as Aid-de-Camp, in his voyage to Brazil. In 1861 he had command of the Austrian squadron in Greece, during the unsettled and exciting

period which terminated in Otho's leaving the Greek throne.

During the Schleswig-Holstein War he commanded the Austrian squadron in the North Sea; and, in conjunction with some Prussian vessels, fought, with the Danish fleet, the spirited and bloody, but inconclusive, action of Heligoland.

For this he was made a Rear-Admiral, from May 9th, 1864, and two years later, was made Vice-Admiral, for the action of Lissa.

After Maximilian's death, in Mexico, he was deputed to proceed to Vera Cruz and obtain the remains of that Prince. After three months' delay and considerable diplomacy he obtained them, and returned to Trieste, in January 1868. In March of that year he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Navy, being then only forty-one years of age.

Tegethoff is looked upon as the creator of the effective Austrian Navy, which, before his time, was undisciplined and inefficient. At his death, which occurred in 1871, from chronic dysentery, contracted in Mexico, the Austrian Navy numbered sixteen efficient iron-clad ships, besides wooden vessels.

The Austrian Government has ordered that a ship of their Navy shall always bear his name.

SOME NAVAL ACTIONS BETWEEN BRAZIL, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION AND PARAGUAY. 1865–68.

THE first naval event of importance in this long and deadly struggle (which began, as all the later South American wars have begun, about a question of boundary), was the battle of the Riachuelo.

The river Parana, the southern boundary of Paraguay, enters the river Paraguay between the Paraguayan fort of Humáitá, and the town of Corrientes, in the Argentine Confederation; and just below Corrientes is the Riachuelo, which has given its name to this battle.

Riachuelo means a streamlet or brook. The channel of the main river is here about five hundred yards wide. It is much broader both above and below. The Paraguayans had invaded the territory of Entre-Rios, and just north of the "streamlet" had established a position, where they had a strong battery of flying artillery, upon the bank of the main river.

In April, 1865, the first Brazilian naval division ascended the river, towards Corrientes. The Brazilian Admiral, Tamandaré, did not come with them, being occupied in Buenos Ayres, as was notorious, in imitating the conduct of Nelson at Naples, and of Marc Antony at Alexandria. The fleet was under the command of Commandante

Gomensoro, who was soon afterwards superseded by Vice-Admiral Barroso.

The fleet anchored almost in sight of Corrientes, on the Chaco, or western bank. It consisted of nine steamers, all sea-going. They were the Amazonas (flag-ship), a heavy paddle-ship, of six guns; the Jequitinhonha, Belmonte, Mearim, and Beberibe, each of eight guns; the Paranahyba, of six guns; Iparanga, seven; Iguatème, of five, and the Araguay, of three guns, fifty-nine in all.

Lopez, the President and absolute Dictator of Paraguay, determined to try to capture this fleet.

His soldiers all were devoted to him, and those of the higher classes who were not so, he kept under, by a system of terrorism worthy of his father's predecessor, Dr. Francia. Anything which he determined should be done had to be done, or the offender suffered imprisonment and torture, followed by death. Driven in this way by fear, his officers accomplished wonderful things. He seldom conferred upon any one a higher rank than that of Captain, and officers of that grade frequently commanded regiments and brigades. The men were brave and patient, and satisfied with the scantiest food and clothing. They despised the Brazilians, many of whom were negroes or mulattoes, calling them "cambas" and "macacos" —niggers and monkeys. Some of the most wonderful instances of daring, devotion, and calm courage were exhibited by these Indians during this long war; and when it closed, nearly all the men in the country, and many of the boys, were dead, killed in battle.

As an instance of their heroic devotion we may mention that of a Paraguayan soldier, solitary and alone, and surrounded by overwhelming numbers of armed enemies. Being called upon to surrender, he coolly replied, "No tengo orden"—I have no orders—and continued to fight

until pinned to the ground by a dozen bayonets. Nor was this by any means a solitary case.

Having determined to try to capture the Brazilian vessels, Lopez adopted in part a plan formed by an English Chief Engineer in his fleet. This man had formerly served in the Brazilian Navy, and understood them thoroughly.

Lopez' vessels were to run down with the current and reach the Brazilian squadron just at daylight. Each Paraguayan vessel was to select her antagonist, run at her, and board, with plenty of men, armed with their favorite swords and knives.

Lopez, who was personally a coward, and who never took part in any action himself, thought he had great military genius, and would interfere upon this occasion, as upon many others. The plan of Watts, the Englishman, would have caught the Brazilians asleep, and with their fires banked, so that they could not move.

Lopez gave instructions for his vessels to run past the Brazilians, then turn, come up stream, and board. He detailed eight hundred men, in addition to the crews of the vessels, as boarders. These he harangued, and told them to go and bring him back the fleet and the prisoners of the "Cambas." "No!" cried the Paraguayans, in reply, "What do we want with prisoners? We will kill them all."

Lopez smiled, distributed cigars, their one great luxury, and sent them away.

He sent on this expedition nine steamers, river boats, about all he had. They were the Tacuari (flag-ship), Paraguari, Igurey, Marquis Olinda (captured early in the war), Salto-Oriental, Ipora, Peribebui, Jejui and Ibera. These carried thirty-four guns. They were to tow down some of the "chatas" or flat-boats used by the Paraguayans, which each mounted one heavy gun, and carried

a number of men. These boats were very low in the water, of light draught, and very hard to hit.

Pedro Mesa was the Captain of the Paraguayan Navy. He was fat, and sick, and old, and had no knowledge whatever of naval warfare. He tried to decline the command of the expedition, which, as the whole navy was in service, naturally fell to him. But Lopez would not listen to it, and ordered him on board; and the instructions of Lopez must be obeyed, on peril of death.

Finally the flotilla got off. But there was much delay from defective machinery, and one of the steamers, the Ibera, had to be left behind. Owing to this it was broad daylight before they came down near the Brazilians, and there was consequently no surprise. Mesa carried out his orders literally, as it behooved any one to do who served Lopez, and ran past the Brazilians a very considerable distance, having received their fire as he passed. The latter slipped their cables and got under way, so that it was ten o'clock in the morning before the fleets came in contact. In spite of the bad manœuvre of going down the stream first, the fight opened well for the Paraguayans. The Jequitinhonha, which carried, among other guns, two 68-pounders and a Whitworth rifle, grounded, and was abandoned, after being well peppered by the Paraguayan battery of Bruguez, on the left bank. The Paranahyba had her wheel shot away, and was boarded and taken; and the Belmonte, riddled with shot, had to be run on shore, to keep her from sinking.

In this battle the difficulty was for the Paraguayans to hold on to the Brazilian vessels after they got alongside them, for the latter, being screws, managed to slide away from them. Strange to say, grappling irons had been forgotten.

Colonel Thompson says that whenever the Paraguayans

boarded, a portion of the Brazilian crew would jump overboard, some of whom were drowned, and some swam ashore, all the latter being killed as soon as they landed.

Burton remarks that the failure to bring grappling irons on an expedition where boarding the enemy was to be a feature, reminded him of an English attack upon some Sikh batteries, where the English engineers forgot to bring spikes.

The Paraguayan launches, which had been towed down below the Brazilians, got adrift, and as they could not get up again, against the current, were eventually captured.

At the end of the first period of the action the Brazilians had lost three vessels in a very few minutes, and their case seemed very doubtful.

Just then a man of ability came to the front, and saved the day. The chief pilot of the Brazilian fleet was the son of an Italian emigrant, named Gastavino. This man, seeing that the Brazilian commanding officers had entirely lost their self possession, and were doing nothing, and giving no orders, took matters into his own hands. He drove the Amazonas at the Paraguayan flag-ship, cleared her deck with grape, and ran her down. Next he finished the Salto and Olinda, in the same manner; the Amazonas being so high out of water that the Paraguayans could not board her as she came in contact with them. He wound up by sinking the Jejui with his guns. The Marquis Olinda had previously had a shot in her boilers, and almost all her crew were either scalded, or killed or wounded by grape. The other Paraguayan vessels, Tacuari, Igurey and Salto, also suffered in their boilers, and had nearly all their crews killed or wounded.

During the height of the engagement, the Brazilian Paranahyba and the Paraguayan Tacuari fouled. The Paraguayans boarded, sword in hand; at sight of them,

most of the crew of the Paranahyba jumped overboard. Her decks were filled with the desperate Paraguayans, and the other Brazilian vessels were afraid to use their guns upon her, for fear of injuring the few of their people who were bravely resisting. These few brave men made so good a resistance that the Paraguayan commander, Mésa, became alarmed for his own safety, and endeavored to retire to his cabin. In so doing he was mortally wounded by a musket ball. The next officer in command to Mésa was hopelessly drunk, and the Brazilians succeeded in backing the Paranahyba away, and she escaped, after much slaughter.

The battle lasted eight hours; and at last the four remaining Paraguayan steamers slowly and sullenly retreated up the stream.

These must also have been taken or destroyed if Vice-Admiral Barroso had done his duty, and pursued with vigor. For his very equivocal conduct on this occasion he was made a Baron. The pilot, who really fought the battle, and saved the day to the Brazilians, was made a Lieutenant.

The English Engineer, Watts, by his ability and good conduct secured the retreat of the four Paraguayan vessels, it is confidently asserted. For this Lopez gave him the lowest order of his Legion of Honor, and, three years afterwards, towards the close of the war, he had him arrested and shot, as a traitor.

Mésa died of his wound in a few hours. He would have been shot by Lopez, if he had returned unwounded, at any rate; and not undeservedly.

Both sides claimed a victory; but the Brazilians certainly had the best of it, and had put a stop to the offensive campaign of Lopez; as they could now blockade the river above Corrientes, and their presence there compelled

the withdrawal of the Paraguayan advance corps in Entre Rios, and the evacuation of Uruguayana. Had Lopez' squadron been successful he would have had command of the whole river, and must have held it until the Brazilians got their iron-clads down.

The Brazilians were unable to raise their sunken vessels, being driven off by the flying batteries of Bruguez, until such time as they were not worth working at.

Parts of the crews of the destroyed Paraguayan vessels got on shore on the Chaco side of the river. The Brazilians sent an armed boat to take them off, but the Paraguayans killed all the crew, and seized the boat. These men were in the desert Chaco for three days and a half, without food, and at last, when the Brazilians left the river free, crossed over safely to their own side.

Their desperate devotion was something wonderful. The Paraguayan captain of the Olinda was wounded, and taken, a prisoner, on board the Amazonas, where he had his arm amputated. Rather than remain a prisoner, and thus be declared by Lopez a traitor, he tore off the bandages and ligatures, and died.

On the thirteenth of the month the Brazilian fleet ran down the river, past the field batteries at Riachuelo, and operations ceased for the time.

The Brazilian officers confessed that at one time it was "touch and go" with them.

Had the Paraguayans carried grappling irons, and gone straight alongside at first, it is altogether probable that they would have captured the whole Brazilian fleet. But the screw steamers, having been allowed time to get up steam, slipped away from their opponents, who were inexperienced as watermen, and who were baffled by the high sides and boarding-nettings of their man-of-war-built enemies.

It is a curious fact that not one of the Brazilian 120 and 150-pounder Whitworth shot hit a Paraguayan vessel; and the Paraguayans only knew that they had them by afterwards finding the shot, some of them five miles inland.

A large picture of the Amazonas at the battle of Riachuelo was exhibited in the Brazilian department of the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia.

THE BATTLE OF THE BANK.

When the land forces of the Allies at last invaded Paraguay, they reached the Parana, after some preliminary skirmishing; and, with 50,000 men, and 100 guns, prepared to cross that river, to effect a lodgment on Paraguayan soil. Lopez had a force of two or three thousand men in observation at Encarnacion, and seeing these ready to oppose a crossing, the Allies altered their plans, and marched down the Parana, intending to cross at Paso la Patria.

On March 21st, 1866, the Allied fleet came up to Corrientes, and anchored, in line-of-battle, extending from Corrales to the mouth of the Paraguay.

Their fleet was now an imposing one for river warfare. They had eighteen steam gun-boats, carrying from six to eight guns each, four iron-clad vessels, three with casemates, and one, the Bahia, a monitor, with revolving turret, and two 150-pounder Whitworth guns, in all one hundred and twenty-five guns.

Two of the steamers and the ironclad Tamandaré were sent up the Parana, to reconnoitre, but soon returned, after getting on shore and being in some jeopardy. There was a work on the right or Paraguayan bank, some distance from the confluence, called Itapirú. In the

Allied reports it is designated as a fortress. It was really a dilapidated battery, of about thirty yards internal diameter; and at that time armed with one rifled, 12-pounder field gun.

The Parana is here quite deep, except in one place, where there was only twelve feet of water in the northern channel, and here some scows, loaded with stones, had been sunk, which closed that channel. The Paraguayans had, at this point, the steamer Gualeguay, armed with two 12-pounders, and two flat-bottomed boats, with an 8-inch gun mounted in each.

On the 22d the Gualeguay towed one of these boats down half a mile below Itapirú, and moored her close in under the right bank. The scow at once opened upon the Brazilian fleet, and, in a short time, had put four eight-inch shot into the Admiral's ship.

Three ironclads were sent up as soon as possible, and approached the scow, keeping up an incessant fire. The Paraguayans made excellent practice, in the meantime, with their eight-inch guns, seldom failing to hit one of their opponents. At last the ironclads approached within about one hundred yards, and the crew of the scow left and took to the woods. The Brazilians then lowered and manned three boats, and sent them to take possession of the scow and her gun. As they reached her, some infantry, numbering about one hundred, who were concealed in the woods, gave the boats a volley, which killed or wounded about half of their crews; the rest made off and returned to their vessels.

The ironclads then continued to fire at the abandoned scow, and at last blew up the magazine, and she sunk. The gun was not injured, and was recovered by the Paraguayans.

On the 27th they towed the other gun-boat to the same

place, and opened upon the Brazilian fleet again, and the ironclads renewed the same tactics as before. This time the Paraguayans had their boat very close in to the bank, and kept their cartridges on shore, to avoid being blown up. Most of their 68-pound shot struck the ironclads, but flew in pieces. Some penetrated, however. One struck the Tamandaré at the edge of a port, broke in pieces, and the fragments entered, killing every one in that part of the casemate, including the first and second Captains, three other officers, and eighteen men killed, and fifteen wounded. The Tamandaré was driven off by this shot. The two other ironclads kept up the fire, responded to by the Paraguayan musketry from the woods, and at nine o'clock at night the Brazilians retired, having effected nothing. Next day four ironclads and four wooden gun-boats came up to engage this doughty Paraguayan 8-pounder. On this day the ironclad Barroso got four holes through her plates, and all the rest of them were more or less damaged, until, at last, the Paraguayan gun was struck, and fairly broken in two. Strange to say, not a Paraguayan was hurt.

On the night of the 29th, these irrepressible people, having recovered the 8-inch gun from the first scow, endeavored to bring a boat from Humáitá, to mount it upon. Their audacity was such that they towed it, with canoes, down the Paraguay to the confluence, and then up the Parana, and all this under a bright moonlight. At last the Brazilians saw them, before they had reached their goal, and the gun-boats steamed up, to capture an empty scow. The men had made off, in the canoes, up the Parana.

These Paraguayan gun-boats thus constantly engaged the whole Brazilian fleet. But it must be remembered that a mere float, of this kind, bearing a gun, was very

difficult to hit. For a week after this, the steamer Gualeguay went out every afternoon, and fired at the Brazilian fleet with her two 12-pounders. This was done principally for Lopez' amusement, and he, at a safe distance, had excellent long glasses mounted, with which he watched the performances. The Brazilian fleet would dash up the water, all about the Gualeguay, with every kind of missile, from a 68 to a 150-pounder, and yet this steamboat never received any damage but one hole in her smoke-stack.

In some of the subsequent bombardments, Lopez would take up his quarters in a secure bomb-proof, and receive exact reports of every gun fired; what it had effected, and so forth. But he never exposed himself for a moment.

The Allied artillery, on the left bank of the Parana, kept up a heavy fire upon the post of Itapirú. But there was nothing there to receive any damage, the 12-pounder being snugly stowed away for an occasion. This continued for some time; until, at last, the Brazilians occupied a sand bank, or bar, in the river, opposite Itapirú, and mounted eight guns there, with two thousand men in trenches. From this point they reopened a fire upon the work, which seemed a perfect bugbear to them.

On the 10th of April the Paraguayans attacked this bank, or bar; and the naval part of the enterprise consisted in their coming in canoes.

Nine hundred men were embarked, in divisions of four hundred and fifty each; with a reserve of four hundred at Itapirú. It was a dark night, and the canoes, propelled by paddles, arrived at the bank, or bar, at four o'clock in the morning. It was a complete surprise; and the Paraguayans delivered one volley, and then charged with the bayonet, taking the trenches. They were soon driven out of them again, however, by overwhelming numbers;

retook them, and were again driven out. The Brazilian guns opened with canister, and the Paraguayans lost heavily from this source. Two hundred of them were dismounted cavalrymen, armed only with their swords, but they did great execution, charging up to the guns, and taking them; but being again driven off by heavy musketry fire.

As soon as the firing was heard below several gunboats and ironclads came up, and surrounded the island, while the garrison was reinforced from the left bank.

At last the Paraguayans were almost all killed or wounded, and those who could move pushed off in their canoes, some paddling with one arm who had the other one wounded. The daylight had appeared, and they were forced to stem a heavy current, under the fire of the Brazilian vessels, at close quarters; and yet fifteen canoes got back to their own shore.

The Paraguayans lost fourteen officers killed, and seven wounded. Of the soldiers three hundred returned, almost all wounded, and they left five hundred men on the bank, or bar. Among the prisoners taken by the Brazilians was a Lieutenant Roméro; and Lopez forced his wife to write a letter disowning him as a traitor to Paraguay, because he had allowed himself to be taken alive.

In this affair the Brazilians lost about a thousand, killed and wounded, many more than the whole attacking force. The fire of their own steamers destroyed a number of these.

Six Brazilians were afterwards tried for cowardice in this engagement, and were shot.

In February, 1868, the Brazilian iron-clad vessels succeeded in passing Humáitá, the extensive works above the confluence of the rivers, which had so long kept them in check.

On the 13th three new monitors had arived from Rio Janeiro, and joined their squadron. They were built in Rio Janeiro, and had twin screws, with four inches of iron on the hull, which was only one foot out of the water, when prepared for action in fresh water. They had each one revolving turret, six inches thick, with one heavy Whitworth gun in each. The circular port for the gun was barely larger than the muzzle, and when run out was flush with the face of the turret. Elevation and depression of a gun so placed was obtained by means of a double carriage, which raised or lowered the trunnions.

On February 18th everything was ready, and at half-past three in the morning the Brazilians began to bombard the Paraguayan works most furiously.

The large casemate ironclads, each with a monitor lashed alongside, then steamed up to the batteries at Humáitá. The fire of these batteries was well sustained, and true, as the Paraguayan fire had always been, but their cast-iron shot flew to pieces on the armor of the ironclads, which passed without serious damage. After passing the works they continued straight on, past more batteries, at Timbó, to Tayi. The batteries at Timbó were water batteries, and injured the ironclads more than all the others they had passed. In this passage one of the Brazilian monitors received no less than one hundred and eighty shot; and another one was hit one hundred and twenty times. Their plates were dented and bent, and the bolts started, but there was little or no loss of life on board them.

If one or two of the Brazilian ironclads had remained between Humáitá and Timbó, instead of all running by the latter place, the works of the former would have been really closely invested; and as the object of running the batteries was to cause the surrender of Humáitá, the

movement was to that extent a failure. The Paraguayans evacuated their works at their leisure, taking guns and stores.

THE RIVER FIGHT AT TAYI.

Twice, in the year 1868, the Paraguayans attacked the Brazilian monitors lying off Tayi, just above the influx of the river Bermejo.

These desperate attacks showed the most heroic bravery and devotion, but were never successful.

Upon one occasion the iron-clad vessels Lima-Barros and Cabral were attacked, and on another the Barroso and the monitor Rio Grande.

After the last attack, in July, the Brazilians threw a boom across the stream, which would detain their enemies, descending in their canoes, long enough to give time for preparation.

These Paraguayan boats were admirably adapted for navigating those waters, where there was a rapid current and many sand-bars, constantly shifting, with channels, more or less deep, between them.

The canoes were built so that only a part of the central section was borne by the water, and they were consequently easily turned, while they glided over the water, propelled by spoon-shaped paddles. Some of these craft were very large, and would carry a cargo of many tons.

On the first occasion that the ironclads were attacked by means of these canoes, an expedition consisting of twelve hundred men was organized, under the command of a Captain Xenes, and armed with swords and hand-grenades only.

The men were all paraded before Madame Lynch, the mistress of Lopez, who, after distributing cigars among them, with great condescension, told them to "go, and

bring me back my ironclads." The men answered her with "vivas," and went contentedly off upon their desperate undertaking.

It was a dark night. The canoes were lashed in pairs, with eighteen or twenty feet of slack rope between each pair. By this means they hoped to make sure of boarding, the canoes of each pair swinging round on opposite sides of the bows of the Brazilians.

There were forty-eight canoes, each carrying twenty-five men. The Lima-Barros and Cabral were in advance of the main body, up the stream. Many of the canoes were carried past them by the current, into the midst of the Brazilian fleet. But about half of them hit the advanced vessels, and the Paraguayans sprang on board, unperceived. The crews were sleeping on the decks, outside, and some fifty were at once killed by the boarders. The remainder rushed below, and into the turrets, and secured the ports and hatches. The Paraguayans attempted to throw hand-grenades into the port-holes, and "ran about seeking ingress, like a cat attacking a trapped mouse," in the meantime loading the Brazilians with all sorts of epithets, and daring them to come out and fight with the sword, like men.

The Lima-Barros and Cabral were thus virtually captured, but by this time the rest of the fleet were aroused, and soon two more ironclads came steaming up to their relief. They swept the Paraguayans from the decks with grape and canister, and those who were not blown to pieces in this manner were obliged to take to the water, and swim for life. Very few of them survived to tell the tale.

It is surprising that people so utterly fearless and devoted never made very serious attempts to blow up the Brazilian ironclads, especially as there were so many ways

of doing so, and plenty who were ready to attempt it, even at the sacrifice of their own lives.

The best informed foreigners who were in Paraguay at that time thought that they wanted the vessels themselves so much that they hesitated to destroy them, hoping that an opportunity to board them successfully would occur at some time. The same persons thought that if they had even had one fairly good ironclad they would have completely cleared the river of the Brazilians. On the part of Paraguay the war was premature. Lopez had ordered armored vessels and rifled guns of heavy calibre in Europe, but so late that the war was upon him, and the river blockaded, before they could be delivered.

THE DREADNOUGHT.
(The most powerful Ironclad of the English Navy.)

THE CAPTURE OF THE HUASCAR. OCTOBER 8TH, 1879.

THIS recent and important action between iron-clad vessels, at sea, is remarkable in many ways, and is especially interesting to naval men, as armored vessels had, with perhaps a single exception, not come together before, upon the high seas.

Fortunately, we have accounts of the battle from Lieutenants Mason and Ingersoll, of the United States Navy, Clements Markham, Lieutenant Madan, R. N., and others—of whose accounts this article will be a condensation.

The action took place in the forenoon, off Mexillones de Bolivia.

The "Huascar," a Peruvian man-of-war, was of the old type of English turret ships, and had been employed continuously, at sea, for many months, so that her bottom was very foul, while her boilers were not in condition to make steam properly. These two causes had very much reduced her speed. Her commander, Admiral Grau, had wished to overhaul her, but his representations were overruled, from considerations of policy, and she was despatched to the south, upon what proved to be her last cruise under the Peruvian flag.

When in order, she was known to be much faster than the Chilian vessels which she was to encounter, and her

loss may fairly be put down to this disregard of professional advice and warning.

The Chilian ironclad, "Almirante Cochrane," her principal opponent, as well as the "Blanco Encalada," which participated in the latter part of the action, were nearly new casemated vessels; and their constructor, Mr. Reed, had said that they ought to sink the "Huascar" in five minutes.

This latter vessel had done good service in the war between Peru and Chili, in interfering with the only transportation possible for the Chilians, who were the aggressors, and who carried the war into the Peruvian boundaries. Her commander, Rear-Admiral Grau, was an excellent officer, and rendered himself quite famous by his sudden dashes into Chilian ports, capturing transports and lighters, and interfering with the submarine cable, so necessary for the success of the Chilian operations.

The "Huascar" had made four successful cruises, or rather "raids," to the southward, in one of which she had captured the "Rimac," a fine steamer, having on board a fully-equipped battalion of cavalry and a large amount of military stores. Among other curious things which came under the latter head was a complete outfit of water-skins, which were being sent to the Chilian Army at Antofagasta, to enable it to carry water, in crossing the desert of Atacama, to operate upon the province of Tarapaca.

This desert had been discovered to contain an immense deposit of nitrate of soda, and the struggle which had been impending for some years between the two nations was precipitated by the desire of Chili to possess this source of wealth.

Soon after this success the "Huascar" appeared off the harbor of Antofagasta, at night, and with a "Lay" torpedo attacked a Chilian wooden corvette lying there. Instead

of striking the enemy's vessel, the torpedo made a half circle, and came back upon the "Huascar." A lieutenant of the latter vessel, seeing the imminent danger, jumped overboard, and swam to meet the torpedo, which was moving slowly, and diverted it from its course, saving the "Huascar." The name of this lieutenant was Firmin Diaz Canséco.

The next day after this unsuccessful attempt she had an engagement with the shore batteries and two corvettes, in which she did much damage, and received some herself. She, at this time had exchanged a native crew for one composed mostly of foreigners, and men trained as gunners, who could give a better account of the 300-pound shells thrown by her guns.

In September, 1879, there had been a very considerable change in the officers of the Chilian squadron, and a change of policy, as well. The "Almirante Cochrane," and "Blanco Encalada" (the latter the flag-ship of Commodore Riveros), proceeded north, accompanied by the wooden corvettes "O'Higgins" and "Covadonga," and the armed transports "Loa" and "Mathias Cousiño." They expected to find the "Huascar" in Arica, but arrived there only to find that she had sailed for the south; and they at once returned to Mexillones Bay, where they coaled, and awaited instructions and events.

On the morning of October 5th the "Huascar" appeared in the harbor of Coquimbo, in company with the corvette "Union." There were a number of foreign men-of-war lying there, and their officers were much struck by the handling of the Peruvian vessels; so quiet, able, and seamanlike, opposed to the usual noisy manner of carrying on duty to be observed in South American men-of-war. They did not even blow off steam when slowing down.

There was corresponding quiet on shore, where were

batteries armed with the heaviest modern guns; and the Peruvians were allowed to retire unscathed, after thoroughly searching the harbor. They went out again before daylight, but hung about to the southward of the port, getting news, from mail steamers, of the Chilian vessels coming to the northward.

During the next two days they moved up the coast; and Admiral Grau determined to look into Arica, where the Chilian squadron was supposed to be. Leaving the "Union" on the look-out, the "Huascar" ran in towards the anchorage of Antofagasta, at about half-past one, on the morning of October 8th. Finding nothing there, she ran out, and joined the "Union" again, in about two hours. Both vessels now headed north. Soon after they made out the smoke of three vessels coming down the coast, southward, and about six miles distant. These were quickly recognized as vessels of war, and the "Huascar's" course was changed, at about 3.30 A. M., to southwest.

The Chilian squadron at Mexillones, having coaled, put to sea on the night of the 7th, in two divisions. The first division, consisting of the slower vessels, the "Blanco," "Covadonga," and "Mathias Cousiño," sailed at 10 P. M., and steered down the coast, towards Antofagasta; the second division, under commander La Farré, consisting of the "Cochrane," "O'Higgins," and "Loa," sailing on the morning of the 8th, before daylight, with orders to cruise twenty-five miles off Point Angamos. This was done in consequence of telegraphic instruction from the Chilian authorities. The Commodore had intended to move south, along the coast, in similar divisions, the first skirting the coast, and looking in at the bays, while the second kept pace with them, about forty miles off shore.

The result was the same, whichever plan had been followed.

At half-past three in the morning of the 8th of October, the weather being fine and clear, the smoke of two vessels approaching, under Point Letas, and distant about six miles, was reported from the top of the "Blanco."

At daylight the enemies recognized each other.

The "Huascar" ran to the southwest for an hour, under full speed, making nearly eleven knots; the "Blanco" and "Covadonga" following, and making less than eight knots. The "Mathias Cousiño" was first sent in towards Antofagasta, but, later, turned and followed her consorts. Riveros, the Chilian Commodore, soon saw that such a chase was hopeless; but still, on the chance of an accident to the machinery of the "Huascar," or her consort, or of their turning to the northward, and being cut off by his second division, he determined to continue it.

The Peruvians could not afford to run any risks with their ships. If the "Huascar" was lost, it would entail serious consequences to the Peruvian cause; and it was therefore proper for Grau to attempt escape. Finding that he could outrun his pursuers, he reduced his speed, and turned his ships' heads to the northward. Not very long after this, smoke was seen to the northwest, and, having diverged a little from her course, to reconnoitre, the "Huascar" recognized the Chilian "Cochrane," and her consorts. At about the same time the "Huascar" was seen from the "Cochrane," and the "Loa" was sent to reconnoitre.

Grau had supposed that the "Cochrane" only steamed eight knots, and thought he could easily run away from her, so he stood toward the "Loa," for a short time. Finding, however, that the "Cochrane" was changing her

bearings more rapidly than he had anticipated, he stood more to the eastward, and ordered "full speed."

The "Union," which had been on the "Huascar's" port quarter, now, at about 8 A. M., crossed her stern, and passed to starboard of her, at full speed. This vessel made the best of her way to Arica; followed, until dark, by the Chilian ships "O'Higgins" and "Loa."

There appears to have been a good deal of criticism upon the commanding officers of these three ships—the first for not engaging, and the others for not continuing the pursuit.

The three ironclads were now comparatively close to each other, and Grau saw that his only chance of escape lay in his speed. There were but three courses open to him.

First—to turn boldly and meet the "Cochrane," and, though inferior in gun power, endeavor to ram or cripple her, before the "Blanco" could come up.

Secondly—to endeavor to escape to the northeast, between the "Cochrane" and the shore, trusting to have superior speed.

Thirdly—to turn round and engage, or escape past, the "Blanco."

Grau chose the second course.

At nine A. M., the "Cochrane" having approached within about four thousand yards, and it being evident that she could cross his bows, Grau ordered his crew to quarters and entered his iron-cased conning tower, where he was alone. In going to quarters, on board the "Huascar," an accident took place, in shifting the steering-gear from the usual situation to the protected one, in the turret chamber, under the conning tower.

While a make-shift tackle was being rove the "Huascar" yawed considerably.

At half-past nine, the "Cochrane" being about 3000 yards distant, the "Huascar" opened fire with her turret guns. The second shot ricochetted, and entered the "Cochrane's" unarmored bow, doing some damage, but not exploding. At this time the Chilian "Blanco" was about six miles astern. The "Cochrane" did not answer the "Huascar's" two shots; but stood on until within two thousand yards, when she opened fire. The first shot penetrated the "Huascar's" armor on the port side, entered the turret-chamber, and exploded, set fire to the wood-work, killed or wounded twelve men, and jammed the wheels on which the turret revolved, for the time being. The "Huascar" fired a 300-pound Palliser chilled shell, and struck the "Cochrane's" side armor, at an angle of about thirty degrees. The plate struck was six inches thick, and was indented, and scored out to a depth of three inches, the bolts started, and the backing forced in.

The "Huascar" soon after stood a little to port, with the intention of ramming the "Cochrane," but the latter avoided this, by turning an equal amount to port, and keeping parallel with her antagonist.

Five minutes after the "Huascar's" conning tower was struck by a shell, which exploded in it, shattered it, and blew Admiral Grau to pieces—only one foot and a few fragments of his body being found. Grau usually directed the movements of his vessel with his head and shoulders above the tower, and the shell, therefore, probably hit him at about the waist.

This shot also killed Lieutenant Diego Ferré, the Admiral's Aid, who was at the fighting wheel, and only separated from the conning tower by a light wooden grating. Ferré's death appears to have been caused by concussion, as no wounds were found upon his body. This shot also

damaged the fighting wheel, and the ship ran off to the eastward until the damage was repaired, when she again headed to the northward.

About this time a shell penetrated the armor of the turret, which was trained on the port-quarter, in the thickest part, to the left of the port of the right gun. This shell killed or disabled most of the two guns' crews.

Among these were two gun-captains, Englishmen, who had been trained on board the gunnery-ship, "Excellent," and Commander Carbajal, who had come to inform the second in command, Commander Elias Aguirre, that he was now in command.

The left gun was not injured, and relief crews were sent to it; but the firing was very wild. The right gun was disabled by the compressor and cap-square being bent. At this time Lieutenant Rodriguez, who was looking out of the gun-port, had his head taken off. This, in connection with the previous casualties, so demoralized the Peruvians that most of the subsequent fighting was done by the foreigners of the "Huascar's" ship's company. By this time the fire from the Nordenfelt guns and the small arms of the Chilians had driven most of the officers and men of the "Huascar" down into the ward-room. Some of these were wounded, but the most were merely taking refuge there.

The "Cochrane" now attempted to ram, coming at right angles to her adversary. She missed the "Huascar," going close astern of her, but a shot from one of her port-guns pierced the armor of the "Huascar," on the starboard quarter, exploding, and doing much damage—among other things, carrying away the steering apparatus.

The "Huascar" now again headed to the eastward: but a shell pierced the armor, abreast of the engine-room,

covering the engine with fragments of all kinds, and killing and wounding many persons. Among these were Surgeon Tavara, and Mr. Griffiths, the master of the English schooner "Coquimbo," captured a few days before, and whose crew had been forced to render service during the action.

The relieving tackles, by which the "Huascar" was now steered, were not only exposed to shot, but had a very bad lead, and the steering was very uncertain, not only from that cause, but because Commander Aguirre had to command the vessel from one of the look-out hoods of the turret, and the word had to be passed clear aft, on the lower deck, to the men at the relieving tackles. There was, probably, not much real control of the "Huascar" after the conning tower was destroyed, Grau killed, and the main steering wheel disabled.

The "Cochrane" now again attempted to ram the "Huascar," firing her bow-gun, at two hundred yards, and coming on at right angles. She again missed her blow, and passed astern.

It was by this time ten o'clock, and the "Blanco" arrived on the scene of action, passing between the "Huascar" and the "Cochrane," just as the latter was preparing to ram, for the third time. The "Cochrane," to avoid the imminent danger in which she was placed by her consort's ram, was forced to turn to port, and then to run northward, increasing her distance to about twelve hundred yards.

The "Huascar" then turned to starboard, and headed for the "Blanco," with the intention of ramming her, at the same time firing some ineffectual shots at her. The "Blanco" sheered to starboard also, and passing close under her stern, poured a broadside into that vulnerable part, which killed or wounded all the men at the relieving

tackles, as well as many of the wounded, and the others who had taken refuge in the officers' quarters. The wounded were now removed to the coal-bunkers and store-rooms; and the "Huascar" stood to the westward.

On account of a number of shot having passed through her smoke-stack, driving down soot, débris of all kinds, and smoke into the fire-room, it was impossible to see the gauges. In consequence, the water got too low in one of the boilers, and the tubes were burned through, which caused a great escape of steam; so that the Chilians thought they had struck one of the boilers.

There had been four men stationed at a Gatling gun, in the "Huascar's" top, but three were killed, and the other driven below, by the fire from the Chilian tops, although the "Huascar's" top had a screen of boiler-iron.

About half-past ten the flag-staff, with the "Huascar's" colors, was shot away, and for some moments all firing ceased, as it was supposed she had surrendered; but a Frenchman, who was a loader at one of the guns, went aft, and hoisted another flag at her gaff. Just then another shot penetrated the turret of the "Huascar," killing or mortally wounding every man in it, including Commander Aguirre. This shot had such terrible effect that when this officer's body was found and identified, all the upper part of the head was gone, the lower jaw only remaining. In addition his body was most fearfully mutilated. Another officer was terribly wounded by this shot.

The command of the "Huascar" had now devolved upon the fourth officer, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon. The vessel was almost unmanageable, and on fire in several places, but the engines were kept going, and an occasional gun fired.

The "Cochrane" now returned, and again tried to ram,

and was only prevented from doing so by a chance movement of the "Huascar."

Both Chilian ships then followed up the Peruvian, using great guns, musketry and machine guns. They were both in good condition, although the "Cochrane" had been struck on her unarmored stern, and had some ten men killed and wounded.

The "Covadonga" now came up, and joined the other Chilian vessels, and Lieutenant Garezon, after a council with the surviving officers, determined to sink the "Huascar," by opening her valves, and thus deprive his enemies of the satisfaction of taking possession of her.

Chief Engineer McMahon succeeded in partially accomplishing this, by opening the circulating valve of the condensers, but to do this he had to stop the engines. They were at work on the main injection valve when Lieutenant Simpson, of the "Cochrane," who had boarded her, interfered with the operation, revolver in hand.

While this was going on, some of the "Huascar's" men waved towels and handkerchiefs, and the Chilians, on seeing this, ceased firing, and the "Huascar's" flag was then hauled down.

It was at this moment that Simpson boarded her, and then came surgeons and engineers from the Chilians.

On taking possession they found three or four feet of water in the hold. Some of the holes made by projectiles in her sides were nearly awash, and in a few minutes more the vessel would have sunk. She was also found to be on fire in several places, one of which was dangerously near the magazine. Fortunately the sea was smooth. The valves were closed, the steam pumps started, and the fires extinguished. The wounded and the prisoners were then transferred to the Chilian ships.

The "Huascar's" engines were uninjured, as were three

out of her four boilers, and they were able to get her into port, at Mexillones, that same afternoon; and in two days, after temporary repairs, she was sent to Valparaiso. Here proper plates were found, which had been sent out from England for the "O'Higgins;" and by the 8th of the succeeding December she was in active service again under the Chilian flag.

The scene presented on board the "Huascar," when boarded by her captors, was most terrible. Hardly a square yard of her upper works had escaped injury, including her smoke-stack, conning tower, boats, davits, mast and chain-plates. Her bulwarks, poop, forecastle and hatch-combings were much injured, while her capstan was struck and knocked entirely overboard. During the latter part of the fight, indeed, the Peruvian had been little more than a floating target for the Chilian's accurate fire.

Eighteen dead bodies were taken out of the cabin, and the turret was full of the remains of the two sets of guns' crews.

The light wood-work, ladders and bulkheads were all destroyed. The ship's log-book had been destroyed, but complete working drawings of the "Blanco" and "Cochrane" were found on board,

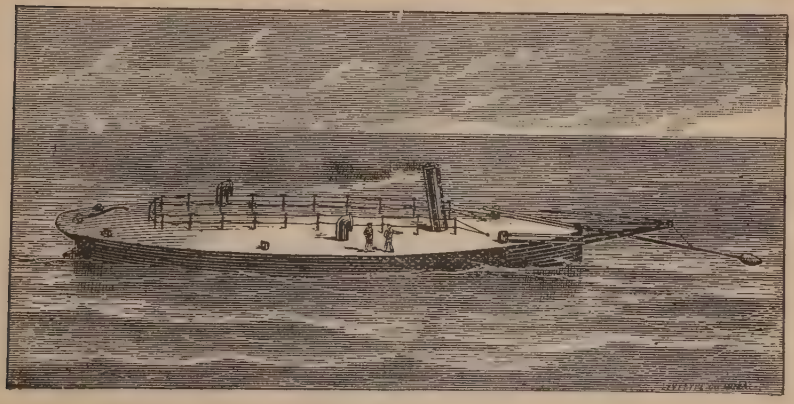
The action lasted one hour and a half; and during this time the "Huascar" lost her commander and the three next senior officers, either killed or disabled, and had twenty-eight officers and men killed, and forty-eight wounded, out of a crew of about two hundred.

Nearly every time she was struck the greatest temporary damage possible was inflicted, and yet no permanent injury was caused. The armor was really a disadvantage to her, for it served to explode the enemy's projectiles, which only stopped when they struck at the

very smallest angles. The backing and inner skin only served to increase the number of fragments, which were driven in with deadly effect. The shell which passed through the thin sides of the forecastle did not explode, and did but little damage. Each shell which pierced the armor exploded, and each explosion set the ship on fire in a new place. The Chilian small-arm men and the Nordenfelt machine gun drove all the Peruvians off the deck, and away from the unprotected guns there. The "Cochrane" fired forty-five Palliser shells. The "Blanco" fired thirty-one. It is thought that the "Huascar" fired about forty projectiles from her turret guns.

The "Cochrane" was hit three times. The "Blanco" was untouched, while the "Huascar" received at least sixteen large Palliser shells, besides Nordenfelt bullets and shrapnel. The shot-holes in the "Huascar" were so jagged and irregular that no ordinary stoppers could be of any service.

The officers who have given us the account of this action make a number of practical deductions and suggestions of great importance, but not necessary to be quoted here.



STEEL TORPEDO BOAT AND POLE.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. JULY 11TH, A. D. 1882.

IT would be rather presumptuous for any one to attempt at this time to give the real causes of the bombardment of Alexandria, and of the subsequent operations of the British army in Egypt. The Egyptian leader, Arabi Pasha, has been tried, and the tribunal, while sparing his life, sentenced him to be banished to Ceylon, where he is now. Nothing definite was made public, however, as to the assurances of support and sympathy which he is supposed to have had, not only from the Sublime Porte, but from other nations.

Egyptian politics may be symbolized by a tangled skein which time alone can unravel. Some day it may be known whether the ostensible reasons brought a great calamity about, or whether secret and less worthy motives caused the action of the British ministry, and controlled their fleet and army.

In the summer of 1882 Arabi Pasha, who had complete control of the military force of Egypt, although the Khedive had not been formally deposed, was strengthening the forts about Alexandria, and increasing their armament. As he was opposed to English or any foreign control in Egypt, England naturally felt alarm for the safety of the Suez Canal, which is so vitally

important for her communications with her great Eastern empire, as well as for her general commerce. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, with a powerful squadron of the largest ironclads and a number of gun-boats, had been ordered to Alexandria, in observation.

The city of Alexandria, named from its founder, Alexander the Great, has experienced many vicissitudes. The modern city is built on a peninsula, which was formerly the Island of Pharos, and on the isthmus connecting it with the mainland. The ancient city was on the mainland, where its ruins cover a vast extent of surface.

Founded nearly three and a half centuries before the Christian era, it rose, under the liberal and beneficent sway of the Ptolemies, to great eminence as a seat of learning, as well as of commerce. Under the Roman Empire it continued to be a very splendid and influential city, second only to Rome herself, and engrossing the lucrative traffic with India. Its library was one of the wonders of the world—400,000 volumes being in the Museum, and 300,000 in the temple of Serapis. The former was accidentally destroyed by fire during the war with Julius Cæsar; and the latter was burnt by command of Caliph Omar, upon the Mohammedan conquest, in the year 640. After the discovery by the Portuguese of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, its commerce fell off, and its population dwindled to a few thousands. Gradually it revived again, and for a long time has been the most important commercial city of the Levant, with a very large foreign as well as native population. But, to return: On July 6th, 1882, Admiral Seymour sent an *ultimatum* to Arabi and his council, which had the effect of stopping work upon the fortifications for a short time, and produced a promise that such work should not be renewed.

But on the following night a powerful electric light, on board the ironclad Alexandra, of the English squadron, disclosed the fact that, under cover of the darkness, guns were being mounted on the forts commanding the entrance to the great port, or western harbor—there being two harbors, one east and one west of the isthmus. New guns were placed in position on the north side, also, on the peninsula where the Harem, or residence of the Khedive is situated, and which forms the protection to the main anchorage. Earthworks were also being thrown up there by a very large force.

Seymour telegraphed these facts to the British government, summoned a council of his officers, and made preparations for battle. He then sent a demand to the Egyptian authorities for the surrender of the forts to him within twenty-four hours, with a view to disarmament, under penalty of bombardment.

There was a French fleet in the port, which had been ordered to take no part in any aggressive measures; and there were also naval vessels of several other nations, among which were some of our own, the commanders of which had been very active in affording refuge to Americans resident in Egypt, as well as to citizens of other countries who were not represented by men-of-war.

The French fleet, seeing hostilities imminent, got under way, and steamed out into the offing, followed by the other foreign men-of-war and merchant vessels. Many of these were crowded with refugees, but there were left in the city a large number of Greeks, Italians, Maltese, and Syrians.

The British ships then proceeded to take up their stations before the forts, and a panic ensued among the inhabitants, who quitted the city, as did most of the Europeans who had remained. This they effected with

great difficulty, and there was a prospect of the renewal of the massacre which had taken place some weeks before. The cash chest of the European Director of Customs, which were managed for the benefit of the foreign bondholders, was seized by Arabi, but the officials managed to get away.

On the 10th of July a deputation of Egyptian notables came off to the English flag-ship, to know the meaning of these warlike preparations. They had not heard of the *ultimatum*, which had not reached them, by some blunder, whether on the part of the English or the natives does not appear; and, indeed, the document was brought off to them while they were still on board the ship, by messengers who had been searching for them. They then went on shore, to consider it.

Very early next morning, the 11th of July, a deputation of Egyptian officials came off to say that they were willing to dismount the guns of the forts themselves. This would appear to be all that the English Admiral had originally demanded; but whether he suspected a ruse, or whether he was determined to take offensive measures at any rate, he refused to entertain the proposal, saying that the time for negotiation had expired.

At seven in the morning the first shot was fired from the Alexandra, and eight English ironclads, of the heaviest description, with five heavy gun-boats, opened upon the different forts. These were the heaviest guns and the thickest armor, by far, that had ever been in action. To mention only one, the Inflexible had four 81-ton guns, and armor from sixteen to twenty-four inches thick, and measures 11,400 tons.

The Egyptian forts constituted two distinct systems of defence. The first consisted of those which protected the new port and eastern town; and the second those

which covered the entrances to the outer western harbor. Seymour divided his fleet so as to simultaneously bombard the whole. His ironclads and wooden gun-boats were fitted, in addition to heavy guns, with torpedoes, and Nordenfelt and Gatling machine guns.

The Invincible (flag-ship), Monarch and Penelope, with the Téméraire outside, took up a position at the entrance of the western harbor, about opposite Fort Meks, and about twelve hundred yards from another important work, Fort Marsa-el-Kanat.

They attacked these forts, on the shore of the mainland, while the Superb, Sultan, and Alexandra attacked and totally destroyed the lighthouse fort, and another near it on the peninsula. The Inflexible took up a position between the two divisions, and with her enormous guns, assisted in the work of both.

The gun-boats attacked the "Marabout" batteries, at the entrance of the harbor, running close in, and soon silencing them. One of the gun-boats afterwards covered a landing party, which blew up the heavy guns in Fort Meks.

The Egyptian artillerists surprised the English by the determination with which they fought their guns; but they were all silenced by four o'clock in the afternoon—rather a long time, it would seem, for vessels carrying guns of such power, if they were properly pointed. By this time four of the forts had been blown up, and the Khedive's palace and harem was in flames. The English fire ceased about half-past five in the afternoon.

The casualties of the English were five killed and twenty-eight wounded. This is rather a high number, considering the character of the vessels employed. The Egyptians seemed to have fired only solid shot, and these, in some cases, entered the ships, and caused most of the injuries by splinters.

The Egyptian loss was great, but will probably never be known. It is said that the gunners in the forts were mostly blacks—Soudanese—who are as remarkable for their bravery and bull-dog tenacity, as they are for the very dark color of their skin.

The English are reported to have burst the guns in the ruined forts with dynamite.

Fort Napoleon, a very strong work, somewhat inland, and dating from the French occupation, and Fort Gabarrie, had not been thoroughly bombarded on the first day, and still held out; and arrangements were made to have the Invincible, Monarch and Penelope go in the next day to attack them. In the meantime the Invincible had silenced some outlying batteries, and had sent on shore a party which had burst nine large guns. During the night the Egyptians had repaired an outside battery, but when the inflexible and the Téméraire opened on it, it did not reply, and was found to be abandoned. On the morning after the bombardment the Khedive's palace was still burning, and there were other fires in the town.

The wind had risen, and a swell was coming in, which prevented accurate firing, and at one P. M. all fire ceased, on both sides, having not, of course, been so sustained and continuous as on the preceding day. A white flag was now shown in the town, and a gun-boat was sent up the inner harbor to the Arsenal, with a flag of truce flying. The Arsenal is the official residence of the Ministers of War and Marine, but the gun-boat found no one there, in authority, and no one, in consequence, able to tell the meaning of the white flag flying in the city. The officer sent up, therefore returned to Seymour. Night now drew on, and the fires in the town were evidently extending.

At daybreak, next morning, the whole of the forts were found to be abandoned, and the English Admiral

telegraphed to the fleet not to open fire. Half the city appeared to be in flames, with a dense cloud of smoke hanging over it. The conflagration was, in fact, tremendous, and involved the whole European quarter and the Grand Square. The Egyptian army had retreated.

Towards morning a body of about one hundred Europeans fought their way down to the beach, and were taken off by armed boats from the fleet. They had spent a terrible night, defending themselves in the building of the Ottoman Bank, and other buildings adjacent. During the night hundreds of people were massacred, mostly Christians, and for the two succeeding days Alexandria was the scene of horrors hardly equalled by Paris during the Commune.

An uncontrolled soldiery, released convicts and the scum of the population were let loose, and murder and pillage went on. Petroleum was used to fire many buildings in the best part of this fine and flourishing city.

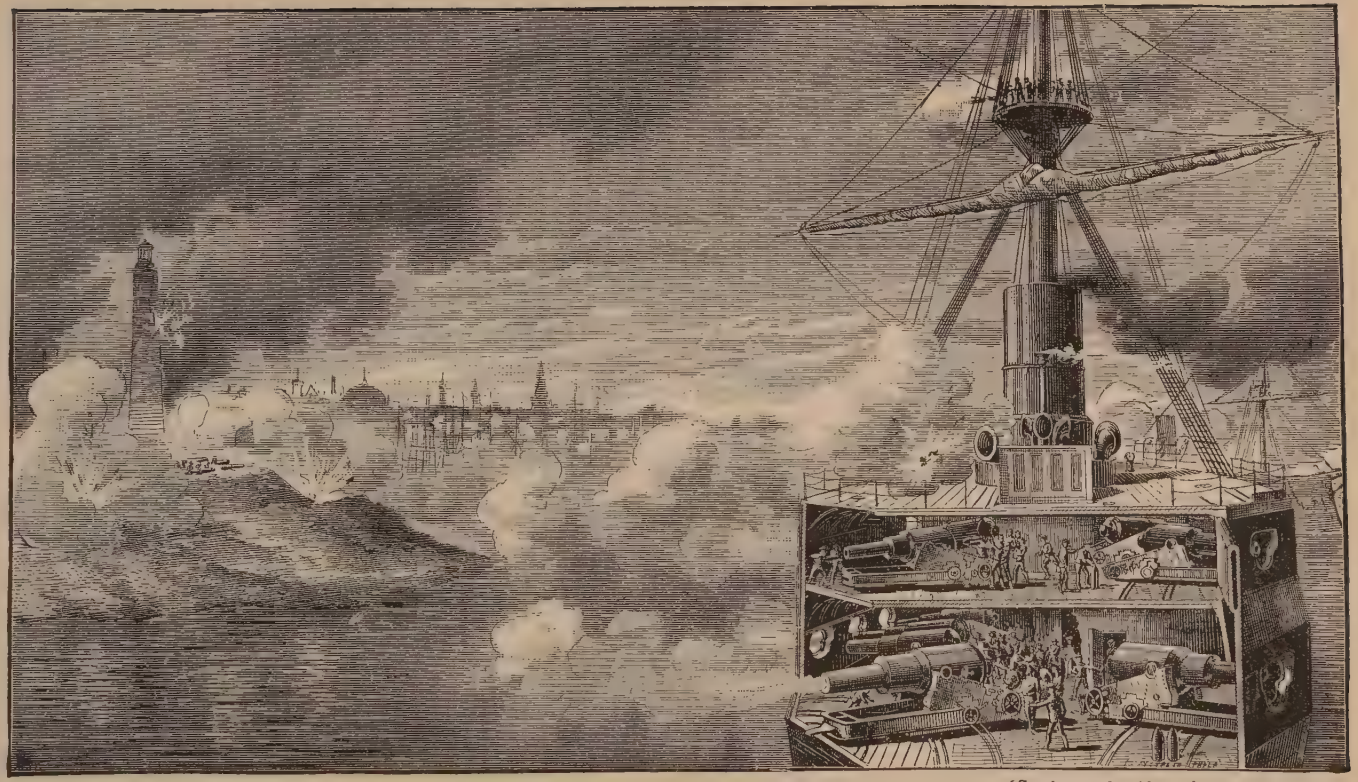
The Khedive was helpless, and really in great danger of his life, in his palace at Ramleh.

Seymour and his officers and men looked on at "this sad spectacle of awful and unexpected catastrophe, which they had no power to prevent."

It is hard to tell whether to blame most the want of statesmanlike forethought, or the want of military perception in the English naval Commander, who precipitated this dreadful state of affairs, without having the means, in the shape of troops, to land and seize the town.

To disinterested observers it was an indefensible act, to bombard a city with such a mixed population, many of whom were prone to rapine and murder, without having the power promptly to put things in order.

The English Government seems to have thought



BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 1882.

{ Section of the Alexandra, showing working of Guns.

Admiral Seymour's conduct good, for they have just made him a Baron.

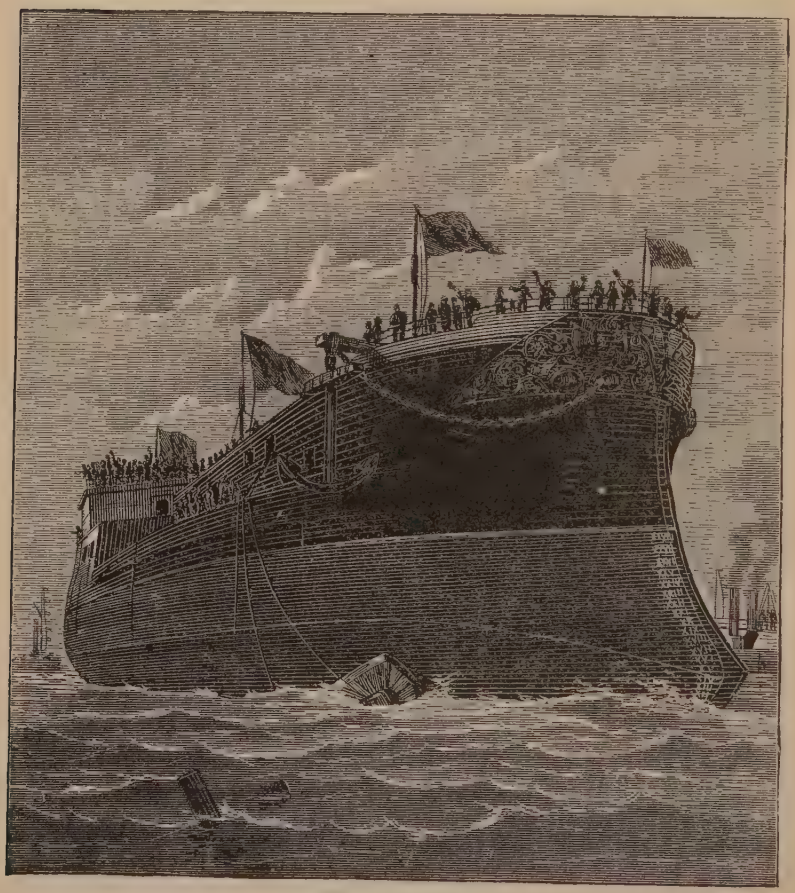
The sailors and marines of the fleet were landed as soon as it was ascertained that Arabi's forces had retreated. These were joined by detachments from the German and American men-of-war, for the purpose of protecting their consulates, in the first place, and then they assisted in extinguishing fires, seizing marauders, and rescuing many terror-stricken people from the most imminent danger; patrolling the streets, and assisting, in every way, to restore order.

As regards the bombardment itself, it may be said that the Egyptian batteries were served steadily and rapidly; and their aim was good. The officers appear to have set a good example to their men, appearing often upon the parapet, to watch the effect of their shot. All the batteries facing the sea were destroyed by the heavy guns opposed to them, and their guns dismounted. An explosion of a magazine, in one fort, is said to have killed all of the garrison. The faces of the batteries were pulverized, and large holes were made in the masonry of the lighthouse, and the large stone fort adjoining was reduced to ruin, and all its guns dismounted. The loss of life in the garrisons of these forts must have been frightful. The harem palace was damaged extensively by shell and by fire.

The Arab quarter behind Fort Pharos caught all the shell which missed the batteries; and here all was chaos and destruction.

Of the English ships, the Penelope was struck five times, and had eight men wounded, and one gun disabled. The Invincible was struck many times, and six shots penetrated. She had six wounded, and some spars shot away. The Monarch, which kept under way, was not hit.

The Superb had her funnel injured, and plates damaged. The Alexandra suffered slight damage in her hull. The Sultan had her main-mast and funnel shot through, and her hull pierced several times in the unarmored part. Two of the 18-ton guns of the Alexandra were disabled by shot, which passed in at the port-holes.



THE ALEXANDRA. 1877.
(Ironclad, English Navy. Her appearance after being launched.)

THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Opening of Japan to Foreign Nations.

WE may well be proud of the fact that our country was the first to open the empire of Japan to the free intercourse which, in common with the rest of the world, we now enjoy with that formerly mysterious country. In former years the Dutch, Portuguese, English, and others had a limited intercourse with the Japanese, but were cut off from that, and, with the exception of the Dutch, entirely expelled from the country two centuries and a half ago. The Dutch alone, of all Christian nations, were allowed to remain for the purposes of traffic, "and they purchased the privilege at the price of national humiliation and personal imprisonment, for which all the profits of gainful barter offer but an inadequate compensation."

This self-isolated empire, Japan, has experienced more radical and startling changes within the last generation than any people or nation of which history treats. It seemed as if, once freed from the trammels which had so long confined it, the empire was determined, at one bound, to place itself abreast of other nations which had attained a high civilization and enlightenment by slow and painful steps. With a wealth of the best models

before them, and the intelligence to be able to throw off their prejudices and avail themselves of those models, the feat was easier, but still remains wonderful, the more we consider it.

Situated at the eastern extremity of Asia, between 31° and 49° north latitude, the empire consists of a large group of islands, many of them small and surrounded by a sea which is not very easy to navigate at all times.

There are three very large islands—Niphon, or Nippon, seven hundred miles long, but so narrow that its breadth in the centre is not more than fifty miles; Kiusiu, about two hundred miles long and fifty miles wide; and Yesso, formerly sometimes called Xicoco, eighty-five or ninety miles long and fifty wide.

There are many mountains, some of them volcanic, and the country is subject to earthquakes, often of a serious character.

The number of inhabitants is given as about forty millions; but it is said by late observers that, dense as the population appears to be in certain regions, the country could support many more.

The Japanese appear to be a mixture of the Malay and Mongolian races, like the Chinese, from whom there seems little doubt they derived their civilization, ages ago.

The first knowledge of Japan which the Western world had was given by the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, at the end of the thirteenth century. When he returned from a long sojourn in Asia he was hardly believed when he spoke of a large island off the coast of Cathay, or China, which he called Zipangu. That island is the modern Nippon.

There is no doubt that Marco Polo's written story and accompanying maps had much to do with the determination of Columbus to find the farthest east by sailing

west. Although he was not able to find and open Japan, he did discover a country which has performed a part of his contemplated work—a nation which, if it did not discover Zipangu, was to become the instrument of bringing it into free and full communication with the rest of the world.

It is to the Portuguese that we owe the first real knowledge of Japan. When Mendez Pinto, on a voyage to China in 1542, was driven by a storm to Japan and landed there, the event was considered so important by the authorities of that isolated country that they not only entered it in their archives, but preserved portraits of persons who seemed most strange to them in complexion, features, dress, and language.

The authorities and the visitors were so much pleased with each other that an arrangement was entered into by which a Portuguese ship was to be yearly despatched—probably from Macao—laden with articles of trade. The returns were made in gold, silver, and copper, of which latter metal there was abundance in Japan.

Then came the establishment of a mission under Francis Xavier, afterwards canonized by the Catholic Church, and a man of wonderful ability and with all the requisites for a Christian missionary of his time. He and his assistants did not meddle with Japanese affairs or politics, soon made friends, and many converts; but St. Francis Xavier died in 1552, and his successors were not so wise or so Christian-like as he had been. They differed among themselves and meddled with matters which did not concern them. The Franciscans and Dominicans quarrelled with the Jesuits, but they obtained, among them, a very large number of converts, among whom were numbered some of the princes or feudal lords.

The Dutch came next in establishing a footing in

Japan, about 1598. One of their first vessels had an English pilot named William Adams, who has left us a narration of his long residence there—a romantic story, but which can only be alluded to here. He arose to high distinction, and, among other things, instructed the Japanese in the art of ship-building and mathematics.

An English factory was established at Hirado in 1613, but the enterprise was soon abandoned.

All went well with the Portuguese until about the year 1617, when a revolution occurred in Japan which placed in power those who were hostile to both foreign traders and to missionaries. This revolution had a fatal effect upon the Portuguese influence, especially as they had, as has been said, showed imprudence in mingling in the politics of the country, while their ambassador exhibited great pride and haughtiness, in marked contrast with the Dutch. The latter, attending strictly to their mercantile transactions and moved by hatred and jealousy of their rivals, the Portuguese, took good care to give the assurance that they themselves were of a different creed from the Jesuits.

When, therefore, in 1637, the Portuguese—traders, missionaries, and all—were banished from the country, after many persecutions and much bloodshed, the Dutch were allowed to keep up an intercourse, but under severe restrictions.

Once rid of the Portuguese, there then began a persecution of the native Christians, which continued for many years, during which it is said that several millions suffered for their faith. The number sounds large, but all accounts agree in regard to it.

Then the Dutch fell under suspicion, for several good reasons, and were only permitted to remain at all on condition of residing at one spot, where they could

be guarded and every motion observed. In 1641 they were ordered to remove to Dezima, a small island near Nagasaki, which Kæmpfer said "was more like a prison than a factory." But, unwilling to quit the prospect of profitable trade, they willingly underwent this imprisonment and agreed to forego any of the outward signs of Christianity, such as leaving off divine service, etc.

The island Dezima is shaped like a fan, and is very small, only about six hundred by two hundred and fifty feet, and mostly of artificial construction. It was connected with the town of Nagasaki by a bridge, on which there was always a strong guard. The whole island was surrounded by a high fence with iron spikes. No stone houses were permitted to be built, and the interpreters, clerks, and servants were spies, whom the Dutch were obliged to pay. The few ships allowed to come annually were searched and their arms and powder taken away. "A more annoying and thorough system of imprisonment and espionage was never devised."

Although subject to this oppression and contumely, the Dutch continued their trade—one or two ships going from Batavia every year—until Japan was thrown open to the world by means of the action of the American expedition of 1853. But before speaking of that expedition we must allude to the idea which has been extensively entertained that there were formerly, and until quite recently, two Emperors at the same time in Japan. This erroneous idea was conceived in this way. About the year 1200, of our era, the then Emperor created a supreme general, called Shógun. Each Shógun owed allegiance to the Emperor, and was invested by him, but his position as supreme head of the military organization, which gave him immense influence with the powerful nobles or feudal lords, made him almost the equal of

the sovereign. Several years after Japan had been opened to the world and treaties made with many nations, in 1868, the Shógun's power was shattered during a war which might be denominated a revolution. Military domination was swept away and the Mikado reinstated in his position of supreme authority. In that year the powerful Tokugawa clan, and others who supported the Shógun, were overcome by the great clans of Satsuma, Choshin, and Tosa, and a powerful northern opposition was put down by the Mikado's forces.

It is a curious fact that the Stonewall Jackson, an ironclad, took part in this war. She had been built in France for the Confederates, taken to Havana, and then claimed by our government as a spoil of war. She was sold by the United States to Japan, and taken out there and delivered by one of our naval officers.

And now to relate some of the events in Japan in which our country was most concerned.

In 1831 our first effort at intercourse began. A Japanese junk which had been blown off their coast had drifted about the Pacific for a long time, and at length went ashore near the mouth of the Columbia River. Her crew were kindly treated and sent to China, whence they were sent, on board an American merchant ship, the Morrison, to Japan. People were not then aware of a Japanese law which prohibited the return of any Japanese who had left their country. At any rate, it was an errand of mercy. When the Morrison entered Jeddo Bay the Japanese, finding she was unarmed, fired at her with shotted guns, and she was forced to go to Kagosima. Meeting the same reception there, she returned to Macao with the shipwrecked Japanese on board.

Complaints having multiplied that American seamen wrecked on the coast of Japan had been harshly treated

by the authorities of that country—which was very true, for the writer was a shipmate of one who had been so treated, and often talked with him of his adventures—our government was anxious to make a treaty which would provide that such unfortunates should be kindly treated, and also that American vessels in distress should be able to enter Japanese ports for needed supplies. So Commodore Biddle, with the Columbus, of 90 guns, and the sloop-of-war Vincennes, of 20 guns, entered the Bay of Jeddo, in 1846. The ships were at once surrounded by guard boats—four hundred of them. The ships remained ten days, but no one belonging to them landed, and an application for license to trade was met by the answer: "No trade can be allowed with any foreign nation but Holland."

The next attempt was in 1849, when the United States sloop-of-war Preble, Commander Glynn, was sent to inquire as to the detention in Japan of sixteen American seamen who had been shipwrecked on the coast of the islands. As the Preble approached Nagasaki harbor she was surrounded by boats and warned off. But the ship stood in with a fair breeze, and anchored in spite of them. Troops were hurriedly gathered and heavy batteries erected on the elevated shores, all bearing upon the ship. But Commander Glynn persisted, in spite of threats and subterfuge, demanding the prisoners and saying that the government meant to protect its citizens and means would be at hand to enforce its demands. Afterwards he sent word that the men must be delivered to him in two days' time; and then the Japanese, finding him in earnest, gave them up. They had been very cruelly treated. Other attempts than those we have mentioned were made at different times, without success, by other nations, the English and the Russians especially.

Commodore Perry's successful expedition left the United States in November, 1852, several vessels intending to join it being already in Chinese ports.

It was well known that our government contemplated such an expedition, and it had been the subject of much comment in several European countries more immediately concerned. The general opinion was that the mission would, like the many others which had been attempted by various powers, prove fruitless, from the prejudices and obstinacy of the Japanese. But they did not reckon upon the great tact, skill, and firmness which were to be displayed in the accomplishment of this difficult task. The President's letter was presented on July 14th, 1853, when the squadron left with a promise to return next season for an answer. On March 31st, 1854, a treaty of peace and amity, providing especially for the protection of American sailors, was signed.

In June, 1857, a new treaty was made at Simoda, by Townsend Harris, American Consul-General to Japan, who succeeded in the next year in reaching Jeddo in spite of opposition, where he negotiated a third treaty, covering many more points than the first ones.

Other nations soon followed us in making treaties, until Japan was in full intercourse with the world at large.

It is impossible, here, to give more than a sketch of the many interesting incidents of Perry's first visit, but we will endeavor to give a few points.

On the 7th of July, 1853, the Susquehanna and the Mississippi, paddle-wheel frigates, with the Plymouth and the Saratoga, sloops-of-war, entered the Bay of Yedo, the sailing sloops-of-war being in tow of the steamers, and the crews of the junks which were overhauled showed every evidence of surprise at the sight of the first steamships they had ever seen, taking to their oars and sweeps

and hastily getting out of their course. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the squadron anchored off the city of Uraga, and from their position distinctly saw the sacred mountain, Fusiyama, although it was at a distance of about sixty miles. Previous to anchoring a number of guard boats were observed coming off, and, contrary to the practice permitted during the visit of the Columbus, the Commodore determined to exclude casual visitors, so that they were not permitted even to make fast their boats to the ships, much less to come on board—a proceeding which seemed to anger the Japanese officials, but had a good effect in the end. Soon after an official came to warn the ships off, and he made signs to have the gangway ladder of the flag-ship lowered for him. But the interpreter told him that the Commodore was a very high officer of his government, and that he would receive no one but a functionary of the highest rank, and was asked why the Governor himself did not come off. He replied that he was forbidden by law to do so, and asked that he (the speaker, who was Vice-Governor,) should be received. After some delay this was done, but he only saw the Commodore's aide, who told him that the Commodore's intentions were perfectly friendly, and that he brought a letter from the President of the United States addressed to the Emperor. The Japanese official insisted that the ships must go to Nagasaki and there deliver the letter, as that was the only place, under their law, for the transaction of business with foreigners. He was told that the Commodore would not go to Nagasaki, but expected to be duly and properly received where he was, near Yedo, and intimated that force might be used to deliver the message with which he was charged. He was prepared to meet the Japanese on their own ground and imitate their own

policy. The result was that the squadron was left free from all annoyance, an event unprecedented in the intercourse of Japan with foreign ships for two centuries.

There were a good many forts and batteries to be seen on the shore, however, and every precaution was taken against a sudden attack, especially as bodies of soldiers could be seen moving about. But the next day the Governor of the city appeared and came on board. Being an official of the third rank, however, the Commodore would not personally meet him. The Governor still insisted upon the ships leaving there and going to Nagasaki, and was again told that they would deliver the letter there, as the nearest point to the capital. At a later interview he was informed that unless an answer was given in three days, and the business which had brought the squadron there was arranged at the present visit, the Commodore would be obliged to return with a larger force, and, as Uraga was an unsafe anchorage, he should go much nearer to Yedo.

It would take many pages to give all the arguments for delay offered by the Japanese ; but the firmness of Perry, who had not been personally seen—as too exalted a person—at last gained the day. The Emperor consented to have a meeting of high officers deputized by him and Commodore Perry in a house built for the purpose, on shore, where the letters could be formally exchanged. All the officers of the squadron who could be spared accompanied the Commodore, in full uniform, and a large force of marines and sailors, under arms, formed a guard of honor. The United States flag and the Commodore's pennant were borne in front by two stalwart seamen, and two boys, appropriately dressed, bore, in an envelope of scarlet cloth, the President's letter and the Commodore's credentials.

After long ceremonial conversations, everything was settled pleasantly, and an answer promised upon the return of the squadron the next spring.

On the 12th of the following February, Perry returned for his answer. The Japanese were quite friendly, and the squadron, of three steamers and four sailing men-of-war, anchored about twelve miles beyond the town of Uraga and about twenty miles from the capital city, Yedo. Even then the Japanese tried to change the place of meeting, but without success, for the Americans persisted in having it at that place, which is now known as Yokohama. Here a fine building was erected as a "Treaty House," and, on the 8th of March, 1854, Perry landed in state for the second time, and on that and the following days conferences were held and handsome presents interchanged. Among arms, implements, wines, and other things, was a small locomotive and tender, with a passenger car, and enough rails to form a track. The Japanese Government sent to the President a great quantity of things peculiar to the country, and all ended in a good understanding and the granting of the demands of the American Government.

Thus, not within the lifetime, but *within the naval lifetime* of the writer, has a nation emerged from complete isolation and become so powerful as to challenge and successfully meet in battle a neighboring nation, some of the provinces of which contain as many inhabitants as the whole of Japan.

No matter what may be the result of the war which is now going on, it is certain that none of the great Western nations which have hitherto controlled, more or less directly, the course of events in the extreme East, will in future venture to take political steps without reckoning Japan as a first-class power. Her resources, military and

naval, are present, while those of the Western nations must be transported halfway round the world to reach them.

Before war was actually proclaimed the ships of China and Japan had two or three conflicts on the Korean coast, one of which involved quite a battle, and the destruction of a small Chinese cruiser which was protecting the landing of Chinese troops, from transports, on the coast of Korea. The second was the sinking of the Kow-Shing, which steamer, in spite of her Chinese name, was an English vessel, and one of the fastest and best employed in the Chinese coast trade.

When the news of the sinking of the Kow-Shing, which took place on the 25th of July, first appeared, there was great bluster in the English papers about holding Japan responsible; but, when the true facts came to light all this talk quickly died away, as it was clearly seen that the Japanese were within their own right in preventing the landing of their enemy's troops in Korea. Of their merciless treatment of the Chinese when struggling in the water a difference of opinion may probably be held.

The "Kow-Shing incident" was as follows:—This vessel, of about 1400 tons, had a crew of Chinese, but the captain, the three mates, and three engineers were Englishmen. She was chartered by the Chinese government, by the month, for military purposes. Toward the end of July she took on board twelve hundred Chinese troops, with two generals, and their body-guards, of about one hundred and fifty men.

War was not formally declared, but two other Chinese troop ships trying to land men, and under escort of men-of-war, accomplished their purpose, but an action succeeded between the convoying vessels and some

Japanese cruisers, in which one of the Chinese ships suffered great loss, and was set on fire. Her commander ran her on shore, where she shortly blew up.

The Japanese succeeded in intercepting the Kow-Shing, and determined to force her to return without landing the troops she had on board.

But one of the Chinese cruisers, the Tsi-Yuen, accompanying the two which had landed troops, observing the Japanese cruiser Naniwa taking note of the operation, is said to have approached the Naniwa with the Japanese flag flying and suddenly opened fire upon her, as evidence of which an officer of the Kow-Shing was shown a shell, which happily did not explode, in the ward-room of the Naniwa. "What happened afterwards was probably done, at least in part, as retaliation for this act of fighting under false colors."

On July 25th at 8 o'clock in the morning, the Kow-Shing, with the Chinese troops on board, sighted the Naniwa, which signalled her to stop and then to anchor; she did so, and then signalled "Can we proceed?" As an answer to this the Japanese cruiser sent a boat, with an armed crew and two officers, who proceeded to the captain's cabin, where they examined the ship's papers. They were told that the Kow-Shing was a British steamer, with the British Consul's clearance, flying the British flag, and that war had not been declared when she left port.

Major Von Hanneken, the German officer in Chinese employ, told the Chinese generals what had passed, and the latter said they had rather die where they were, and said that if the British officers attempted to leave the Kow-Shing they would be killed by their body-guard. The English captain tried his hardest to show them how

useless it was to resist the Naniwa, but without success. By this time the boat had returned to the Naniwa, and the latter signalled, "weigh, cut or slip, wait for nothing" meaning that the English captain was to carry his ship back to the place whence she had come, and not attempt to land the generals and their troops in Korea. If they had obeyed the order there would have been no loss of property or life. But the Chinese would not allow the captain to move, and threatened death again if he did so. The Naniwa then steamed abeam of the Kow-Shing, on the port side, about 500 yards off. Then she blew her whistle, ran a red flag up to her foremast head, and discharged a torpedo, which however fell short. Immediately afterward, seeing that the torpedo had missed, the Naniwa fired a broadside which hulled the Kow-Shing, which keeled over to starboard and immediately began to sink.

The English officers at once jumped overboard, and began to swim for the land, through swarms of Chinamen, dead or drowning. Bullets were striking on every side. They came from the Chinese soldiers who were herded on the only part of the Kow-Shing left above water. Then the Englishmen swam toward the Naniwa, and after being a long time in the water were picked up by her boats. By this time only the Kow-Shing's masts were visible, and two of her boats, while crowds of Chinese in the water were swimming about. The officer of the Japanese cutter which had picked up the Englishmen said he was ordered to sink the boats. He did fire at them and then returned to the Naniwa without picking up any of the Chinese. The next day the Naniwa joined the rest of the Japanese fleet, and the Englishmen were sent by despatch boat to Japan, where they were set at liberty a few days afterwards.

The Chinese and Japanese have for ages been in communication, mercantile and otherwise, but there has always, so far as history goes, been an underlying hostility in the feelings of the two nations. These feelings have been aggravated by collisions at various periods in regard to sovereignty, and the commercial intercourse with the Loo-choo Islands, as well as in regard to Formosa, a very large and immensely valuable possession for the nation which may be fortunate enough to hold it. At present the greater part of the island is in the possession of native clans, and the Chinese control the country for only a short distance inland, upon the southwestern portion mostly.

Then again, China and Japan have been at difference for a long time in regard to the Korean territory, over which China has always claimed a jurisdiction, which however she has not practically exercised, except by intriguing in the state affairs of the country and demanding acts of vassalage. When Japan, whose interests in her neighbors are very important, protested against Chinese intrigue and influence, she was received with ill-disguised contempt. Upon war being declared by Japan, the Emperor of China and his advisers, not recognizing the forward state of preparation of the Japanese, is said to have ordered his military and naval commanders to "exterminate the Japanese vermin." How far the effort at "extermination" went, the whole world now knows.

Japan solemnly declared, in a diplomatic note, that her whole object in the war was to settle and secure once for all the separation and independence of Korea. Of course, if successful, she would demand compensation for the immense outlay incurred in her campaigns by land and sea; and, while not approaching the sum paid

by France to Germany at the close of the Franco-German war, it will be very large indeed, and one which will hamper the Chinese government for a generation to come, as their fiscal methods do not readily lend themselves to such an emergency.

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF THE YALU, SEPT. 17, 1894.

Since the advent of modern battle-ships of the new type, armed with high-powered rifled ordnance, naval officers of all nations had been eagerly looking for an occasion when the use of such ships and guns would be an object lesson to them, and various theories in regard to naval warfare would be put to the test of actual practice. While most people were looking to movements in other and widely distant parts of the world—some predicting a naval battle in the North Sea, while others looked for a battle of giants in the Mediterranean—the problem was in part solved for them by a pitched battle in the far Orient, between the Japanese and Chinese fleets, and which will be known in history as the battle of the Yalu.

The rival fleets may be said to have illustrated each a different principle. That represented by the Chinese was the principle of the school which puts material above *personnel*, for their fleet contained the heaviest ships and the largest guns, although these were not so numerous as those of the Japanese. They had also the most extensive torpedo equipment.

The Japanese represented the school which believes in lighter, more active ships, and in "the man behind the gun"—that is, the greater rapidity and accuracy of fire and ability in manœuvring—much the same as Farragut's conviction that the best protection for a ship was a rapid and accurate fire from her battery.

Before proceeding to describe the battle it would be

well to give some account of the strength of the contending fleets. By this we mean the available naval strength of each nation at the outbreak of the conflict.

The Chinese navy owes its existence principally to the fostering care of the Imperial Viceroy, Li Hung-Chang, now in disgrace. He employed Captain Lang, an Englishman, and other Europeans to drill the ships' companies. But Captain Lang was forced to leave that service some time before the war began, and Captain Von Henneken, a German, who constructed the forts at and near the naval port of Wei-hai-wei, appears to have taken his place as adviser to Admiral Ting—as much as a military man can advise upon naval matters. The Chinese had five heavy ironclads—Ting-Yuen, Chen-Yuen, King-Yuen, Lai-Yuen, and Ping-Yuen—with armor from fourteen to eight inches thick, and armed with Krupp guns, from twelve-inch to eight-inch calibre, mounted in barbette. They had also some quick-fire and a number of machine guns. All of these vessels, except the Ping-Yuen, were built at Stettin, in Germany.

The Chinese protected and partly protected cruisers were nine in number, with armaments of Armstrong and other guns, and a number of quick-fire guns in two of them, the Tschi-Yuen and Ching-Yuen. Most of them were built in Germany and in England, but three of the smaller ones were constructed in the Chinese building yard at Foo-choo. Some of the vessels named were quite fast, but as the speed of a fleet is that of its slowest ship, we must put it down at ten or eleven knots—the speed of the ironclad Ping-Yuen.

The torpedo flotilla included twenty-eight boats of over one hundred feet in length and thirteen over eighty, all built in Stettin.

As regards the Japanese fleet [illegible] armor-clads

(Riujo, Fuso, Kongo, Hi-Yei, and Tschiyoda), all are stated to be practically obsolete but the last, and she was much damaged in the battle by the Chinese Tschi-Yuen. They were all built in England at different dates, from 1864 to 1879. The Tschiyoda, armored cruiser, is a modern ship of about 2500 tons, built in Glasgow. She has a four-and-a-half-inch belt, one-inch deck plating, and mounts 24 quick-fire guns. Her best speed is about nineteen knots.

The modern protected cruisers which took part in the battle on the Japanese side were the Naniwa, Takachiko, Itsukushima, Hashidate, Matsushima, Akitsushima, and Yoshino. The lowest speed of any of these ships was seventeen and a half knots, and they were armed with Armstrong, Canet, and Krupp heavy guns and a very large number of quick-fire 4 7-inch, and smaller guns.

The Akitsushima and Hashidate were built in Japan; the Itsukushima and Matsushima at La Seyne, in France. The Naniwa and Takachiko were English built, as was also the new Yoshino, with a speed of twenty-three knots, 4150 tons, and one of the finest cruisers afloat in any navy.

The Japanese torpedo flotilla consists of 41 boats more than 100 feet in length; but, as we shall have occasion to see later on, torpedoes were of not much importance in the Yalu battle, owing to the manner in which it was fought, and few of those were present.

The principal dock-yard and naval arsenal of Japan is at Yokosuka; and the whole country is divided into two naval districts or departments, each subject to a vice-minister under the naval minister at Tokio, the capital. The discipline and regulations of the Japanese fleet are modelled upon those of Europe and America much more closely than that of China, and the ships are

manned by efficient and well-trained crews, who have excellent and well-instructed officers. So many of the population are engaged in maritime pursuits—either in the fishery or in coasting and carrying on the active communication between the islands composing the empire—that there is a large reserve of hardy, seasoned men to draw upon for service in the navy.

Many of the officers have been educated abroad, some of them being graduates of our own Naval Academy at Annapolis, where, as a rule, they have always stood well in their classes in spite of the difficulty of carrying on their studies in a foreign language. These naval cadets were received at the request of the Japanese government and wore the uniform and were treated in precisely the same way as our own cadet midshipmen, but the Japanese government paid all their expenses.

Thus, though apparently weaker than the Chinese fleet, except in the matter of swift cruisers, the Japanese navy had qualities which gave it the real, practical advantage in the battle of the Yalu. More than ever has it confirmed the theory that speed is the greatest requisite in the sea-fighting of the present day; for it was the swiftness of the Japanese vessels which gained them the advantage in the first place, seconded by rapid and accurate gun-fire.

We shall see that torpedoes had not much opportunity for action, and when used by the Chinese (rather clumsily), failed in taking effect, while there was no use of the ram at all—a manner of offence which many looked to see exemplified in the first great naval battle.

The great sea-fight at the Yalu will not be completely elucidated for some time to come—probably many months—but we know enough about it to be able to give its leading features, mostly from the report made

to the Japanese Emperor by an aide of Admiral Ito, who commanded the fleet of Japanese vessels.

This fleet had been for several days in the estuary of Ping-Yang, in the Bay of Korea, co-operating with the land forces upon the river Ta-Tong. On the morning of September 16th the Admiral was advised that Ping-Yang had been captured, and he at once got under way, proceeding to the northward with eleven ships, the names of which have already been given, and the Saikio, a light-armed vessel having on board Admiral Kabiyama, who was senior to Ito, but who did not assume command, as he was only upon a tour of inspection and his vessel was not intended for fighting. The ships were in two divisions.

On the 17th, in the bay of Takuchao, on the coast of Manchouria, they discovered the Chinese fleet, of fourteen ships and four torpedo-boats. It was then about mid-day. As the opposing forces rapidly approached each other it was seen that the Chinese were coming out of the bay in a formation not unlike a closed crescent or wide V; the Japanese fleet being in line abreast, with the Admiral in the centre in the Matsushima. The little Saikio also took place in line, in spite of her feeble armament.

When about 4000 metres distant the Chinese Admiral and some other of his vessels opened fire, but the Japanese waited until the distance had decreased to 3000 metres before making any reply. Even then they fired but a few shots, after which Admiral Ito, seeing that the Chinese retained their peculiar and very disadvantageous formation, signalled to the van squadron to attack the enemy on the right and the rear squadron to attack the left. At the same time he ordered the Akagi and the Saikio to get on the port or outer side of the rear squad-

ren, for safety. The presence of the two large and heavily plated German-built battle-ships in the Chinese fleet convinced Admiral Ito that he would have to fight the battle under full steam, and, by attacking the Chinese on their flanks, break their formation and throw them into confusion. Seeing that he was exposing first one wing and then the other of his fleet to a concentrated fire which he could only partially return, Admiral Ting now tried to get his vessels into line, and a tremendous cannonade ensued, at a distance varying from a mile to a mile and a half. The ocean fairly shook as the ships swept on, rapidly firing pieces of heavy modern ordnance. The Chinese vessels presented a strange appearance, for not a moving man could be seen upon their upper decks, nor were there any boats at their davits or on their decks. It was said that they had purposely left their boats behind to prevent their crews from deserting.

At first the Chinese fire was fairly accurate; but that of the Japanese, coolly handled, and with the newest pattern of guns, had a terrible precision. The wheeling movement of the Japanese on the right and left flanks, and the terrific effect of their rapid-fire guns, seemed to throw the line of their enemies into disorder and to demoralize their gunners.

During this tremendous and incessant fire one of the Chinese vessels, the Lai-Yuen, an armored cruiser, was badly injured, and the Japanese particularly concentrated their fire upon her as well as others of the Chinese fleet which seemed to be damaged. The Lai-Yuen then began to get low in the water, but her gunners continued to fire almost to the last, when she sank, stern foremost. As her stern went under, her bows rose out of the water, and she is said to have remained in this position for about a minute and a half before she finally disappeared.

This fine vessel was sunk by shot, as not a torpedo had been discharged. Then came the turn of the Tschi-Yuen, which showed signs of being in trouble, and with a concentrated fire directed upon her she soon sank, with every soul on board.

While the rear of the Japanese main squadron was turning the left of the Chinese the Hi-Yei came so close to the latter that, to avoid receiving their fire broadside on, she left the main squadron and steamed straight for the Chinese line, passing between the two large ironclads, the Ting-Yuen and Lai-Yuen. Both these great floating forts fired at her as she passed, and also launched two torpedoes, both of which missed, and on went the Hi-Yei, cheering and firing from both batteries. She had a great number of killed and wounded, but had passed more than half-way through, without serious damage to hull or machinery, when a shell from one of the battle-ships hit her aft, about three feet above the water line, and shattered her mizzenmast and killed her paymaster, both her surgeons, all the medical attendants, the men at the spare steering-gear, and many of the powder division. These were all in the ward-room, which was the surgeon's quarters in action. Besides this damage the shell set her on fire, and her commander, named Sakurai, was obliged to run out of the line of fire until he could subdue the flames.

The Saikio, which was only a steamer of commerce turned into an armed vessel, had a somewhat similar experience with the two great Chinese ironclads. A shell from the Ting-Yuen struck her and destroyed her steering apparatus, so that she had to withdraw from the line of battle, steering as well as she could by means of her screw propellers. It was evident that the Chinese thought she was trying to ram, for the two steered apart

and made an opening through which the Saikio passed, escaping the torpedoes launched by the Chinese. During these exciting moments the fire slackened a little on both sides, but was renewed, as soon as the little vessel was safely out of the way, with greater force than ever.

By this time the Chinese cruiser Tchao-Yung had become disabled in her machinery, and was forced onto a reef of rock; but she continued to use her guns vigorously against two of the Japanese fleet which had closed with her, the effect of whose fire was such that she soon went down by the head and slipped off to sink in deep water, leaving about two-thirds of her masts above the surface. All of her crew who could do so took refuge in the rigging and raised pitiable yells of distress. But the fighting was still going on so desperately that no assistance could be rendered to these unfortunate people. Then another Chinese ship came to grief, the Yang-Wai, which retired slowly from the battle, evidently hard hit and rolling heavily, while dense masses of smoke came up from her.

Seeing that she was *hors de combat*, the Japanese did not pursue her. Indeed, the fight was too close to permit them to detach any of their ships. Although they had not suffered so much as the Chinese their damages were very considerable. A shell had struck the Matsushima which had dismounted her forward rapid-fire gun and killed and wounded a number of her crew. The gun was thrown across her deck with such force as to damage the hull of the vessel very considerably. Indeed, as flag-ship, the Matsushima had been the object of particular attention from the Chinese ever since the battle began. She had her commander and her first lieutenant killed and one hundred and twenty of her ship's company killed and wounded. Yet, in spite

of the treatment she had received, she seemed in no danger of sinking.

But Admiral Ito needed a flag-ship in better fighting condition than that to which the Matsushima was reduced, and so he had a boat lowered, and accompanied by his staff passed to the Hashidate and hoisted his flag there. The Japanese cruiser Yoshino bore a very conspicuous part in the engagement; and when her captain perceived that the Hi-Yei was disabled, he manœuvred his ship in such a way as to cover her withdrawal, and then taking her place, attacked her enemy with the greatest vigor. She was struck many times and her forward barbette and gun were seriously damaged, but the damages were promptly repaired, and she was not forced out of action.

During the battle the Chinese tried to use torpedoes several times, but the Japanese kept a good lookout for them, and not one made a hit. The captain of the gun-vessel, Akagi, stationed himself in the foretop and followed all the movements of the Chinese, so that whenever they prepared to launch a torpedo he signalled the fact. But at last a shot struck the mast, cut it in two, and, as it fell to the deck, it killed the captain and the two signal-men who were aloft with him. The first lieutenant assumed command, cleared the wreck, and continued the fight until night put an end to it.

As the evening drew near a dense smoke arose from the ironclad Ting-Yuen and from two of the Chinese cruisers, and they were supposed by the Japanese to be on fire, especially as their batteries had very much slackened and only fired intermittently. But they still held their ground, and it was not until sundown that they were seen to be in full retreat.

The Japanese fleet hauled off seaward, expecting to renew the action in the morning and fearing to follow

too closely, perhaps on account of torpedoes, while their speed was necessarily slow, as it had to be regulated by that of their own damaged vessels.

When day dawned not a sign of the Chinese fleet was to be seen. They had made the best of their way to the secure refuge of the naval arsenals and docks at Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. Admiral Ito then steamed toward Talu Island, where, aground and abandoned by her officers and crew, they discovered the Yang-Wei. She was at once destroyed by a torpedo, which, it is interesting to remark, was the only one used on the Japanese side during the whole of the operation.

The Japanese fleet then repaired to the rendezvous off the mouth of the Ta-Tong River, from whence the Akagi, Matsushima, Hi-Yei, and Saikio were sent home for repairs, Admiral Ito's flag being on board the Hashidate, where it had been transferred while the action was in progress.

On September 23d the Japanese fleet, reconnoitring the neighborhood of Port Arthur, discovered the Chinese cruiser Kuang-Ki on shore in Talien-Wan Bay, and, as the Japanese drew near, they saw the Chinese abandon and blow her to pieces.

This was the fifth war-ship lost by the Chinese since the beginning of the battle of the Yalu. Though some were much damaged, not a Japanese vessel was lost. Twelve Japanese officers and 98 men were killed, and 13 officers and 170 men were wounded. The Chinese loss, including those who were drowned, was estimated at 2000; but the exact number will probably never be known. From the accounts of eye-witnesses the sea was full of drowning Chinamen at the time the three vessels were sunk during the battle, and few could have been saved, as the severest fighting was going

on and the Chinese vessels, as we have said above, had no boats.

The condition of the Chinese fleet, when it had with difficulty reached Port Arthur under cover of night, was most deplorable. The ironclad Ting-Yuen had more than 200 holes in her made by projectiles, but her armored belt was not seriously damaged, the heaviest dents not being much more than a few inches deep. Her sister ship, the Chen-Yuen, was less frequently struck; but the damage she sustained was more important. She almost sunk before she could be secured at her safe anchorage, being several feet by the head. According to the Chinese accounts, it was the rapid-fire guns of comparatively small calibre which inflicted such serious injury.

The captain of one of our American war-ships on the Asiatic station, in describing a visit to the Japanese field-hospital, near Nagasaki, says: "There I got a fair conception of the killing and wounding qualities of the small-bore rifle that all Europe is adopting. The Japanese infantry arm is the Murata, the invention of General Murata, now Chief of Ordnance of Japan. The calibre of the gun is .315, and the bullet weighs 235 grains. I saw a Chinese officer who had been struck in the knee-joint by one of these bullets, fired at a distance of about 1000 yards. The thin steel envelope of the bullet had broken, and the joint was simply a mass of finely comminuted bone splinters. The knee was perfectly soft, without a bone in it unbroken an inch long. Of course, the leg had to be amputated.

"The hospital was the admiration of the French and English surgeons as well as our own. The medical staff were all Japanese who had graduated in medicine and surgery either in America or England, then taken a post-graduate surgical course in clinics at the Paris and Berlin

hospitals. They had the best modern instruments and systems, the newest antiseptics—everything a hospital on modern lines should have. And all this is the work of a generation. Truly, the Japanese is a wonderful man.

"I saw something, too, of the effect of the modern shell fire on the cruiser of the period at the battle of the Yalu River's mouth. The Akagi was hit several times by eight-inch shells of the Vavasour-Palliser pattern. One of these, fired from the Chinese cruiser Chin-Yuen, tore off nearly one-half the iron and steel port-quarter of the Akagi, killed Captain Sakamato, her commander, and killed and wounded a dozen more officers and men. A second shell, from a 200-pounder, made a hole eight feet in diameter in the side of the Akitsu. Had the service of the Chinese great guns been equal to that of the Japanese, the Akagi, the Hashidate, and Matsushima must have been sunk. The Japanese fire was terribly accurate and deadly. The Chinese ship Chen-Yuen was hit nearly one hundred times. Nothing was left above water of her; of her crew, 460 strong, over 350 were killed or died of wounds. All this was from the fire of six-inch and eight-inch rifles, at a distance from 1000 to 1600 yards. The Chinese had the heavier ships at Yalu, but the Japanese out-manœuvred them and out-fought them. Man for man, and ship for ship, my professional opinion is that the Japanese commanders are equal to any in Europe. They have courage, a high professional knowledge, and a fierce fighting spirit that nothing daunts."

The paper from which this report is taken adds that the American commanders attribute much of Japan's success to the fact that so many of her naval officers were educated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The following description of the condition of things

on the decks of Admiral Ting's flag-ship Chen-Yuen, after her fight with the two Japanese cruisers Naniwa and Yoshino, was sent to an English paper by an officer of the British squadron at Chefoo: "The slaughter has been awful, blood and human remains being scattered over the decks and guns. Three of the five men working the four-ton gun in the after-turret were blown to pieces by a six-inch shell from one of the Naniwa's quick-firing guns, and a fourth was shot down while attempting to leave the turret. The remaining gunner stuck to his post and managed to load and fire three rounds at the Naniwa, and, one shell entering her engine room and another blowing her forebridge away, she hauled off. The Chinese Admiral awarded the plucky gunner 1000 taels. One shell struck the Chen-Yuen's steel deck and, glancing off, passed up through the conning-tower and exploded, blowing the gunnery lieutenant to pieces and leaving his head hanging on one of the voice-pipes. Huge fragments of armor and backing had been torn from their fastenings and carried inboard, crushing a number of poor wretches into shapeless masses, even the upper part of the funnels being splashed with blood. An engineer officer (European) was sent for to repair the steam-pipe of the steering-engine, and tried to grope his way through the smoke of bursting shells and heaps of killed and wounded lying on the deck, when a shot struck his assistant and disembowelled him, covering the engineer with blood. He nevertheless managed to reach the steering-engine and repaired the pipe, for which he received a rather handsome reward from the Admiral. This engagement lasted about one and a quarter hours, when the Japanese hauled off and the Chen-Yuen made the best of her way to Wei-hai-wei, their naval station, where she arrived the next day in just the same condition

as she had left the scene of action, no attempt having been made to wash away the blood or remove the dead bodies."

A French writer, in speaking of the battle, says: "As was to be expected, recriminations were rife among the officers of the defeated fleet. Each one tried to throw the responsibility upon his neighbor, while the captains were the objects of all sorts of reproaches, some of them being charged with downright cowardice. But, if his subaltern officers failed in their duty, Admiral Ting cannot avoid the greater part of the responsibility for the defeat. During the years that he has commanded the fleet in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li he has not known how to make it a naval force worthy of the name. The fire of his ships was more than mediocre, and the Japanese, in that respect, had a vast advantage over the Chinese gunners. On the other hand, this general officer has proved himself absolutely ignorant of the general principles of naval tactics. He hastily got under way and took a formation in the shape of a closed crescent, something like a V, which no sailor before him ever dreamed of doing; his ships mutually paralyzed each other, and at a glance Admiral Ito took in the situation and overwhelmed the branches of the V, one after the other.

"Admiral Ting would only have been excusable if he had not had time to form line of battle; but in this case he must be reproached for not having lookout vessels far enough away, as he must have known that the conditions were favorable for Japanese vessels to make raids in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li and the Bay of Korea. He appears to have known nothing of the movements of his enemy, and if he took any interest in them it was purely a speculative one. Personally, Admiral Ting conducted himself with bravery; but personal courage is not the only

requisite in those on whom is conferred the fearful responsibility of chief command."

To sum up the result, the battle of the Yalu was won by guns, on fast ships—by guns alone, just as in former naval engagements; for neither torpedoes nor rams played any part. If the Japanese torpedo-boats had been present, it is quite likely that the destruction would have been greater. The Japanese guns were a little more modern than those of the Chinese.

The Japanese had among their artillery some large Canet guns and Armstrong rapid-fire guns of moderate calibre. The Chinese had Krupp and Armstrong guns of more ancient model, and it would appear that the only rapid-fire guns they possessed were of very small calibre—such as are intended for defence against torpedo-boats, of which the Japanese had none in the battle.

The Chinese fleet showed great want of concerted movement, and as a consequence a defective formation—a lack in the commanding officers of ability in manœuvring—and the crews were insufficiently drilled. When the Matsushima received such injuries that Admiral Ito was obliged to shift his flag to the Hashidate, there must have been a period of hesitation and delay among the Japanese ships, but Admiral Ting does not appear to have taken advantage of it. He either did not see it or he did not know how to profit by it.

The Japanese, on the other hand, showed admirable decision, and took the offensive with a precise and definite knowledge of what they wished to accomplish, while their Admiral, by a manœuvre worthy of all praise, concentrated the whole of his force upon each wing of his enemy's fleet in succession. Their crews were well drilled and instructed and full of patriotic ardor, all having the same end in view—to win the battle at all costs.

This is always the case when battles are won, either at sea or on land. Victory is the reward of worthy effort and methodical preparation. The Japanese have appreciated and adopted European methods, have assimilated Western ideas, and put them in practice with an ability which is the more astonishing when we consider that thirty years ago they were armed with the weapons of feudal days.

It was reserved for the last comer into the family of nations—the last to assume fellowship—to give lessons to the rest in the art of naval warfare.

No doubt, if two first-class European or American fleets had cannonaded each other for five long hours, as the Japanese and Chinese did at the Yalu, there would have been even more terrible destruction; but the deduction is nevertheless to be made, from the late battle, that the victory was won by the side which knew best how to prepare for it. The lesson it teaches to all nations is the necessity of careful preparation and sedulous training. Modern men-of-war take a long time to build and modern arms a long time to construct, while the training of an efficient ship's company takes almost equally long, even when good and conscientious officers devote to it their best abilities.

After the date of the battle of the Yalu, events of great import and influence upon the course of the war followed each other with great rapidity, and the telegraph conveyed to the Western world reports of marches, battles and sieges, in which, however, the Japanese navy bore only a secondary but still very important part.

The Chinese, weakened in vessels and depressed in spirit by their losses at the Yalu, did not attempt any further naval operations.

In the latter part of November one of the Japanese

armies captured Port Arthur, with its fortifications, which were almost impregnable if well defended. The fruit of this capture was the fine docks, plenty of naval stores, and repairing tools and material, ammunition, guns, and several vessels undergoing repairs in consequence of injuries received in battle. This important operation was effected by the land forces of Japan, assisted by the navy, which occupied the attention of some of the seaward Chinese forts, and also prevented the escape of several vessels and of a portion of the garrison.

The Japanese proceeded at once to remove the torpedoes and submarine mines planted to protect the entrance of the harbor, and at once became busily engaged, without the loss of a day, in reorganizing the construction and repairs shops, and in availing themselves of the facilities offered by the fine dry docks—built at so much cost by their enemy.

Transports, with provisions and the latest reserves, soon began to arrive at this most advantageous naval base, particularly so for the Japanese fleet, which patrolled the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, both to prevent interference with their transport service and to keep open communication with the army of Field Marshal Yamagata as it approached Moukden, the ancient city of the North, the place of sepulture of the ruling dynasty of China and the site of their principal treasury. It is held in much greater reverence than Pekin, the political capital, which has twice been occupied by foreign armies—those of the French and of the English.

At one time during the early part of the war there was a disposition shown by England to interfere in the struggle and to endeavor to put an end to a state of things which seriously interfered with her commerce and promised to affect it still more seriously in the future.

But the remarkable ability and power shown by Japan, and the failure to persuade other nations to join in an armed intervention before the Chinese were forced to sue for peace at any price, put an end to the plan.

In the meantime the northern provinces of China fell almost into a state of anarchy. The troops and their generals could not be depended upon to successfully defend any position, no matter how strong, while banditti, composed of stragglers, deserters and the scum of the population, ravaged the country, and operated with almost complete impunity in the very environs of Pekin.

A foreigner who had been employed in the Chinese customs service was despatched to Japan to endeavor to negotiate some sort of armistice, with a view to peace negotiations; but the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs refused to have any communication of so irregular a character, and the official was sent off with scant courtesy.

After this came the intervention, as negotiators, of the American Ministers at Pekin and Tokio—both officials of great length of service and experience in their positions—with proposals for a peace founded upon the granting to Japan of a large money indemnity, as well as a territorial concession which would add largely to the extent of that empire.

But, after some tentative proceedings, this well-intended intervention failed, as the Japanese seemed determined that the Chinese Emperor should sue directly for peace, which their success in the conduct of the war entitled them to demand.

The Emperor of Japan is a tremendously hard-worked ruler, and a good business man. He watches closely the Japanese, as well as the foreign press, and passes over, as a rule, ordinary misstatements or criticisms; but if a

newspaper becomes at all dangerous he gives an order to his censors, and the newspaper is stopped, while the editors are liable to imprisonment. As he has the appointment of a large number of members of parliament, and the constitution is so adroitly worded that he is still the almost absolute ruler of Japan, there was probably not much delay in the voting of war measures and supplies.

The Crown Prince, who is not the son of the Empress, but of one of the secondary wives, was sixteen years old in September, 1894, and is said to be a bright lad, of dark complexion, like his father, with almond eyes and face of the most pronounced Japanese type. He is of an erect figure and fond of military pursuits. He has been educated in the Nobles' school, and has studied French and English. The Emperor is taller than most of his subjects, very dark, with a long face and heavy features. Except in complexion the son is not very much like his father, his face being rounder and shorter. There have been one hundred and twenty-one Emperors of Japan, all of the same family. The first one governed the country just about twenty-five hundred years ago. "He was on the throne long before Julius Cæsar aspired to be Emperor of Rome, and three hundred years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese have the history of all of their Emperors from that time down to this, and they will assure you that the Mikado is a lineal descendant of the first Emperor, whose name was Jimmu Tenno.

"Any other royal family would have run out in less than this time, especially in an isolated country like Japan but the Japanese have a law by which the Emperor cannot marry one of his own family. He has to marry the

BATTLE OF THE YALU—SINKING OF THE CHIH-YUEN.

daughter of one of the court nobles, and the Empress is, therefore, not of royal blood."

It is interesting to us, as Americans, to recall the fact that, while China and Japan were thus grappling in the throes of war, important diplomatic work, of a peaceful character, was going on between ourselves and each of the contending powers. The treaty signed with China arranged many important points which had been long at issue between us and them; but the most important action was the Convention between the United States and Japan, signed about the 1st of December, 1894, at Washington, by Secretary of State Gresham and Minister Kurino, as Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their respective governments.

This Convention supplants the Treaty of 1858, already alluded to, in which Japan was dealt with as a barbarous nation, and that of 1866, by which the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands established Japan's customs tariff for her. The United States, alone of all nations, has, of late years, insisted upon Japan's complete autonomy in foreign as well as domestic affairs; in taxes and tariff duties, as well as in judicial jurisdiction—none of which she had enjoyed under the old treaties.

BATTLES AT PORT ARTHUR.

February 8–9 and April 13, A. D. 1904.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

THE naval struggle around Port Arthur adds a memorable chapter to the history of the world's fleets of war. Here was struck the first blow and here centered a struggle in which valor and the cunning of strategy were remarkably blended. This battle of ships and wits lasted from Japan's first gun fire against a fleet which dominated Oriental waters until, after eleven months, the last large ship of the Russian fleet had been sent to the bottom and the rest were scattered and disarmed in Chinese ports or surrendered to the Japanese army. With the loss of one battleship and three cruisers, not one of them stricken in actual battle, Japan annihilated a fleet with which Russia had counted upon to awe Japan and prevent war, and then to quickly subdue her should war be declared.

The first epoch of the campaign began February 8 and ended with the disaster to the battleship Petropavlovsk which struck a mine, and went down with 600 Russian officers and sailors on board, among them Admiral Makaroff. That disaster ended Russian aggressiveness until shells falling in city and harbor forced the sortie of the entire fleet, August 10, which marks the opening of a second epoch.

War between Japan and Russia was declared February 6, 1904. Forty-eight hours later, Admiral Togo had sped from Japan to Port Arthur and in a night torpedo attack disabled

three ships of the Russian fleet. A general battle off the entrance to the harbor followed in the afternoon of February 9, when five other Russian ships were sunk or disabled. On the same day the Russian cruiser Variag and the gunboat Korietz were intercepted in the harbor of Chemulpo, Korea, and after an hour's battle were sunk.

An advance squadron of the Japanese fleet, under command of Vice-Admiral Togo, comprising sixteen battleships and cruisers with a numerous torpedo flotilla left the main fleet off Shantung peninsula on Sunday, February 7, immediately that news of the diplomatic rupture became known. The Japanese scouting cruisers had given accurate information of the lay of the Russian warships. The squadron steamed slowly in battle formation toward its goal and got within sight of Port Arthur under cover of darkness. The Russians were lying in the outer roadstead, apparently feeling secure from attack. Suddenly the Japanese torpedo boats dashed to the attack. A rattle of small arms was all that greeted them while almost simultaneously torpedoes were discharged with deadly effect against the Retvizan, Czarevitch and Pallada. The Japanese dashed along the entire Russian line in a hail of small missiles, the Russions seeming to have been too badly surprised to bring big guns into play. This was the prelude to the battle. Within an hour, shells from Japan's fleet had torn great holes through the battleship Poltava and the cruisers Boyarin and Novik and hundreds of Russians lay dead on the blood-stained decks. The Japanese escaped practically unscathed.

The news of this battle flashed around the world. War, long talked of, had begun.

Following this early disaster to the Russian fleet the Japanese began ceaseless attacks, covering operations of mine laying vessels which strewed the waters with hundreds of these deadly engines of destruction. The object in the naval operations throughout February, March, April and May was to bottle up the entire Rusian fleet within the harbor. In March

four desperate efforts were made to sink merchant ships in the narrow channel between Tiger's Tail and Golden Hill. Hundreds of Japanese gave up their lives. Hundreds were made prisoners. Hundreds miraculously escaped and rejoined the fleet to repeat the daring attempts. Twelve big merchant ships in the various attempts were sent at full speed toward the entrance. Mines on board sank them if Russian guns failed to find the mark. The approach of the merchant ships, always under cover of darkness, was signal for the Russian ships to swing in line of battle and dash toward the entrance to aid with their guns, the work of the land forts in thwarting the Japanese plan. These were practically the only aggressive moves of the Russians for more than two months after the first tremendous blow to the power of the fleet. Even these dashes cost heavily. A total of eight torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers and two mine-laying ships were destroyed by collision, by running ashore and by striking mines laid by the Russians themselves. Never perhaps has so desperate a series of misfortunes been visited on any nation as those which haunted the Russian Pacific fleet. When the war opened Russia had eight battleships in the Far East, and Japan six; of armored cruisers Russia had 5 and Japan 8; of protected cruisers Russia had 8 and Japan 14; of torpedo boats Russia had 20 and Japan 73, while of torpedo boat destroyers Russia had 12 and Japan 12. At a single blow, that of February 9, Russia lost three battleships, four cruisers and one gunboat. This was the opening chapter of the tragic fate of her fleet. At Chemulpo, one cruiser and one gunboat went down; three other ships disarmed in Chinese ports, increasing the total of losses until whatever naval preponderance Russia had had was wiped out and Japan was in position to begin the struggle for the annihilation of the entire fleet. A single ship, however, dashing from the harbor might play havoc with any of the scores of transports which then were speeding between Japan and Korean ports bearing the thousands of men who were to

RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE DESTROYERS AT CLOSE QUARTERS, MARCH 9TH.

form the first army of invasion. Admiral Togo, therefore, continued every possible effort to further cripple or more securely lock the enemy's fleet in port.

Despite oft tried and desperate efforts Admiral Togo discovered that entrance to the harbor was still practicable for war vessels. He then determined on a ruse to lure the Russian fleet within range of his guns. His plan was to send a weak squadron within sight of the citadel, keeping his main squadron below the horizon. Should the Russians give chase the weak squadron was to flee with the aim of luring the enemy far enough away to allow the stronger ships to cut off their retreat to the harbor and force a battle. During the night of April 12 Japanese torpedo boat flotillas daringly approached the harbor and harassed the Russians until daylight, laying scores of mines in the track of the fleet should to-morrow's plan succeed. At 8 A. M. Admiral Makaroff seeing only the few ships of the Japanese decoy, fell into the trap. He ordered an attack, leading the squadron himself in the battleship Petropavlovsk. The passage from the harbor was made in safety. Then followed a chase, the Japanese keeping in range only for the big guns which boomed from every ship of the two speeding squadrons. When the Russians had been lured fifteen miles from port a wireless telegraph message sped to the flagship of Admiral Togo, where it lay, hidden in haze. The Japanese battleships, unleashed by word that the Russians were at sea, sped at full speed for the harbor entrance. Success seemed certain when a great breeze swiftly swept the sea clear of the blanket of fog. In an instant the plot was revealed. In another instant the Russian warships were swinging about and soon were ploughing at top speed for the harbor and safety. Now the guns of the three squadrons boomed over the sea, but distances were too great for any but chance hits and none was made.

It seemed that Admiral Togo's strategy, so nearly successful, had failed. The Russians in a shower of shells finally neared the entrance to the harbor and swept under the fire of the Golden Hill and Tiger's Tail forts.

But at the very instant when fate, so often against the Russians, seemed to have favored them, disaster came. The leading Russian ship, the Petropavlovsk, flagship of Admiral Makaroff, suddenly listed far to port, while a mountain of water, churned to froth, shot up at her bow. A Japanese mine had done its work, and that when safety seemed assured. In an incredibly short time the great battleship had vanished beneath the sea. The Petropavlovsk struck the mine on her starboard side, amidships. Immediately there was an awful crash of explosion intensified by the demolition of the enormously powerful hull of the ship. Above six hundred men were at their stations in battle order. In an instant the ship, filling with water, there was not a moment for a single act of self-preservation. With a great convulsion the great ship flung herself side down into the sea and with a mighty rushing of waters turned completely upside down and vanished.

The effect of the awful spectacle appalled the men of both fleets. The Russians, after saving only a score of the ship's complement, kept on into the harbor. On the fortifications the men forgot their guns. The bombardment of the Japanese fleet ceased in an instant, and the Japanese, themselves awed by the spectacle, turned helms and sped away.

News of the catastrophe appalled Russia. Admiral Makaroff was among Russia's idols. His loss staggered the nation. The disaster itself was one of a series that had caused Russia the loss of six ships and 960 men. Superstitious awe swept through the humble classes. Grief and joy was mingled for the royal family. There was grief at the loss of Makaroff and joy at the miraculous escape of Grand Duke Cyril, cousin of the Tsar. The Grand Duke was blown into the sea from the bridge of the battleship and was rescued by a boat from the Pobieda. Those rescued beside the Grand Duke were three lieutenants, two midshipmen and fifty-two sailors. At least six hundred perished. The tragedy took the heart out of the Russian fleet. From that date until the

middle of August the naval campaign lagged, the fleet remaining within the harbor except to repel more daring advances of the Japanese. Though no actual battle had taken place between the fleets, the loss of the Petropavlovsk reduced the fighting power of Russia by half, twelve ships having been sunk or disabled. This was the situation, when, on August 10, the remnants of the fleet made the sortie that added disaster to disaster and ended the last hope of Russia to redeem the record of her fleet in the Far East.

BATTLE OFF PORT ARTHUR.

August 10, A. D. 1904.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

THE greatest naval battle of the Russian-Japanese war was fought August 10 off Port Arthur. The land investment of Port Arthur, late in July, had reached points from which siege guns could drop shells into the city and harbor, and the remnant of the Russian fleet was threatened with destruction from chance shots. It was, therefore, determined to make a sortie, to give battle to the Japanese with the hope of breaking through the Japanese line of battle, joining the Vladivostok squadron in the Gulf of Korea, and thence reach Vladivostok, which offered greater safety from the enemy's attack. The Russian fleet, commanded by Admiral Withioft, consisted of six battleships, four cruisers and fifteen torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. Against these the Japanese had an equal number of battleships, five times as many cruisers and three times as many smaller craft.

On the morning of that day the guardships telegraphed information of the enemy's sortie. The news was received with delight throughout Japan's fleet. Admiral Togo rapidly made all dispositions. His plan was to draw the Russians as far south as possible in order to prevent a repetition of the fiasco of April 13. He did not know whether the enemy's destination was Vladivostok or not. Therefore, he steered south, being constantly informed by scouts of the enemy's movements.

The squadrons gradually approached, the Japanese squadron being on the east. At 12.30 P. M., being then thirty miles south of Port Arthur, Admiral Togo signalled his ships to go into action.

The Russians thereupon formed a single column line ahead, their force consisting of six battleships, the Czarevitch in the van of four cruisers, eight destroyers, one hospital ship.

At 1 P. M. the action began. Twice the lines approached, and twice receded. There was a fierce cannonade from both sides, but whereas the Japanese gunners were absolutely calm and scored hits with few misses, the Russian projectiles nearly all fled wide. After two and a half hours of fighting both sides drew off for one hour and then approached each other once more, the Russians now opening fire, which was largely concentrated on the Mikasa. Admiral Togo and staff, however, quite unconcerned, directed every operation.

The Russian vessels now changed direction to the south-east, and the Japanese pursued them.

At 7.30 P. M. the Czarevitch was struck by a twelve-inch shell below the water line on the port side, and suddenly turned to the starboard, whereupon the other vessels, in order to avoid collision, put their helms to port and starboard and fell into confusion. This was an opportunity the Japanese did not fail to seize. They poured in a very hot fire at a range of 3,000 to 4,000 meters. The Russians' fire was virtually silenced except from the Retvizan, which, with conspicuous bravery, maintained a cannonade until, having received the Japanese concentrated fire, she was reduced to fitful discharges by one or two guns. The slackening of the enemy's fire seemingly was not due to shortness of ammunition, but to damage inflicted and casualties sustained.

When night fell the combat terminated. The Russian cruisers and destroyers under cover of darkness steamed away at full speed, pursued by the Japanese torpedo craft, which had anticipated this manoeuvre.

At 8.40 P. M., having been informed that the Russian main squadron was between Round Island and Shantung, Admiral Togo steamed in pursuit, accompanied by the torpedo boats, which, dashing in through the Russian searchlights, delivered several attacks for the space of one hour. One torpedo was seen to explode against the side of Czarevitch.

Throughout the night the desperate pursuit continued, the swift Japanese torpedo craft clinging to the heels of the fleeing Russians, and keeping up a raking fire from every available gun. The dispersion of the Russian fleet was complete. Battered and shattered, a handful of ships limped back to Port Arthur, where, under the guns of the powerful forts on shore, they threw off the tenacious Japanese pursuers. The battleship Czarevitch reached the German-Chinese port of Tsingchou, where, after sufficient repairs to keep her afloat, she was dismantled. The protected cruiser Askold, in a sinking condition, wth practically all of her upper works shot away and three-fourths of her guns disabled, reached the Chinese port of Woosung, and later was disarmed at Shanghai. The Russian destroyer Grozovoi likewise reached Shanghai and disarmed. Four others disarmed at Tsingchou; another, the Ryeshetelni, sought refuge at Chifu, and was cut out by the Japanese and taken captive to Japan. Two others which went ashore on the China coast were destroyed by the Japanese.

While no ship was sunk, the blow to Russia nevertheless was tremendously severe. The surviving fleet at Port Arthur had lost one-fourth of its numerical effectiveness, while every ship that reached the haven of that port was too seriously damaged ever to hope to give effective battle in the open seas again. Temporary repairs were made, but the increased effectiveness of the Japanese bombardment from the land side had damaged the navy yards so seriously that no finished repairs could be made, and the Russian fleet remained at anchor in the harbor until, in the closing days of the siege,

Japanese guns on 203 Metre Hill completed the work that Togo had begun. The Japanese casualties to ships and men were trifling in comparison with the damage that had been inflicted. No ship was damaged seriously enough to require repairs in dock yards, all of them being patched up effectively while the fleet was still at sea.

On board the battleship Mikasa, Admiral Togo's flagship, there were four officers and twenty-nine men killed, six officers and twenty-nine men severely wounded, and four officers and twenty-nine men slightly wounded.

The armored cruiser Yakumo had one officer and eleven men killed and ten wounded.

On board the armored cruiser Nisshin, seven officers and nine men were killed and two officers and fifteen men were wounded.

Ten men were wounded on the armored cruiser Kasuga.

The torpedo boat destroyer Asagiri had two men killed.

On board torpedo boat No. 38 one man was killed and eight others wounded.

When the smoke of the battle cleared away one ship could not be accounted for. This was the cruiser Novik. She alone of the entire Russian fleet bid fair to make Vladivostok. Her overhauling and destruction by two cruisers of Admiral Kamimura's fleet was a corollary to the battle of August 10. The Novik made for the port of Tsingchou after the battle, but finding the ship still seaworthy, though badly damaged, her commander put to sea, headed for Vladivostok. Before doom overtook the ship she had covered 2,000 miles of the journey and had reached Karsakovsk at the southern end of the Island of Sakhalin. Here she was discovered by the Japanese cruisers Chitose and Tsushima on August 20. The battle began on the afternoon of August 20, continued until dark and was resumed the morning of August 21. The Japanese marksmen riddled the Russian ship, and after her long and gallant defense she was beached in the harbor of Karsakovsk, burning

and a veritable wreck. The survivors of officers and men landed at Karsakovsk. A Japanese landing party, under fire from shore batteries, entered the harbor to view the wreck. They found the ship submerged to the conning tower, her works wherever visible shot to pieces. Thus ended in disaster the Russian sortie of August 10. As a result Japan became unquestioned mistress of the Eastern seas. The fleet off Port Arthur became only a blockading squadron. Admiral Togo and Admiral Kamimura had won for themselves an undying name and fame, to live as long as the Empire of Japan.

BLOWING UP OF THE PETROPAVLOVSK.

BATTLE OF KOREA STRAITS.

August 14, A. D. 1904.

BY G. W. HOBBS, JR.

THE sortie of the Russian fleet, August 10, was designed to effect a juncture between the Port Arthur fleet and the Russian ships, which the beginning of hostilities had found at Vladivostok. These were the armored cruiser Rossia, 12,200 tons; the armored cruiser Rurik, 10,940 tons; the protected cruiser Bogatyr, 6,750 tons; the armored cruiser Gromovoi, 12,336 tons. In May the Bogatyr ran on a rock in Vladivostok harbor, and was disabled beyond repair, thus reducing the squadron to three ships. Despite the apparent feebleness of the fleet, however, it made several sorties under command of Admiral Jessen and did enormous damage to Japan's merchant shipping and transports, and by the sinking and capture of foreign merchant shipping involved Great Britain, Germany and the United States in diplomatic wrangles with Russia. The most memorable of the Vladivostok raids were made in June and July, when Admiral Jessen skirted the coasts of Korea and Japan, sunk the transport Sadowaru with 800 troops on board, bombarded Wonsan, captured and sank the Knight Commander, seized the Arabia, sank a score of coasting ships and practically paralyzed ocean trade to the Far East. Meantime Admiral Kamimura, with the second Japanese squadron, scoured the waters about Vladivostok in vain. Three times the Vladivostok ships made daring raids and returned safely to harbor.

On the eve of the Russian sortie from Port Arthur Admiral Jessen left Vladivostok and ran southward to Tsugaru Straits, a narrow water between Japan and Korea. Here he expected to be joined by the Port Arthur ships. The defeat and dispersion of this fleet by Admiral Togo off the China coast prevented the anticipated juncture. Meantime Admiral Kamimura, warned by wireless telegraph of the whereabouts of the Vladivostok ships, closed on them, and a memorable battle and pursuit followed. The Rurik was beached in a sinking condition, and after a desperate running fight the Rossia and Gromoboi finally reached Vladivostok, each a charnel house of dead, dying and wounded, each ship damaged, practically beyond repair, by the Japanese men behind the guns.

The story of the fight was fully told in despatches to Tokio and St. Petersburg. The result was the destruction of the Vladivostok squadron as an effective fighting force. Raids on shipping were at an end. The battle was thus described by the Japanese Admiral:

The morning of August 14 broke beautifully clear. Admiral Kamimura's four cruisers, forming one squadron, steered south from a point on the Korea coast. At 5 A. M. the three Vladivostok cruisers were sighted off the port bow steering south at a distance of 10,000 metres. The Japanese prayed earnestly that these troublesome vessels would not again elude pursuit. Every precaution was taken to avoid observation, the Japanese steering across the rear of the Russian vessels, which advanced southward apparently unconscious of the enemy's proximity. Presently, sighting the Japanese, the Russians put about and steamed northward at full speed, the Rossia leading, the Rurik in the rear.

It was now 5.20 A. M., and the two squadrons were 8,000 meters apart. The Japanese opened fire, and soon there was a hot interchange. The Russians were in single column, line ahead, while the Japanese were crossing their course in two squadrons in a "T" shape, raking the enemy fore and aft,

whereas his ships masked each other's fire. The Japanese projectiles repeatedly took effect, whereupon the enemy, recognizing the disadvantage of his position, changed his course for the purpose of bringing his line parallel with the Japanese, but this manœuvre threw the Rurik out, owing to her inferior speed, thus enabling the Japanese to concentrate their fire on her at a range of 4000 to 5000 meters. Thereupon the Rossia and Gromoboi, observing the Rurik's plight, circled round her for the purpose of giving her succor, thus again exposing themselves to the Japanese raking fire, which was poured hotly into them, the Russian vessels replying with every available gun.

The Rurik now burst into flames and began to describe circles, her steering gear apparently having been injured. The Rossia and Gromoboi also caught fire. Flames poured from their portholes and evidently there was much confusion on board, but the crews succeeded in extinguishing the fires. Meanwhile the Rurik began to go stern down and had a list to port. Her brave crew, however, never flagged, serving her guns repeatedly. The Rossia and Gromoboi came to her assistance, but only exposed themselves again, suffering heavily and inflicting little damage, though the range now did not exceed 4500 meters. Nearly every shot from the Japanese guns took effect. The Rossia took fire five or six times and on three or four occasions the Gromoboi burst into flames. Finally the Rurik had only two guns left in action and her mizzenmast was shot away.

It was now 9 A. M. and the Rossia and Gromoboi, seeing the Rurik doomed, abandoned her and steamed away at full speed. Just then the fourth Japanese squadron, consisting of the Naniwa and Takachiho, arrived, and, leaving them to deal with the Rurik, Admiral Kamimura pursued the fugitives. The Rurik was now opposed only by two small cruisers, and renewed the fight with splendid gallantry, but owing to her

crippled condition was unable to effect anything. Gradually she sank. Some of her crew jumped overboard, while others opened the portholes in order to hasten her sinking, but, with enduring courage, continued throughout to serve her guns. Finally she stood up and went down by the stern. The scene was strewn with hammocks and planks to which men were clinging. The Naniwa and Takachiho forthwith lowered boats and the men were ordered to save life, and were assisted by the torpedo squadron just arrived.

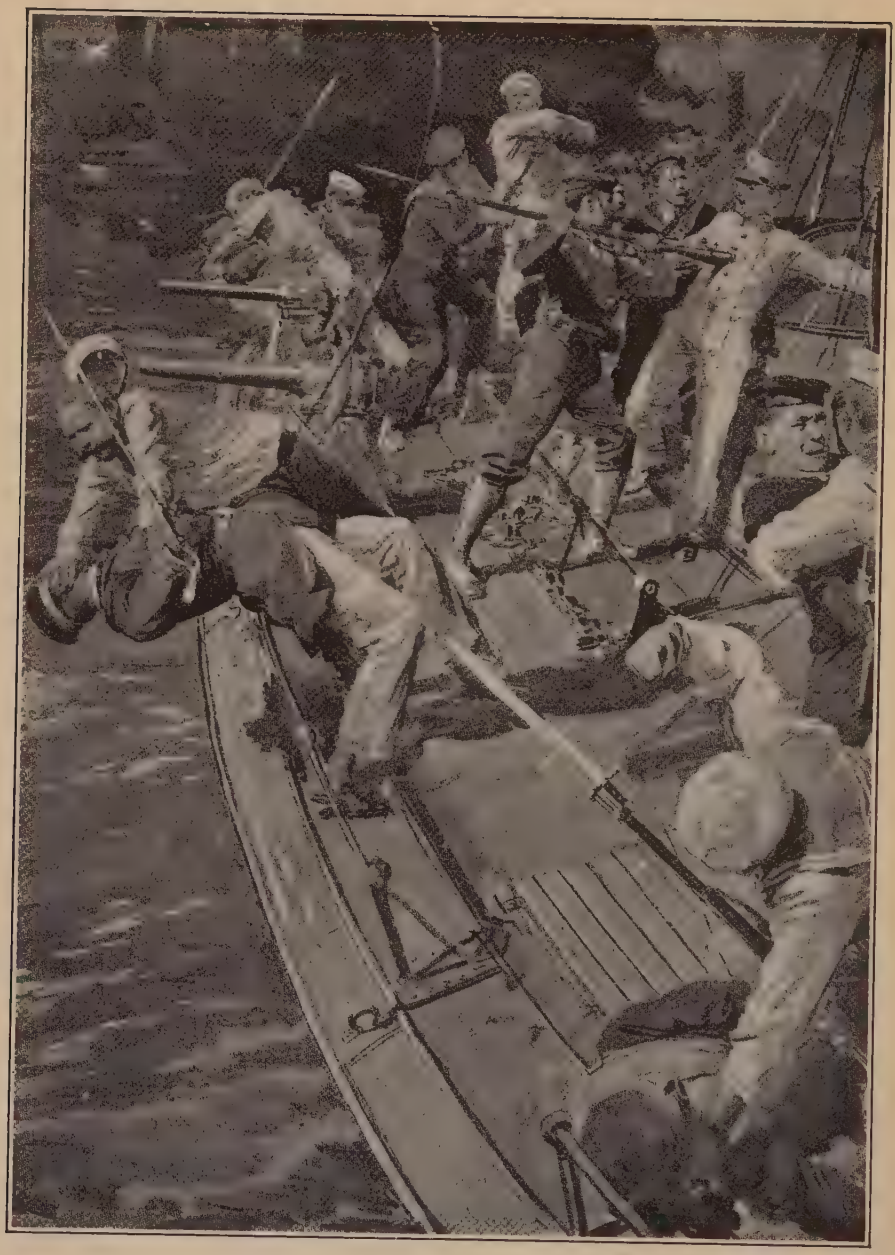
Meanwhile Admiral Kamimura, abandoning pursuit of the Russian vessels, whose speed was unimpaired, although their hulls and armaments were severely injured, returned to the scene and aided in saving the lives of the Russians, of whom 601 were rescued. One died shortly afterward. About 200 were wounded, forty-three severely, ten probably mortally. The captain, commander and most of the officers of the Rurik were killed. The Japanese casualties were forty-four killed, including two officers, and sixty-five wounded, including seven officers. The fighting power of the Japanese ships was unimpaired.

The Emperor, in thanking Admiral Kamimura, noted especially the fact that his sole duty hitherto had been to guard the Korean Straits. This was an intended rebuke for previous criticisms regarding Admiral Kamimura's failure to prevent sorties by the Vladivostok cruisers.

The story of the battle as told by the Russian Admiral Jessen who was on the Rossia was as follows:

At dawn on August 14, the Rossia, Gromoboi and Rurik arrived forty-two miles from and parallel with Fusan and thirty miles from the northern lighthouse of Tsu Island, when to the westward I saw a Japanese squadron of armored cruisers six miles to the north, traveling parallel with our course. This squadron consisted of four vessels of the Iwate type, and was putting on full speed.

I took a course to the northward with a view to attaining



CAPTURE OF THE "RESHITELNI" AT CHIFU.

the open sea, but the enemy, who was of superior speed, turned immediately and took the same course.

I was, therefore, obliged to engage in battle, which commenced at 5 o'clock in the morning, with a distance of sixty cables between the two squadrons. (A cable length is 200 yards.)

In the straits to the south we saw a second-class cruiser of the Naniwa type coming to join the enemy.

At a convenient opportunity we rapidly turned to the right, intending to approach the Korean coast, and by increasing our speed to seventeen knots we seemed to have an opportunity of succeeding, but the enemy now observed our intention and directed his course toward us for the purpose of hindering our design.

Hardly five minutes passed before the Rurik left the ranks and signaled that her steering gear was disabled. I replied, "Steer with the engines," and continued on my former course.

Seeing that all of the Japanese cruisers were concentrating their fire on the Rurik, all my subsequent manœuvring was exclusively with the object of enabling the Rurik to repair her damaged rudder. I attracted to myself the enemy's fire in order to cover the Rurik.

At this time I saw two warships, one a second and the other a third-class cruiser, coming to join the enemy.

The Rurik hoisted the signal, "Cannot steer." Some manœuvring in the front line gave the Rurik a chance of going in the direction of the Korean Gulf, and, at 8 o'clock, the signal was hoisted, "Go east." The Rurik answered the signal, and took the requisite course at full speed, as could be seen from the waves from her bows.

Eventually the Rossia and the Gromoboi took a northerly course at a distance of forty-two cables. The Rurik kept a course approximately southeast at a distance of three miles.

The battle continued for two hours in this manner.

We suffered considerable damage. The Rossia had three funnels pierced, which prevented her from keeping up good steam, and three of her boilers were rendered useless.

At 9.30 the Rurik began to lag behind considerably, and again turned her bows toward the shore, at the same time fighting against the two second-class cruisers which had joined the enemy's squadron. The Rurik soon afterward began to get out of sight.

Vice-Admiral Kamimura, with four armored cruisers, kept steadfastly engaging us in such a manner as to keep us from assisting the Rurik.

While the Rurik continued fighting we continued our efforts to attract the enemy further north, in the hope that the Rurik would manage to dispose of her comparatively weaker opponents and that after repairing the damage to her rudder she would be able to reach Vladivostok independently.

Shortly before 10 o'clock the enemy's fire was the most terrific of the battle, but, to our general astonishment, the whole Japanese squadron left us after the most deadly fight, which had lasted five hours.

The Rossia had sustained eleven holes at her water line and the Gromoboi had six. Both cruisers lost more than half their officers, and the losses among the men totaled 25 per cent.

It appeared impossible to renew the battle or to return to the Rurik, which was now thirty miles to the south.

Taking advantage of the calm, we stopped our engines and quickly began to repair the damages in our vessels, so as to enable us to proceed to Vladivostok.

Captain Berlinsky, of the Rossia, was killed, and five of his officers were wounded. On board the Gromoboi two lieutenants were killed and eight officers were wounded. Both cruisers had 135 men killed and 307 wounded. Captain Berlinsky was buried at sea.

RUSSIAN FLEET TRYING TO LEAVE PORT ARTHUR.

The report concluded by testifying to the heroism displayed by all the officers and men, who, it said, seemed to have been made of iron, knowing no fear or fatigue.

A personal examination made of the damage done to the cruisers by the Japanese fire, Admiral Alexieff said in transmitting the report, convinces him of the high courage and self-sacrificing efforts of those who took part in an unequal battle against the superior forces of the Japanese.

A later official dispatch from Vladivostok showed that nearly every officer on the Rossia and Gromoboi was either killed or wounded. Rear Admiral Jessen narrowly escaped the fate of Admiral Withioft. He was standing on the bridge of the Rossia when it was wrecked by a shell. The two Russian cruisers were literally riddled, their guns and engines being partially dismantled. The escape of the Russian vessels from Admiral Kamimura's four armored cruisers is regarded as a wonderful piece of luck.

Japan owes much of the triumph of her navy to the admiral of her fleet, Togo. Modern naval vessels have never before received the thorough use which has been given them in the naval battls off Port Arthur and it required an officer of rare talents to use to the best advantage the powerful but comparatively untried units of attack and defense which made up Japan's fleet and which make up the fleet of every great power. On Admiral Togo fell this task. Consummate skill has been demonstrated by this great captain in every detail of his campaign. The smaller craft of the fleet were given the brunt of the early fighting. These were launched in desperate and incessant attacks when at the very outset the Russian fleet was crippled almost beyond repair. Togo was saving his big ships for more serious work and at no part of the campaign exposed them to great danger. In strategy he has proved himself a master. By a ruse he lured Makaroff to destruction and frequently by skilfully concealing his real force and whereabouts gave the torpedo boats, the vampires of his fleet,

opportunity to fall upon Russian torpedo boats and destroyers, which ventured from port on account of the apparent absence of the enemy. When, on August 10, the hour came for the entire fleet to give battle Togo again gave evidence of consummate skill and fidelity to his plan to save the big ships for whatever greater work the future might have in store. Nevertheless, at distances just within their range and just beyond the range of the Russian ships, the battleships hurled monster shells into the fleeing Russian fleet, and it was one of these long distance shots that smashed the Russian flagship, destroyed the Rusian alignment and turned an orderly flight into utter rout. The Japanese Admiral who has won imperishable fame as a naval fighter is a little man, even for a Japanese. In his fifty-sixth year when the war broke out he, at that time, was a calm, determined looking man with every line of his face and poise of his body speaking of a man of iron determination. The most desperate hour of battle found him, as ever, calm, imperturbable, of few words, these rigorously to the point, incisively delivered. Admiral Togo's reports were indicative of the man. Each a few words accurately describing what event had transpired, each the naked truth. A disaster to a Japanese ship was recorded in the official despatches as unhesitatingly as a blow dealt the enemy. When victory was to be reported, self glory was always absent. Every success was loyally ascribed "to the virtues of the Emperor." Certainly Admiral Togo, in every detail of his conduct in a long and arduous campaign, realized that description written by a great poet of a great sailor:

"Thy country loves thee well, thou famous man;
The greatest sailor since the world began."

To Admiral Togo ultimate victory was no surprise. He expresed full confidence in the outcome when the war began. When the last Russian ship had been destroyed and the first task of the navy was accomplished, Admiral Togo formally announced the fact. His despatch to his Emperor rings with

the modesty characteristic of all of Japan's great generals. Less brief than Caesar's "Veni, Vidi, Vici," or Perry's "We have met the enemy and he is ours," the message is splendidly succinct, notably calm, generous in tribute, splendid in absence of personal abnegation. Admiral Togo thus told of the final acts in one of the world's greatest naval dramas.

"After 203-Metre Hill was occupied, as the result of a gallant and desperate attack by the besieging army, the bombardment of the enemy's squadron by siege and other heavy guns became effective. In consequence the battleships Poltava and Retvizan were sunk and subsequently the battleships Pobieda and Peresviet, the protected cruiser Pallada and the armored cruiser Bayan were sunk. The battleship Sevastopol escaped the land bombardment, left the harbor December 9 and anchored near Chentao Mountain. She was attacked there continuously by our torpedo boats and heavily damaged. The main strength of the enemy is completely crushed. Only a weak gunboat, the Otvashni, and several torpedo boat destroyers remain afloat.

FLEET NO LONGER NEEDED.

"Under the circumstances our combined fleet has been removed as unnecessary from the blockade of Port Arthur, which had been maintained since May 1. I have arranged for a closer watch for ships attempting to run the blockade and to watch the remnant of the enemy's squadron.

"During the blockade we suffered from the enemy's mines both laid and floating on the high seas and from dense fogs. The cruisers Miyako, Saiyen and Yoshino, Hatsuse, battleship; Kaimon, gunboat, and Heiyen, coast defense vessel, were sunk and many gallant and loyal officers and men were drowned, but we succeeded in maintaining the blockade. When the enemy emerged from the harbor our fleet successfully engaged him, and finally, with the valuable support of the besieging army, succeeded in crushing nearly all the enemy's squadron. Our second squadron so heavily damaged

the Vladivostok squadron that it has since been unable to leave port.

"All this success is gratefully attributed to the brilliant virtue of our Emperor.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO MEN.

"During the blockade all the ships under my command splendidly accomplished the work and duty assigned to them. Especially to be noted are some of those who were engaged in the difficult and risky task of blockading or who tirelessly accomplished the work of laying mines in the presence of the enemy, others, who, braving all dangers, were engaged in the work of clearing mines away, and others still who were posted to watch the enemy and guard against the enemy's ships. Their combined work strongly contributed to the accomplishment of the blockade. I deem it my duty to especially mention my recognition of the valuable service rendered by the officers and men."

The campaign thus closed resulted in the loss to Russia of thirty-five vessels of war of all classes. Japan lost twenty-three vessels, with three exceptions, ships of lesser importance.

Russia's losses were:

Battleships: Petropavlovsk, blown up by a Japanese mine at the entrance to the harbor of Port Arthur; Retvizan, Poltava, and Peresviet, sunk; Czarevitch, disarmed at Shanghai after the defeat of August 10; Pobieda badly damaged and sunk at Port Arthur; Sevastopol, blown up by the Russians to prevent her capture.

Cruisers: Boyarin, Bayan, Pallada, Variag, Rurik, Rossia and Lena, sunk; Novik, Giliak and Bogatyr, ashore destroyed; Askold, Diana, Gromoboi, disarmed.

Gunboats, etc.: Korietz and Yenesei, sunk, and twelve others, including torpedo boats and destroyers.

Janan's losses: Battleship Hatsuse, sunk.

Cruisers: Usuyako, Saiyen and Yoshino, sunk. Also three transports and 16 torpedo boats or destroyers.

RAID BY THE VLADIVOSTOCK FLEET.

BATTLE OF THE JAPAN SEA.

May 28-30, A. D., 1905.

BY SYDNEY TYLER.

THE Japanese-Russian war added many pages of awe-inspiring achievement to the vast volume of the world's valorous records of land and sea. Notable, among all of the amazing array, ever will stand the naval battle of the Sea of Japan, fought in the Straits of Korea, Sunday, May 28; Monday, May 29, and continuing as a pursuit on Tuesday, May 30, 1905. Russia's enormous armada of thirty-seven fighting ships, and one hundred ships in all, had been sent to the Far East to recover command of the sea from Japan, which had been won from her in the naval campaign of 1904, when the Russian Port Arthur fleet had been destroyed and the Russian Vladivostok squadron had been weakened to a helpless condition. The result was overwhelming victory for Japan, achieved at the cost to Russia of the annihilation of her entire armada. No naval battle of history equals this in the enormous power of the fighting array; none exceeds it in the degree of its decisiveness. Trafalgar, a hundred years earlier, affords the only possible parallel, and Trafalgar, for a century the world's greatest naval struggle, was outdone.

The story begins eight months before these thrilling events in the Straits of Korea, when the Russian fleet, variously called the Baltic Fleet and the Second Pacific Fleet, sailed from Cronstadt, in the Baltic, on its 20,000 mile journey, around Africa and by way of the Indian Ocean to the Orient.

The fleet represented every available Russian warship. A half dozen others, too old for active service or still in course of building, were left in Russian waters, the Czar deciding to leave the home shores practically unprotected after securing a secret agreement with Germany, which amounted to a temporary offensive and defensive alliance. The fighting strength of the squadrons included seven battleships, two armored cruisers, six cruisers, with a full complement of torpedo boat destroyers, a fleet equal, on paper, to the entire available navy of Japan, and in some aspects stronger than any Japan could hope to muster. Supreme command of the armada was entrusted to Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, with three divisional commanders, Vice Admiral Vollkersham, Rear Admiral Nebogatoff, and Rear Admiral Enquist. The ultimate task of the fleet was to regain mastery of the sea from Japan, in undisputed possession by reason of having destroyed the Russian Pacific squadrons at Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Vladivostok, Russia's sole remaining port in the Orient, was the destination. From that point it was intended to assail Japan on the sea; to interrupt her transport service, which was vital to her army then in the midst of a victorious campaign, 300 miles from the sea, in the heart of Manchuria, and thus cripple and harass the Island Empire until no other course than to sue for peace would be open to her. The task was enormous; so vastly difficult, indeed, that until the actual departure of the fleet few, anywhere, believed that such a plan was seriously contemplated. Even when departure had been made, experts rather held to the view that Russia, herself, meant to ask for peace, and was merely making a demonstration that might be counted on to modify Japan's demands.

After leaving the Straits of Gibraltar the fleet divided, one division, under Admiral Rojestvensky, proceeding by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and the other, under Admiral Vollkersham, going via the Suez Canal. Rojestvensky had with

him most of the battleships and Vollkersham the majority of the cruisers.

Both squadrons proceeded very slowly, and the reports from time to time regarding their whereabouts were of the most puzzling character. On January 1, however, Rojestvensky reached Madagascar, and there he awaited the cruiser squadron. The long time spent there led to renewed assertions that the Admiralty at St. Petersburg would never order the fleet to the Far East. In the middle of March, however, reports were printed that the Russians had sailed. These reports were denied, and then repeated, and at length it was definitely established that the Baltic fleet had sailed.

Nothing more was heard of it till April 8, when the news came that the fleet had passed Singapore and was in the China Sea. On entering the China Sea, Admiral Rojestvensky sailed directly to Kamranh Bay, on the coast of Indo-China, in French territorial waters.

Admiral Rojestvensky, on the eve of the great struggle, dismissed every unnecessary ship. More than a half hundred colliers and supply ships, which had accompanied the fleet or had met it in the China Sea, were dismissed after the last ton of coal had been stored on the big fighting ships. From the Saddle Islands, a thousand miles stretched away to Vladivostok. Coal and stores for the dash there were on every ship. Then prows were turned northward, there was a full day when nothing was known of the Russians. Then came this word, that the great destiny-laden armada was sighted approaching Admiral Togo's lair in the Straits of Korea. Forty-eight hours more, and the Japanese admiralty was electrified by the characteristically modest announcement from Japan's great naval captain:

"The main force of the Russian second and third fleets is nearly annihilated. Please feel assured of it."

Between lies a tale marvelous for brilliancy, valor, daring, for all that is spectacular and awe-inspiring in war; for all

that spells glory to the victor; for all that defeat, disaster, can mean to the beaten and crushed. In brief, of Russia's seven battleships, five had been sunk, and two, captives, were flying the flag of the victor. Of the mighty array of cruisers, all but four were at the bottom of the sea. Of the destroyers, three were afloat. In the harbor of Vladivostok were a single unarmored cruiser, and these three destroyers, the sorry fragments of the armada that reached this destination for which the flower of Russia's European squadron had set out. Sixty hours after the battle three armored cruisers, the *Aurora, Oleg* and *Jemtchug*, laden with wounded, riddled with shot and shell, crept into the harbor of Manila, there to be interned, with their officers, Admiral Enquist among them. As a climax to the victory, Admiral Rojestvensky was a prisoner, badly wounded, and in the care of Japanese physicians in the naval hospital at Sasebo. Admiral Vollkersham was dead. He had fallen in the first havoc-working broadside from the Japanese fleet. Admiral Nebogatoff was a prisoner. Without a fight he had surrendered two battleships and two coast defence ironclads, with the result that after the battle that had annihilated the Russian fleet, the Japanese fleet was even more powerful than when it cleared decks for action.

The Russian fleet had, in truth, sailed into Admiral Togo's lair. The Straits of Korea lie between Japan and Korea, and are an average of one hundred miles wide. Half way across rise the Tsu Islands, which Japan has fortified until they are a veritable Gibraltar. Only twenty-five miles wide is the Tsushima Channel or Strait, between Tsu Island and the Japanese coast.

So narrow, indeed, is the water that as the Russian ships were pressed eastward toward Tsu Island the forts there got range of the battleships and sank the *Oslabya*. Togo's base was at Masampho, on the Korean coast. Thousands of Japanese knew this fact, but so deeply was the necessity for

ON BOARD A JAPANESE BATTLESHIP DURING THE BATTLE OF THE JAPAN SEA.

secrecy appreciated by all classes of the islanders that throughout the nine months of waiting the entire world never had the slightest intimation of the point from which Japan's defensive blow would be struck. The general impression was that Formosa, the southernmost of the Japanese archipelago, would be chosen. This opinion was fostered by show of activity there and by various orders calculated to mark this spot as of especial significance in the campaign. When Rojestvensky had traversed the Straits of Formosa without opposition and had reached the China coast north of there, Russians even rejoiced, declaring that their admiral had outwitted the Japanese by eluding their trap. Meantime Togo waited. His position enabled him to meet the enemy should the direct route to Vladivostok via the Straits of Korea and the Sea of Japan be chosen, or he was in position to sail northward to intercept the Russians should Rojestvensky decide to go further eastward into the Pacific, circle Japan, and finally approach Vladivostok by La Pelouse or another of the channels between the northern islands of the Japanese archipelago. When Rojestvensky headed north from the China coast toward the Straits of Korea he fell in with the plan of battle to meet which the whole genius of the Japanese admiral had been preparing. Only one detail failed to agree with what Togo had expected. He believed that the Russians would shun the narrow channel east of Tsu Island, nearer Japan, and would traverse the western channel between Tsu Island and Korea. In the latter event the blow would have been dealt by a dash from Masampho. As it happened, the fleet had only to round the northern promontory of Tsu Island and fall upon the Russians in the most disadvantageous position that could have been found in all of the waters of the Orient.

The Russian fleet advanced in a double line, the battleships on the side away from the Japanese coast; the inner line, nearer Japan, made up of cruisers and light craft. Admiral Togo

swung northward of Tsu Island, then turned sharply toward the southeast, thus moving parallel to the line of bows of the Russian ships, opening the broadsides of all of his ships, while through practically all of the first day's battle the Russians had only available bow and forward guns, a manœuvre which eliminated enough of the effectiveness of the Russian battleships to give Togo an advantage despite his weakness in these floating fortresses.

It had been planned that the initial attack should be made by the giant twelve-inch guns of the Japanese big ships, and that under cover of this bombardment the torpedoes and destroyers should dash for the leading Russian ships and attempt to throw the enemy's column into confusion.

The commanders of the torpedoing flotilla had previously been summoned and had been notified in a few words by the admiral of the desperate service that was required of them and of the small chance of any of them reporting again for duty.

They were told, in fact, that it was a simple case of sacrifice, and they accepted it so willingly that the admiral found it difficult to detail a torpedo reserve in case the first division failed in its task.

Until sunset the heavy guns of the Japanese battleships and the ten-inch battery of the cruiser *Kasuga* roared and fired at the oncoming Russians, while the Russian guns roared in reply.

First of the Russian battleships in line behind the protected cruiser *Jemtchug* was the 13,000-ton *Borodino,* and these two soon showed that they were receiving the brunt of the shelling. The cruiser *Nakhimoff,* in the van of the Russian port column, was also observed to be in distress, and then, the sun having set and the quick-setting darkness having come, the torpedoes were sent out under cover of a still heavier cannonade. The flotilla formed into two divisions, one heading for the battleship column of the Russians and the other for the cruisers.

The searchlights of the Russian fleet threw out their great beams and their small gun batteries swept the sea, but the swift hornets of the sea went wallowing and buzzing on their way. They circled and swept, and then came the dull roars and heaving fountains that told that the torpedoes had been loosed from their tubes and were doing their deadly work.

Again and again came the roars, and as the Japanese searchlights swept across the field of fight and then went out it was seen that the great battleship *Borodino* was sinking; that the protected cruiser *Svietlana* was a wreck; that the battleship *Alexander III* had gone; that the two armored cruisers *Dmitri Donskoi* and *Nakhimoff* were out of the fighting. A far-sailing shell had also reached and sunk the supply ship *Kamchatka*. Thus ended the first day's fight.

In the darkness of the night of Saturday, May 27, the shattered Russian fleet reformed as well as it might, and once more took up its despairing run for the Sea of Japan and the haven of Vladivostok.

Hanging on to the already beaten enemy, an easy matter with his faster ships, Togo picked up the Russians all of Saturday night with his searchlights, occasionally sending a long-distance shell toward one of the shadowy hulls that were racing to get through the straits.

But just as Togo had selected his fighting ground for working out one chapter of the tragedy, so now he chose the scene of the second day's fighting.

To the northeast of Osino Island lies a dangerous little archipelago known as the Liancourt Rocks, and with his battleships and heavily armored cruisers the Japanese admiral stood out in crescent form across the Korean Strait and drove the enemy toward this dangerous running.

Keeping together in some semblance of order, five Russians, consisting of the battleships *Nicolai I* and *Orel* and the coast defence vessels *Senyanin* and *Apraxine* and the protected

cruiser *Izumrud,* were heading bravely for the Sea of Japan. Seeing a possibility of their escape, Togo, who was personally conducting the pursuit, signalled to close in and attack.

With their forward turrets blazing and roaring, the Japanese squadron dashed on. The Russians replied vigorously for a time, but the gunnery of the Japanese was too deadly and accurate; shells were carrying death and destruction into the fleeing five, and the fight went out of the Russians.

One after another flew surrender signals, the Japanese ceased firing, and the *Nicolai I, Orel, Senyanin* and *Apraxine* were added to the Mikado's navy. Only the *Izumrud* got away. Fleeter than her sisters, she steamed boldly to the northwest. But she was doomed. Swift pursuing Japanese cruisers followed, hurling after her tons of metal, much of it taking effect. The end came when the Russian ship, entering Vladimir Bay, went fast on a reef. The Russian captain blew up the ship.

So practically ended the second day's fight, and here again the apparently impossible happened—Togo's captains all reported, "No damage to men or ships."

Togo's captains had, however, other things to report, for while the main force of the combined squadron was hammering the four Russians into subjection off the Liancourt Rocks others of the cruisers were chasing scattered Russian ships, while still others were completing the work of destruction around Osino Island. Two special service ships and a destroyer were captured, and so was the armored cruiser *Monomach,* but she foundered soon after transference of flags.

And there were prisoners to report, 3,000 of them, including the unhappy Nebogatoff, while up and down the seas the fight between pursued and pursuer still went on.

Admiral Togo gave this list of casualties, surprisingly small even to himself, for he had estimated his losses as 800 men.

"The Japanese losses in the battle of the Sea of Japan were 113 officers and men killed and 424 officers and men wounded.

The completion of the revised list shows that the losses were fewer than the original estimates. The flagship *Mikasa* was the heaviest loser, losing 63 killed and wounded. The losses were distributed among the ships of the fleet as follows: *Mikasa*, 63; *Adzuma*, 39; *Shikishima*, 37; *Asashi*, 31; *Fuji*, 28; *Idzuma*, 26; *Nisshin*, 27; *Otowa*, 26; *Kasaga*, 26; *Tsushima*, 19; *Asama*, 15; *Naniwa*, 17; *Tokiwa*, 15; *Yakumo*, 11; *Chitose*, 6; *Idzumi*, 10; *Kasuga*, 9; *Hashidate*, 5; *Niitaka*, 4.

The casualties on the destroyers and the torpedo boats were 87.

Commander Togo was wounded on the *Adzuma*.

A Japanese officer described the battle in the following words:

"At 5.30 Saturday morning a wireless message, reading, 'The enemy's squadron is in sight,' reached the naval base. This message was transmitted to all our ships by the flagship with instructions to get ready for action. Our squadron left their rendezvous and headed for the eastern channel off Tsushima. Our men seemed to be filled with new inspiration, and were eager for the long-delayed fight to begin.

"When Tsushima was sighted to the southwest the sea was rough and the torpedo boats were forced to run for the shelter of the island. Our third fighting squadron, with the *Takashiho* to port, reconnoitred the Russian course, and at 11.30 A. M. informed the main squadron by wireless telegraph that the Russian ships were passing into the east channel, whereupon our main squadron, changing its course somewhat to the southward, came in sight of Okinshima at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The third division arrived later and joined the main squadron. The first and second divisions, accompanied by the destroyer flotilla, changed to a westerly course, while the third division and the fourth destroyer flotilla headed slightly eastward.

"During the manœuvre the Russian flagship appeared to the southward, at 1.45 o'clock. The Russians steamed up in

double column. The fleet was numerous, but no living being was visible. The Russian ships seemed to be in good order. Our ships hoisted the flag of action, the *Mikasa* signalling: 'The defence of our empire depends upon this action. You are expected to do your utmost.' Our men seemed to silently weigh the significance of this signal.

"Our first and second divisions turned to the Russians' starboard, while the third division kept in close touch with the preceding two divisions. With the Japanese ships proceeding in this order, it was 2.13 o'clock when the Russians opened fire. The first two shots fell short of our line, and it was some minutes later before we commenced firing. Then the battle was on, with firing from both sides. Our destroyers kept on the port side of the main squadron, and in this formation we pressed the Russians against the coast of Kiushiu, and they were obliged to change their course to the east.

"We so manœuvred our ships as to have their bows parallel to the north side of the Russian line. The *Mikasa,* of our first division, which had been leading, changed to the rear of the line, while the *Kasuga* headed the line. The engagement now became very fierce. The *Borodino* was seen to be on fire. A little later the Russians headed west, and we changed our course accordingly. Five ships of our second division concentrated their fire on the *Borodino.* Our first division now began firing vigorously, proceeding parallel with the Russian line, and as we began to press against the head of the Russian line our third division veered to the Russian rear, thus enveloping their ships.

"The engagement proceeded hotly. Our second division followed a course parallel with the northern side of the Russians, and this movement completed the envelopment. The Russian ships were seen trying to break through, and our destroyer flotilla intercepted their new course. This state of envelopment continued until the following day, with the ships at

THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE BATTLE OF THE JAPAN SEA.

varying distances. Thus enclosed on all sides, the Russians were helpless and powerless to escape the circle.

"Previous instructions had been given the destroyers and torpedo boats to attack the Russian ships. Following instructions, the fifth destroyer flotilla advanced against a Russian ship, upon which the second division had been concentrating its fire, signalling, 'We are going to give the last thrust at them.'

"The Russian ship continued to fight, and seeing the approaching torpedo boats, directed its fire on them. Undaunted, our destroyers pressed forward, the *Chitose* meantime continuing its fire. The torpedo flotilla arrived within 200 metres of the Russian ship and the *Shiranus* fired the first shot. Two other torpedo boats fired one each. The *Shiranus* received two shells, but the other boats were not damaged. The Russian ship was sunk.

"Sundown saw the battle raging furiously. Our shells were evidently telling on the Russians, who showed signs of confusion. Our fifth torpedo flotilla, after destroying the *Borodino,* followed in the wake of our second division, the signal reading, 'Something like the Russians' submarines have been sighted. Attack them.'

"The flotilla followed and located the object, which proved to be a sinking ship with its overturned bottom showing. Thirty survivors clung to the wreck, crying for assistance. Firing ceased with the approach of darkness.

"According to orders previously given for a torpedo attack after dark, all the destroyer flotilla, dividing into two squadrons, proceeded to attack the Russians during the whole night. The Russians frustrated the first and second attacks with searchlights. A third attempt was carefully made, and the *Yugiri* sank a ship of the *Borodino* type, and also hit others. During the night the Russians continued to move, and we preserved our enveloping movement some distance from the Rus-

sian position. The Russian ships headed northeast after daybreak, hoping to reach Vladivostok. Our officers and men were determined that not a ship should escape, and resolved not to relax their efforts until they had succeeded in either sinking or capturing every Russian ship.

"Our ships always kept ahead of the Russians. The battle was resumed at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, twelve miles east of Chiyupyon Bay, and lasted all day. Here the Russians suffered their heaviest losses. They seemed unprepared to repel night attacks. During our first night attack the Russians showed nine searchlights and frustrated the attacks, but clearly gave us the location of the fleet, which brought success later."

To have destroyed the Russian armada was, of itself, an amazing feat; but to have captured the commander-in-chief, and to have compelled the surrender of an admiral of the line, add vastly to the glory of Togo. The story of Rojestvensky's capture is dramatic.

The destroyers, *Kasumi, Usugumo, Sazanami* and *Kagerou,* were ordered to attack the Russian warships on the night of May 27 and were steaming ahead when they suddenly encountered a number of Russian ships. The *Kasumi* narrowly avoided a collision with a Russian cruiser, the closeness of which seems to have saved the destroyers from being damaged by the heavy fire which the Russians directed on them.

During the Russian attack the vessels forming the destroyer flotilla divided. The *Sazanami* and *Kagerou* continued the search for Russian ships throughout the night, and in the morning discovered two torpedo boat destroyers. One of them steamed away, but the other was unable to do so. On approaching the latter the Japanese discerned a white flag flying from the foremast and the Red Cross flag astern. She proved to be the *Bedovi* with Admiral Rojestvensky and his staff on board. The *Bedovi* signalled that her engines were damaged, and that she was short of coal and water. An armed guard was sent on

board the *Bedovi* to receive her surrender. The Russians requested the Japanese not to remove Admiral Rojestvensky and the other officers on account of their wounds, and the Japanese complied, with the understanding that the guard would shoot Rojestvensky in the event of the delay leading to a meeting with Russian ships, thus running the danger of his recapture. The *Sazanami* ran a line to the *Bedovi* and began to wing her. The line parted twice. In the morning the *Sazanami* met the Japanese cruiser *Akashi,* which convoyed the two destroyers to Sasebo. During the trip the destroyers encountered heavy seas, and their decks were awash during part of the time.

Thirty naval commanders participated in the battle of the Japan Sea. Vice Admiral Togo was commander-in-chief, leading the first squadron. Vice Admiral Kamamura was in command of the second squadron, and Rear Admiral Kataoka led the third squadron.

The chiefs of staff in the order named were Admiral Kato and Captains Fujii and Saito. The commanders of the squadron divisions were Vice Admirals Dewa, Uriu and Mitsu, acting as rear admirals under Vice Admiral Togo, Captains Yamada, Shimamura, Taketomi and Kokura.

The fate of the cruiser *Izumrud* is a chapter of itself in the story of the battle. Baron Ferzen, her captain, with survivors of the ship's crew, reached Vladivostok on June 1 and sent a report, which, in addition to confirming the disaster to the entire fleet, told the fate of his own ship. The Baron reported that before dark, on May 27, the *Osliabya, Alexander III* and *Borodino* had been sunk, and the *Kniaz Souvaroff,* the *Kamtchatka* and the *Urel* had been seriously damaged and were lost to sight. The command then devolved on Rear Admiral Nebogatoff.

In the evening the *Nikolai I,* the *Orel,* the *General Admiral Apraxine,* the *Admiral Seniavin,* the *Admiral Oughakoff,* the *Sissoi Veliky,* the *Nevarin,* the *Admiral Nakhimoff,* and the

Izrumrud sailed northeastward, the latter being charged to transmit orders to the battleships. Two other cruisers were cut off from the fleet and were not again seen.

The battleships, steaming at fourteen knots, were repeatedly attacked by the Japanese torpedo boats, especially at the extremities of the line.

At dawn it was ascertained that the battleship division consisted of the *Nikolai I,* the *Orel,* the *General Admiral Apraxine* and the *Admiral Seniavin.*

At sunrise, May 28, smoke from the Japanese ships reappeared on the horizon, whereupon the admiral gave orders for increased speed. The *Admiral Seniavin* and the *General Admiral Apraxine* dropped behind.

Toward 10 o'clock, the Japanese fleet appeared first to port and then to starboard, while the cruiser division manœuvred behind the Russians to starboard. Baron Ferzen's account continues:

"I was cut off from the squadron and finding it impossible to rejoin it resolved to make for Vladivostok. I put on full speed and the enemy's cruisers came on in pursuit. Owing to the insufficiency of my coal supply and the certainty of meeting the enemy's cruisers, I subsequently altered my course for Vladimir Bay, where I arrived on the night of May 29. At 1.30 o'clock next morning, in pitch darkness, the *Izumrud* ran full on a reef at the entrance of the bay. Having only ten tons of coal and seeing that it would be impossible to again float my vessel, I ordered the crew ashore and blew up the *Izumrud* to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. Ten of my sailors were wounded in the battle, but the officers and the rest of the crew are all safe."

Intimations of the extent of the disaster first reached Russia through foreign telegrams. The emperor and naval officials hoped against hope that their own advices would bring some ray of comfort. It was hoped that a portion of the fleet might

reach Vladivostok strong enough to aid in protecting the fortress against attack from the sea.

One unprotected cruiser and three torpedo boat destroyers were all of the splendid fleet that ever were to reach Vladivostok. The cruiser *Almaz,* which by reason of her lack of protective sheathing had been ordered by Rojestvensky to flee in event of battle, got through the Japanese lines with a minimum of damage, though well scarred by shots that had reached her by chance.

Togo enjoyed the great advantage of tactical position when he opened fire, having the lightest of the Russian ships between him and Rojestvensky's heavier vessels, thus smothering the fire of the latter. Besides, Togo was able to use all his broadsides, whereas the sternmost ships of the Russian columns, coming on in line ahead formation, could probably only with difficulty use any guns at all.

When Sunday morning came the Russian fleet was divided. The faster and stronger division, under Rojestvensky, was met by Kamimura and Uriu, while the slower division, under Nebogatoff, renewed the fight with Togo. With some of the scattered Russian units it was a case of save himself who can. In the running fight the Japanese enjoyed the advantage of superior speed, enabling them to concentrate their fire and bring every crippled Russian ship to bay. Admiral Nebogatoff's battered remnant surrendered off Liancourt Rocks, while Rojestvensky, with the best remaining battleships, fought on for the honor of the Russian navy.

Torpedo attacks were the feature of the Japanese program which more surely than anything else brought disaster. Torpedo boats in night attacks launched their deadly missiles within a hundred yards of their Russian targets. They completely encircled the Russian ships, swarming like angry hornets. Much of the sweeping character of the victory will ultimately be traced to these comparatively tiny craft, fighting under the shower of

shells being hurled from the big guns of the battleships and cruisers far away.

Summarizing scattered reports, the results of the battle may be accurately stated to have been annihilation for Russian sea power in the Far East. Thirty-seven Russian warships of all classes entered the Korean Straits. Of these, three, a cruiser, and two destroyers reached Vladivostok; three armored cruisers reached Manila; two battleships and two coast defence ships were captured and were taken to Sasebo; one destroyer, found helpless at sea, was towed to Shanghai; leaving a total of twenty-six ships that were sent to the bottom, five of them battleships. The Russian loss in life reached a total of 6,500 men, one admiral and ten captains among them. The loss to Russia in gold amounted to $75,000,000. Japan's loss in ships was three torpedo boats and a few more than 400 men. Experts the world around failed to find adequate explanation for this amazing disparity. As summarized at Tokio, these are reasons which in part contributed to Admiral Rojestvensky's defeat:

"First. An imperfect reconnoissance and incomplete, faulty and misleading intelligence.

"Second. An imperfect battle formation, which indicated that Rojestvensky did not expect to meet Togo off Tsushima.

"Third. The weather, the direction of the wind and the sunlight were unfavorable to the Russians, Togo having the sun behind him and firing with the wind, while the Russians had the sunlight in their eyes and fired against the wind.

"Fourth. The Russians wasted their ammunition and eventually their supply ran short. It is believed that the surrender of Nebogatoff was necessary because his ammunition had been expended.

"Fifth. The marked inferiority of the Russian gunnery."

Japan hailed Togo as the nation's hero. A popular subscription will raise to him a giant lighthouse on lofty Tsu Island, commanding the sea for a radius of eighty miles, the area through which the battle was waged.

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